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—BY—
CHARLES B. FISK.

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The Old Swimmin' Hole.

Oh! the old swimmin' hole! whare the crick so still and deep
Looked like a baby-river that was laying half asleep,
And the gurgle of the worter round the drift jest below
Sounded like the laugh of something we one't nst to know
Before we could remember anything but the eyes
Of the angels lookin' out as we left Paradise;
But the merry days of youth is beyond our control,
And it's hard to part forever with the old swimmin' hole.

Oh! the old swimmin' hole! In the happy days of yore,
When I used to lean above it on the old sickamore,
Oh! It showed me a face in its warm sunny tide
That gazed back at me so gay and glorified,
It made me love myself, as I leaped to caress
My shadder smilin' up at me with such tenderness.
But them days is past and gone, and old Time's tuck his toll
From the old man come back to the old swimmin' hole.

Oh! the old swimmin' hole! In the long, lazy days
When the hum-drum of school made so many runaways,
How pleasant was the journey down the old dusty lane,
Whare the tracks of our bare feet was all printed so plain
You could tell by the dent of the heel and the sole;
There was lots o' fun on hand at the old swimmin hole.
But the lost joys is past! Let your tears in sorrow roll
Like the rain that nst to dapple up the old swimmin' hole.

Thare the bullrushes growed, and the cattails so tall,
And the sunshine and shadder fell over it all;
And it mottled the worter with amber and gold
Till the glad lilies rocked in the ripples that rolled;
And the snake-feeder's four ganzy wings fluttered by
Like the ghost of a daisy dropped out of the sky,
Or a wounded apple blossom in the breeze's control,
As it cut across the orchard to'rd the old swimmin' hole.

Oh! the old swimmin' hole! When I last saw the place
The scenes was all changed, like the change in my face;
The bridge of the railroad now crosses the spot
Whare the old diving log lays sunk and forgot.
And I stray down the banks whare the trees nst to be—
But never again will their shade shelter me!
And I wish in my sorrow I could strip to the soul,
And dive off in my grave like the old swimmin' hole.

—*J. Whitcomb Riley.*

JACOB GRAVES' SUNSTROKE.

A FOURTH OF JULY STORY.

The supper dishes had been removed and carefully washed in the kitchen sink and restored to their respective places on the pantry shelves; the red cloth had been spread over the table, the large kerosene lamp set in the center, and Farmer Graves had drawn from his capacious pocket a weekly agricultural journal and seated himself to enjoy the contents. He was a thin, spare man, with sharp blue eyes, bushy gray eyebrows, a long nose, and a firm, square chin. By means of good judgment, the strictest economy, and hard labor he had managed to amass considerable wealth, and was consequently looked upon with great respect by his neighbors, who knew little of the iron rule which governed his home, and made unhappy the lives of his wife and two young sons.

The big kitchen was very still. The ticking of the eight-day clock in the corner, and the buzz of a few flies which had managed to effect an entrance in spite of screens, and to live in defiance of the pan of flypoison placed conspicuously and invitingly on a window-sill, alone disturbed the silence. The day had been very warm, and Mrs. Graves, worn out with its cares, had seated herself in a rocking-chair and was for a few minutes resting both tired hands and exhausted body, while Fred and Harry, early taught the value of time, were silently mending a harness which lay between them on the big wooden settee. Occasionally they glanced at their father and then at each other, as if debating the propriety of some project to be submitted to him; and at last Fred pushed the harness from his lap, and made a movement as if to rise, but Harry laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"It's no use to ask," he whispered.

"Perhaps not," answered Fred in the same tone, "but it can't do any harm. He can only say 'no,' and 'nothing venture nothing have' is a saying I believe in."

"All right; go ahead," said Harry. "I'll back you up the best way I can."

Thus admonished, Fred cleared his throat nervously and approached his father.

"Father," said he, "to-morrow'll be the Fourth of July, you know. There's to be a procession of horribles in town in the morning and speeches in the afternoon."

"Well," said the farmer, without looking up from his paper, "what of it? I can't say as I am interested in sech tom-foolery doin's."

"We've never been to anything of the kind, you know," continued Fred, hesitatingly, "and all the other boys about here are going. So we thought—"

"That I was fool enough to let you waste a hull day?" interrupted the farmer, grimly. "Well, you thought wrong. I ain't no sort of a believer in this y'ere Fourth of July poppycock. A pa'cel o' men and boys dressed up like monkeys! My father learned me better'n that how to use my time. No; you'll spend to-morrow in gettin' in that hay. I've got to go to Morristown to see Talman 'bout them hides—but you two kin get in the hay an' then—"

He was interrupted by a knock at the screen door. Mrs. Graves hastened to open it. Two men, rough looking fellows enough, stood outside.

"We want to stop the night," said one of them. "We're tramping it to Boston."

"And you'll not stop your trampin' here," said the farmer. "Move on. We've no room here for the likes of you."

"Let us sleep in the barn on the hay, then," said the man who had not before spoken. "That ain't much to ask of you."

"Too much, all the same," said Jacob Graves. "I don't trust no tramps in my barn. So be off with you."

The men turned away, muttering something which the farmer did not catch, and Fred and Harry, thinking it useless to return to the subject of the Fourth of July celebration, put the harness away in the corner of the kitchen and went up stairs to bed, their young hearts sore with the disappointment they had recieved.

So long had Mrs. Graves been under the despotic rule of her husband that she seldom ventured a remonstrance of any sort. But now her heart ached for her boys. She herself knew how deeply they felt their father's injustice and oppression, and scarcely had the sound of their footsteps died away, when she went to her husband's side and timidly laid a hand upon his shoulder.

"Jacob," she said, "the boys are young and they need a little recreation now and then. Let them go to town to-morrow."

"I want no interference from you, Sarah," said the farmer, without looking up. "If women had the management o' all the boys there'd never be a man worth anything."

"But they work so hard every day," pleaded the mother. "No man ever had better sons than yours, Jacob. Show them that you appreciate their industry, by giving them a holiday now and then. They'll work all the better for it."

"Let them once begin to waste time and there'll be no end to it," answered Jacob. "It's no use your putting in an oar for 'em, Sarah. Hard work and plenty of it is the best kind o' food for boys. I was brought up on it, an' onghter know."

Mrs. Graves said no more. She leaned her aching head on her hand and bent her sad eyes on the floor, wondering, poor soul, why she had attempted so foolish a thing as to change her husband's mind. She ought to have known him better after eighteen years of married life.

Dawn had scarcely broken away when Jacob Graves arose. He wanted to make an early start to Morristown, and his wife had prepared breakfast for him the night before. He stopped to wake the boys by a thundering knock on the door of the room where they slept, and then proceeded to the kitchen, where he hastily swallowed a bowl of oatmeal and milk, and then went to the barn to saddle the horse he was to ride.

To his surprise the barn door was standing open, and the staple which held the padlock was wrenched from its place.

"Like as not them pesky tramps done this out of spite," grumbled the farmer. "I wish to the land the hull o' them was in the pen'tentiary for life. I hope they ain't stole old Bet."

But a familiar whinny from the mare's stall as he entered set his mind at rest on this point; and he climbed the barn stairs to throw down the hay for the faithful creature's breakfast.

But scarcely had he filled the rack when there was a sudden rustle in the hay behind him, and with a low cry of exultation the two tramps to whom he had refused lodging the night before sprang upon him.

"You miserable, sneakin'—" he began, but the sentence was never finished, for a sudden blow on the head sent him reeling backward, senseless, and he fell like a log upon the hay.

When he recovered consciousness the sun was shining brightly through the cracks of the barn, and it seemed to him that several hours had elapsed since that sudden blow had stretched him senseless. His hands and feet were tied fast together, and a ragged handkerchief had been used to gag him. There was a dull pain in his head, too, and he did not feel sufficient energy to make an effort to free himself. He was wondering in a disconnected, stupid way how long he must lie there before anyone came to look for him, when he heard the sound of wagon wheels coming round the corner of the barn.

Then came Harry's voice, shouting to the oxen: "Haw Beauty, gee Bright," and the door of the loft of the barn was thrown open with a jerk.

"Gettin' in the hay as I told 'em," thought Jacob, and it now occurred to his benumbed mind that his boys never needed his watchful eye and stirring voice to make them work. They never shirked anything—either of them.

Being only about five yards from them he could hear every word they uttered, though the immense mound of hay which lay between him and the door concealed him from their view. He was wondering how he could make his situation known to them when he heard Fred say:

"I really mean it, Harry. The day I'm twenty-one I leave this farm forever. I'd be willing to stay, and would do more for father than anyone else if he'd only appreciate what I do. But he looks upon us both as machines, and tries to see how much work he can get out of us."

"He ought to have let us off to-day, that's a fact," said Harry, who was always a little more moderate in everything he said and did than his elder brother. "He's rich enough to spare us just one day."

"Lew Gibson belongs to a base ball club, and his father gives him every Saturday afternoon," said Fred. "I often wish I was in his place. Every fellow we know will be in town to-day to see the fun, while we have to get in this hay. And last year it was just the same. I mowed and you raked just as if we'd never heard of the Fourth of July."

"Father'll be sorry for it some day," said Harry. "I don't believe he's ever really thought of the matter impartially. He was brought up to work hard, and believes in work. Mother says that grandfather was just such a driver."

"Why, old Bet must be in her stall," cried Fred, as a sudden whinny sounded from the interior of the barn. "I wonder what made father walk to Morristown! But I don't know as I care. Perhaps as it is so hot he'll get a sunstroke, and come near dying and see then how he's treated us boys. I've heard of such things."

Jacob Graves heard no more; for the boys having unloaded the hay drove off for another load. But he had heard quite enough to set him thinking in good earnest. And for a wonder he was not angry. The longer he had listened the stronger became his conviction that his boy was right; that he had looked upon them as machines and worked them to their uttermost, and that his whole system of management was wrong. Suppose Fred carried out his threat to leave the farm when he was twenty-one? How could the farm thrive without him? What was he, Jacob Graves, working for if not for his boys? And the thought that they both wanted to leave him cut his throat like a knife. He remembered his own boyhood. How cheerless, how barren of all joys had it been! The recollection of the privations, the disappointments, the sorrows he had endured, came to him as it had never come since he had left his own father's home. He, too, had been anxious to strike out for himself, to leave behind him the old home with which he had no tender or loving associations. And what had he done? Unwittingly, unheeding, forgetting the lessons of his own youth, he had made just such a home, just such a youth for his own sons. He had closed his eyes to all signs of rebellion, his ears to the gentle reproaches of his over-worked wife. He had followed the track of his father because no other had been pointed out to him, and now his boys cared nothing for him; they were anxious for the day to come that would give them the right to leave him.

Lying there in the sweet-scented hay he saw very plainly the mistake he had made, and resolved to retrieve it as far as possible. What would life be to him without his boys? Oh, he must not, he could not let them go.

Burning with new resolutions, he made an effort to free himself, and at last succeeded in working his feet and hands loose. Then he went slowly down stairs and stood on the threshold of the barn door just as the boys drove up with the second load of hay. They looked tired and warm, and Fred was fanning himself with his straw hat.

"Why, father," cried Harry, in surprise, "back already!"

"Yes," replied Jacob; "I didn't go far. I put off seeing Talman till to-morrow."

"You don't look well," said Fred. "You havn't had a—a—sunstroke, have you?" remembering his hasty words when throwing in the first load.

"Yes, I have—a kind of a sunstroke. But never mind that. I've changed my mind 'bout those horribles. If it ain't too late you can go now."

The boys looked at each other in astonishment.

"It's the sunstroke," whispered Fred, under his breath.

"Thank you, sir," stammered Harry, half believing with Fred that the sun had affected his father's mind. "It's only half-past nine, and the procession won't start for an hour yet."

"But we must get this load in first, of course," said Fred.

"No matter 'bout that. I'll see to it myself," said Jacob. "And, boys, you might like to have a few fire-works to home this evening, an' invite a few o' your friends, so here—" He paused, and a blank look came over his face, for he had just discovered that his pockets were all turned wrong side out.

"I'll give you some money when you are ready to go," he said, and he walked away toward the house muttering something about "them pesky tramps."

"He's certainly had a sunstroke!" exclaimed Fred as he sprang down from the hay.

"I believe you're right," said Harry. "He never acted so before. I only hope it will last."

It did last. The effect of that imaginary sunstroke never left Jacob Graves. Only to his wife did he tell his experience in the barn, and she, faithful soul, aided him by every means in her power to keep the good resolutions he had made that Fourth of July. And so well were they kept that when Fred reached his majority he was only too glad to make an agreement with his father to remain on the old farm, his comfort and the staff of his old age.

A physician writes to young men as follows: "My profession has thrown me among women of all classes, and my experience teaches me that Heaven never gave man a greater proof of His love than to place woman here with him. My advice is: Go and propose to the most sensible girl you know. If she accepts you, tell her how much your income is, and from what source derived; tell her you will divide the last shilling with her, and that you will love her with all your heart in the bargain. And then keep your promise. My word for it, she will live within your income, and to your last hour you will regret that you did not marry sooner. Stop worrying about feminine untruth. Just you be true to her, love her sincerely, and a more fond, faithful, foolish slave you will never meet anywhere. You will not deserve her, I know; but she will never know it."

"Doctor I want to thank you for your great patent medicine." "It helped you, did it?" asked the doctor, very much pleased. "It helped me wonderfully." "How many bottles did you find it necessary to take?" "Oh, I didn't take any of it. My uncle took one bottle, and I am his sole heir."—*New York Sun.*

"How did you vote?" asked a reporter of a Southern delegate after the convention. "I voted according to my convictions." "What were your convictions?" "That I'd never get a chance to make $100 so easily."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The trouble with the United States navy is, that it is a little too small for a navy, and a little too large for a boat club.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A little boy with the family at morning prayers reads in Psalms, "My praise shall be of Thee in the great *Congregationalist*."

THE "BEAUTIFUL STORY," REVISED.

Julius Augustus Lovejoy was a merchant on Main street. He was young, ambitious and enterprising, but fortune went against him, and one cruel day the cashier of the back refused to let him overdraw his account and he knew that ruin stared him in the face.

Sadly he wended his way home.

"Angelica," he said to his beautiful young wife, "the end has come—I am ruined."

Then he told her the history of his misfortunes.

"Oh, my darling, she murmured, "be not so sad. Though the cloud of troubles is black as ink I can show you a silver lining."

"You?"

"I! Listen. Seven years ago, before I married you, I read a beautiful story of a young wife saving every cent she could unknown to her husband, and when the hour of need came she was to him a salvation."

"And you?"

"And I resolved to do the same thing. Night after night I have taken unconscious dimes and nickels from your pocket. Sometimes a stray dollar found its way into my savings until at last I—"

"You have saved me—the dimes and nickels mounted into scores of dollars, the scores into hundreds! I see it all."

"Five hundred and ten dollars!"

"You angel!"

"And now, Julius, in all your sorrows what a joy it must be to you to think that—"

"It is! It is!"

"That you need not trouble about your wife's clothing. For this very day I bought a lace shawl, a silk dress, and a spring hat, and I shan't want anything more for a month."

Julius wept.—*Evansville Argus.*

WHERE DID LIFE ON THIS EARTH BEGIN?

It is evident from the present condition of the earth's surface that at the time it was a molten mass, and for a long time thereafter, it radiated heat into space much more rapidly than it received heat from the sun; but nevertheless the heat of the sun is, and has always been, offsetting the loss of heat from the earth by radiation to the full extent of the heat which the earth had been receiving from the sun during the time. But this sun heat has not been received by all parts of the earth equally. The equatorial belt, or torrid zone, has always received the most in proportion to its area. The two intermediate or temperate zones have received the next largest amount, while the polar or frigid zones have received the least. Rating the amount of sun heat received at the equator at 1000, then the average of sun heat throughout the torrid zone would be 975, throughout the temperate zones 757, and throughout the frigid zones 454, or less than one-half that of the torrid and less than two-thirds that of the temperate zones. The greatest amount of heat received from the sun and offsetting radiation from the earth, other things being equal, is at the equator, and less and less every degree North and South of this line to the poles. If, then, the frigid zones have been during all this time receiving the least heat from the sun does it not follow that they were the first parts of the earth sufficiently cooled to maintain animal and vegetable life? The inference seems evitable.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

WHAT CONSTITUTES A LADY.

Because woman is obliged to economize and remake her old dresses, it does not follow that she is not a lady in the accepted sense of the term. A "lady" is a woman who clearly understands and consistently practices the refinements of a highly civilized existence; and the most real distinction between a lady and a woman who is not a lady, is that one is more civilized than the other, and more determined to preserve the habits of a high civilization, both in her own person and in all those over whom she has authority. These habits are not simply habits of expense; it is cheaper to remain sober than to get tipsy, and yet is more ladylike to be sober. It does not cost more money to speak good English than bad, or to be gentle than rude; yet a lady from preference speaks correctly and has gentle manners. It so happens that by force of circumstances there are more ladies in the upper classes than in the lower, and that there is a severe public opinion in the upper classes about most things which, taken together, constitute civilization, because it is a fault in rich people, who have great facilities, not to be clean, and cultivated and polite, when it may only be a misfortune in poor ones. There is, then, really such a thing as ladyhood, and it is one of the strongest of civilizing influences.

As a rule the French bread is always sweet and good, and two things contribute in a great degree to this—that is, the manner and form of baking. They never make a thick loaf; no matter what the size or shape, it is always thin, and more than two-thirds crust, and they bake their bread until it is perfectly cooked. In baking so long and having so much crust, there is a peculiar sweetness given which can be attained in no other way.

When you speak evil of another you must be prepared to have others speak evil of you. There is an old Buddhist proverb which says: "He who indulges in enmity is like one who throws ashes to windward, which comes back to the same place and covers him all over."

"Put on your rubbers," said a mother to her little girl. "I don't want to." "But you will take cold and die." With a very superior air she replied: "Mother, I am not afraid to die."

The scoffer dying with a sneer on his lips, the swearer with an oath, and the saint with a prayer, wake to meet the irreversible destiny which he has chosen.

For Love's Sake.

Sometimes I am tempted to murmur,
That life is flitting away,
With only a round of trifles
Filling each busy day—
Dusting nooks and corners,
Making the house look fair,
And patiently taking on me
The burden of woman's care.

Comforting childish sorrows,
And charming the childish heart
With the simple song and story,
Told with a mother's art;
Setting the dear home table,
And clearing the meal away,
And going on little errands
In the twilight of the day.

One day is just like another!
Sewing and piecing well
Little jackets and trousers,
So neatly that none can tell
Where are the seams and joinings—
Ah! the seamy side of life
Is kept out of sight by the magic
Of many a mother and wife!

And oft, when I'm ready to murmur
That time is flitting away
With the self-same round of duties
Filling each busy day,
It comes to my spirit sweetly,
With the grace of a thought divine;
"You are living, toiling for love's sake,
And the loving should never repine.

"You are guiding the little footsteps
In the way they ought to walk,
You are dropping a word for Jesus
In the midst of your household talk:
Living your life for love's sake,
Till the homely cares grow sweet—
And sacred the self-denial
That is laid at the Master's feet."

SHE "CAUGHT ON."

"Now that the drop in wheat has swept away our fortune," said a sympathetic and sentimental Chicago wife to her bankrupt husband, "we must, of course, give up everything. Our house, our horses, carriages, servants, diamonds, and all must go, and we must begin at the foot of the ladder and work our way up again. Do you know, Algernon, that I sometimes find myself rejoicing over misfortunes. It takes me back to our early life to think of living once more in a cottage and being alone by ourselves. Let them take everything, and we will be happy yet."

"You are evidently a little off your balance, Maria," said the bankrupt merchant, removing a three-for-a-dollar cigar from his mouth. I bought in your name only this morning a $40,000 house on the boulevard, and I have in the safe with the family plate about $100,000 in government bonds, which are yours, do you understand? I have conveyed some other property to my friend Jenkins, whom I once helped out of a similar scrape, and we are all ship-shape, I am glad to say. We are busted in business but not in society. No, no; we may come to want in time, but not this summer. The giving up everything and going to live in a flat is what you read about. It isn't the style in this town."

"You're an angel man," replied the fair one. "I think I'm catching on."—*Chicago Herald.*

TRUTH IN FABLE.

Tourgueneff, the well-known Russian author, has just published a volume of short stories of peasant life in the steppes, and has interspersed them with delicious little fables or parables, all bearing the mark of his masterly hand. The following is so exquisite, and withal so true, that it may be quoted:

One day a great prince determined to give a fete in his beautiful palace. All of the virtues were invited, but the virtues alone, none other.

There came a great many, large ones and small ones. The little ones were much more courteous and pleasing than the large ones, but all of them seemed very happy and conversed politely with one another.

But the prince noticed two beautiful ladies who did not seem to be acquainted with each other. He went to them, then taking one of them by the hand, he led her to the other, saying: "Let me introduce you."

"Benevolence," said he, indicating the former; "Gratitude," he added, indicating the latter.

The two ladies were indiscribably surprised. Since the world was the world, and that was a long time ago, it was the first time they had met.

Passenger—How long have you been employed on the street cars?

Driver—Fifteen year—barrin' when I was sick.

Passenger—You must be a great favorite with the company?

Driver—Ha! ha! ha! D'ye see that owld gray mare I'm dhrivin'? Well, we both fell sick together at wanst last winter. They sint fur a docther for the horse, an' they sint me me resignation.

Holland in the last three centuries, has recovered from the sea at least 40,000 acres. The lake of Harlem became terra firma between 1840 and 1852, and the Zuycer Zee is in process of transformation into 500,000 valuable acres. Holland has now 1,479,000 oxen and cows, and her present out put of cheese is estimated as worth $3,000,000.

The rainbow is beautiful, but without a storm, without a passing cloud, without descending raindrops, it does not appear. It comes after darkness and gloom, and the contrast makes its light the more charming and attractive.

If the sun has gone down, look up at the stars. If the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven. With God's presence and God's promises you may always be cheerful and happy.

A little girl was eating an apple, when she said: "This apple tastes like a fool." "Ah," said her smaller sister, "I guess you bit your tongue."

This is the time of year when the pretty picnic girl with the trim ankle and neat boots calls out "Snake!"—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

THE BARBER AND THE BUNCO MAN.

"A vool has got nine lifes and always lants on his feet," said the barber near the Cooper Institute, and then he made change for a man, and helped him on with his coat. When he came back he added: "I vas dinking of Oscar Vilde. Der Lort neffer makes a vool mitout daking care of him, choost as he does of dem leddle sbarrows vot gan't vall py der gronnt mitout He find it owid. Id vood peen bedher for der goot' name of dis gundry if der Yankee dhieves gat avay mit der money vich dot chack-donkey dook in from der Yankee vools, hut dot could not pe, for Heffen dakes care of dem vich to dake care of dem sellufs don't got some prains."

"Dot vas a sensiple dings dot der Marquis of Lorne und his vife done, alretty; getting brodection of a boddy guard of soldiers to keep dem bunco men avay. Bedher der rest der Englishmen done der same dings ven they come by dis gundry."

The loquacious barber pronounced hunko "pung-go." He took advantage of the fact that his assistant was shampooing a man in the further corner of the room to tell this story:

"You know dot monkey parber py der negst shair always tresses so vine like der glerk by a hotel? Vell, he always done dot, efen ven he lifted mit his farder in Bennsylvania. Vonst he came py Nye Yorrick on a leedle sbree, und he vos dressed poodiful. He didn't know somedings apowd dem bunko vellers any more as you somedings know abowd der negst Vort of Chuly. He vos going down der Powery ven comes up a man und says: 'Hello, Prown?'

"'I don't vas any Prown,'" der barber says.

"'Vot, ain't you Pob Brown I met in Hot Sbrings?'

"'No, I vos Martin Arnemann, of Bottstown, Bennsylvania,'" der barber says.

"By chimmaneddy, in two minnits comes up a veller vich says:

"'How you vos, Armann; und your sister Lowessa, how she vos; and how gits along her olt man?' und he dolt dot parber more apowd Bottsham as der parber owid in sexty years.

"'My vrend,' dot parber says, 'I been oxtremely bleased to seen you, und since you know my vamily more better as minezellf, vill you pleasa lend me seffen tollar und halb, for I haf peen on a sbree und tond got a cent left to get mine home back again alretty.'

"He says dot bunko veller could mit a feather himselluf knock down."—*N. Y. Sun.*

IT IS YOUR TONGUE.

It is your tongue; it belongs to you, and is the only one for which you are responsible. Your neighbors' tongues may need care also, but that is their business: this is yours. See that it is properly attended to. Watch your tongue. It needs watching. It "is a fire"—watch it. It is a helm, which guides the vessel; let the helmsman keep wide awake. It can bless or it can curse; it can poison or heal; it can pierce hearts and blight hopes; it can sow discord and separate chief friends. Watch your tongue! No one but you can take care of that tongue. You are its only ruler. Your neighbors may hate it or fear it, or wish that they could bridle it, but they can not do it. You have the power—watch that tongue. That tongue has already got you into trouble; it may do it again. It is "set on fire of hell." It burns up peace, blessing, reputation and hope. It causes sad days, weary nights, tearful eyes and heavy hearts. "If a man will love life and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile." Watch that tongue. It is the glory of man. It distinguishes him from brutes. It was bought with blood by the Son of God. He claims it as his. It should speak his praise; misemployed, it may degrade yourself and those around you. You are charged to attend to it. Watch that tongue. The Lord watches that tongue. "There is not a word in my tongue, but lo, Oh, Lord, thou knowest it altogether." For every idle word we must give account in the day of judgment. What will be the record of that tongue then? Watch that tongue.—*Watch Tower.*

MADE NO DIFFERENCE.

A traveler just from the South reports the following:

On one of the southern railroads there is a station called "Sawyer," Lately a newly married couple boarded the train, and were very loving indeed. The brakeman noticed the gushing groom kiss the bride about two hundred times, but maintained a serene quiet. Finally the station in question was reached, and just after the whistle sounded, the groom gave the bride a rousing smack on the lips, and the brakeman opened the door and shouted:

"Sawyer! Sawyer!"

"What's that?" asked the groom looking over his shoulder at the brakeman.

"Sawyer," replied the brakeman.

"Well, I don't care if you did; she's my wife."—*Merchant-Traveler.*

Lager beer, which, thirty years ago, was practically unknown in this country, is now made by 2,500 immense establishments with over $150,000,000 of capital invested. The value of this production each year is over $200,000,000.

No grandeur can there be in life, no noble prospect can stretch out before us, unless we pitch the tent higher or unless we keep the lofty places of our spiritual estate as peaks of vision for frequent visits.

A man's nature is best perceived in privativeness, for there is no affection; in passion, for that putteth a man out of his precepts, and in a new case or experiment, for there custom leaveth him.

There is not a stream of trouble so deep and swift running that we may not cross safely over if we have courage to steer and strength to pull.

The Journal.

FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 4, 1884.

The Extra

Containing the account of the celebration at Monson on the Fourth will be on sale at the news stands in the various towns in the vicinity on Saturday morning, July 5.

AMHERST COLLEGE honored itself and Gov. Robinson, Wednesday, by bestowing upon him the degree of LL. D.

THERE is a serious outbreak of cholera at several of the Mediterranean ports, and health officers must enforce the most rigid precaution to prevent its spread to all parts of the world.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR has vetoed the bill reinstating Gen. Fitz John Porter in the army, on the ground that it is unconstitutional. The bill was promptly passed over the veto, Wednesday, by the house, but it is doubtful if it can pass the Senate.

DURING the fiscal year just closed, the public debt has been reduced $101,000,000; and yet Congress neglects to do anything to relieve the burden of taxation. This is a grievous mistake. The present generation has done its share in paying war taxes, and some of the burden should be left for posterity.

THE Democrats will take their turn at Chicago next week, their national convention meeting in that city on Tuesday. The action of the convention will be watched with more than the usual interest, for upon that action depends the votes of a large body of Independents who will not vote for Blaine, but will vote for Cleveland, if he is nominated. Present indications are that Cleveland will lead from the first, and if the New York delegation votes solidly for him his nomination would seem to be assured. Bayard and McDonald are next among the leading candidates, and a good deal of noise will doubtless be made in behalf of Butler, but that is all his boom will amount to.

FRANCIS MURPHY, the temperance apostle, has just closed a seven-weeks' campaign in Chicago, during which he has persuaded some 11,000 persons to sign the pledge. Murphy is a winning fellow, and obtains wonderful control over an audience, but the permanent good accomplished by his methods is small, compared with the apparent results. As soon as the meetings and the "hurrah" cease, the enthusiasm of his converts naturally cools off, and a large portion of them soon forget their vows, as there is no one to look after them and see that they are faithful. We fear that the amount of good accomplished in this way is not at all commensurate with the moral harm consequent upon such easily broken pledges.

CAMPAIGN CRUMBS.

Mr. Blaine will summer at Mt. Desert.

What if it should be Blaine and Butler! That would be two too too tickets.

The *Irish World* is out for Butler, and warns the Democrats that his nomination will be necessary to retain the Irish vote.

McDavitt, Butler's lieutenant, says the talk about the general running for governor is all fol de rol. He wants bigger game.

Ex-Speaker Keifer is credited with the unexpectedly sensible decision not to be run again for Congress. Discretion is the better part of valor.

Some of the Democrats are still talking of nominating Tilden, in spite of his letter of withdrawal. They are not content to let the dead rest in peace.

Gen. Butler isn't yachting any this summer, and his yacht is out of commission. It is a big political voyage he is after this year, and he will undoubtedly have it—up Salt River.

Roscoe Conkling: "Under no circumstances will I ever again participate in political affairs." He must find it discouraging, that's a fact, with his enemies advanced, and he left out in the cold. He is off for Europe soon.

Blaine's nomination seems likely to result in some good. It is reported that the dissatisfaction with the ticket is so great in high circles at Washington that the civil service rules in regard to assessments will be rigidly enforced in the departments.

The revolt against Blaine is on the ground that he is dishonest. The objection to Cleveland is that he is too honest.—*New York Herald.*

If there is any way in which the Democrats can subdue Benjamin F. Butler for this year, at least, it will be greatly to their advantage to do it.—*Philadelphia Times, Dem.*

Samuel Fessenden of Stamford, secretary of the Republican national committee, is a very smart man and has been for Blaine from away back. Should the plumed knight be elected, Mr. Fessenden will have a good deal to do with running things in Connecticut.—*New Haven Union.*

Why should honesty and decency in politics be ridiculed as too heavenly for earth? Is it such a very "ideal" demand that a public man shall be beyond suspicion of improper conduct? If it be "too superfine"—and to call it Phariseeism implies that it is so considered—so much the worse for the country, not for the Parisees.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Mr. Blaine is a brilliant and able man, but he is a politician in the most dangerous sense of the word. We are ready to hear what laws Mr. Blaine has put on the statue books for the benefit of the people, or what vital good to the country he has ever accomplished, except to entertain the House of Representatives with buncombe speeches, and take part against an oppressed republic that had always been friendly to the United States. Because a man is brilliant, adroit, and able, is no reason that he is worthy to hold the august position of President of the United States. The doctrine that a man who was bad before the convention is a saint to-day is radically wrong.—*Greeley (Col.) Tribune.*

The great sparring match between John L. Sullivan and Charles Mitchell at Madison Square garden, New York, last Monday evening, was a grand fizzle. For several days the champion had been on a drunk and made a drunken speech on the platform that evening, while Mitchell had been sick with malaria. No fight came off, much to the disappointment of the 6000 spectators.

A. C. Barrows of Bristol, R. I., bookkeeper for the National Rubber company, and a prominent citizen, has confessed that he is a defaulter in the sum of $5000. The amount has been taken in small sums, at different times from the company's money drawer.

THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER.

Now is the time when the editor of the weekly paper takes his vacation by skipping church on Sunday and looking over his exchanges in a hammock in the back yard.

The Waltham *Record* speaks of the "patent inside" newspaper, which preaches "pure literature" on one side, while the readers have to read "shady" ads. on the other.

It is said that printers' ink will keep moths out of goods. You're just right it will. The storekeeper who makes a liberal use of printers' ink wont keep the goods on his shelves long enough for the moths to get into them.

A pile of one million $1 bills would be forty-five feet high, says an exchange. Thanks. Our pile has got up to within $35\frac{5}{8}$ inches of that height, but as our devil got several feet of 5s and 10s mixed in with the rest, we don't know just the exact amount in the pile.

Wanted—A finger nail cut from the hand of fate, the harness used on the iron horse, a spoke from the wheel of fortune, a round from the ladder of fame, a few ounces of the sands of time, some grass from the borders of the path of the sun, and the dishes used on the table of contents.

NEWS MORSELS.

The cholera in Toulon is increasing.

There were 167 deaths in Boston last week.

The latest novelty in stationery is robin's egg blue.

Robert Bonner's wealth is reckoned at $7,000,000.

The Prince of Wales' debts now foot up $1,000,000.

Brigham, Me., will celebrate its centennial on July 4.

There has been no rain for twelve months in New South Wales.

The Washington Monument has reached the height of 470 feet.

Waterbury's $30,000 soldier's monument will be unveiled in October.

There is a panic at Marseilles over the appearance of cholera there.

An Ontario village is lighted with excellent gas made from sawdust.

The production of raisins in California now reaches 100,000 boxes annually.

A Chinaman has been arrested in Waco, Texas, for forging a draft of $22,000.

The city of Louisville, Ky., has not a dollar in the treasury and is heavily in debt.

The Emperor of China has ordered the destruction of $4,000,000 worth of opium.

It is said that 40 young ladies have applied for admission to the Harvard Annex.

The Princess Louise is to execute the statue of Queen Victoria for the Lichfield Cathedral.

The Indians at the Pigeon Agency in Montana are reported to be dying rapidly from lack of food.

During a storm in Pasadenia, Cal., on June 13, hail, it is reported, fell to a depth of six inches.

Philadelphia has a dog boarding house, where pets may be left when their owners are out of town.

Gen. Grant will occupy his Long Branch cottage this summer, with his son Fred and family as guests.

The glass works throughout the West shut down Saturday for the usual two months' vacation.

Pere Hyacinthe, since his return to Paris, is enthusiastic in his language about America and Americans.

It took 200,000 quarts of peanuts to meet the popular demand during two days of a circus in Philadelphia.

Georgia expects to receive a million of dollars for her melon crop this season. A very handsome "melon," that.

A new apartment house in the vicinity of Central Park, New York, is eleven stories high in the front and fifteen in the rear.

Geraniums and calceolarias, used in "window gardening," are said to exert a powerful influence in keeping a room free of flies,

The double cemetery at Winchester, Va., has 7000 federal soldiers on one side of a stone wall and 3000 confederates on the other.

The electric light has succeeded so well in the British House of Commons that the entire Parliament building is to be lighted with it.

The supply of water at Aberdeen, Miss., is obtained from artesian wells, of which there are a number bored in the middle of the principal streets.

A party of Amherst seniors who had been out on a spree last Saturday night proceeded "to paint the town red" in the early hours of Sunday morning. The citizens stood it as long as they could, and finally had the whole party arrested, charging them with drunkenness, malicious mischief and disturbing the peace.

Harvey Buel, a Connecticut farmer, says he will sue the humane society of that state because its officers loosened some sheep which they found fettered on his farm, and the bucks fought and killed each other, besides driving other sheep into the water and drowning them.

It is reported that large and valuable coal fields have been discovered in the town of Durham, Ct., where all previous efforts of the kind have failed, and the people of that vicinity are getting excited.

A New York tenement owner has hired a professional to keep his houses clear of rats for $700 a year. He says the animals do $2000 worth of damage to the buildings in that time.

An Indiana woman who thought her divorced husband was too attentive to a gay widow in that vicinity, got four other women to help her, and gave him a coat of tar and feathers.

Bostwick's button factory at New Milford, Ct., was burned by an incendiary fire last Friday night, throwing 75 hands out of employment and causing a loss of $70,000.

Officer Perkins of Springfield was stabbed in the breast by a drunken rowdy whom he was attempting to arrest in the basement of a building Monday afternoon.

West Virginia has a novel way of boarding her paupers; she puts them up at auction, and they go to the farmer who bids the lowest price for a year.

A Medford man was attacked by a Russian bloodhound at Boston last Saturday, and severely bitten before he finally managed to kill the brute.

An Easthampton blacksmith, who was 66 years old and had never been sick a day in his life, died in a fit while shoeing a horse last Saturday.

Eugene B. Hagen, assistant city solicitor of Boston, has resigned his position, and Robert W. Nason has been appointed to the place.

Seventeen-year locusts have appeared in large numbers near Manasquan, N. J., and are eating all the trees in that locality.

PALMER AND VICINITY.

Another scorching hot day Wednesday.

Communion at the churches next Sunday.

The new tank house east of the depot is completed.

The modoc was 55 minutes late yesterday morning.

Mrs. E. P. Moore has gone to West Deer Isle, Me., for the summer months.

Miss Jennie Gray of New Bedford is the new operator at the telephone exchange.

Eld. Enoch Phelps of Westfield will preach at the Advent chapel next Sunday,

M. Dawson has given up the carrying of the mails, and is janitor at the new depot.

The bridge across the Quaboag river near the farm of M. W. French has been replanked this week.

J. W. Weeks has the contract for the transferring of the mails between the depot and the post office.

F. R. Sistare, clerk for S. H. Hellyar & Co., has gone on a two-weeks' vacation to New London and Newport.

The standing grass on the Daniel Foskit farm at North Monson will be sold at auction next Monday at 10 a. m.

A water pipe has been laid this week from the main pipe at Fox avenue to the houses on Main street south of that point.

J. H. Gamwell has been suffering with erysipelas in his right foot this week, compelling him to use crutches when moving about.

The delegates from Boston to the Democratic convention at Chicago, will pass through here this evening by special train at 9.48.

Miss Hoyt is to have the use of one of the rooms in the high school building for her private school, which she proposes to open next Monday.

A nest of four young skunks was found in an abandoned cistern on Jos. Thompson's premises, Wednesday. They were neatly dispatched at one discharge of a shot gun.

Several of our citizens made the trip to Block Island on Tuesday. They report that sword fish are very plenty there this season, over 100 having been caught on that day.

The Boston & Albany road is to run an extra train from Springfield to Palmer on the Fourth, to accommodate visitors to the Monson celebration. It will reach here at 8.30 a. m.

J. A. Palmer was to build a cottage at Block Island this week, near the one erected by George Kenerson a year ago, but on reaching the place his courage failed him and he sold out.

There was a nice shower Wednesday evening about nine o'clock, accompanied by some sharp lightning and loud thunder, making nervous persons decidedly uncomfortable for a time.

C. H. Baker is agent for this place and Monson for Blaine's book, "Twenty Years in Congress," which is having such a large sale in all portions of the country, and will make a thorough canvass of the territory at once.

Rev. O. L. Leonard, the evangelist who labored in Three Rivers and Palmer three years ago last winter, is now in Beloit, Kansas, where he is doing a good work. The local papers of that place speak very highly of him.

The Palmer band gave a concert on Central street last Friday evening. The band has practiced hard and diligently, and has improved a vast deal. The music was pronounced very fine, and our citizens hope they may be favored again at no distant day.

Some one stole M. Dawson's watch at the depot Wednesday afternoon. He had taken off his coat and vest and hung them up in the passageway leading to the cellar, and when he went for them sometime afterword the watch was gone. He has no idea who took it.

The engine which draws the express which reaches here from the east at 6.37 and from the west at 8.24, is one of the new kind, with a straight smoke-stack like the locomotives on the New York road. It looks queer enough compared with those of the other kind.

A party of some 12 or 15 children, from 6 to 12 years old, are camping out this week on the east side of Knox's pond. They have three tents, a dining room and kitchen, and are enjoying themselves immensely. Some of the parents remain on the ground each night.

A lot of Amherst students who had been to New London to a class supper the night before, made quite a racket at the depot while on their way home Saturday morning. If any one but college boys had behaved in such a manner, they would have been put in the jug without any delay whatever.

A reputable citizen avers that while out driving near Thorndike the other afternoon he saw five skunks crossing the road a short distance ahead, in close single file, their line of march being kept up in this way for some distance. Our devil insinuates that most people would have seen snakes instead, under similar circumstances.

It may be of interest to some of our people to know that officers from the eastern part of the state are on the lookout in this section for that deaf mute who was in town some four weeks ago soliciting subscriptions for the rebuilding of the deaf and dumb asylum at St. John's, N. B. He had no authority for his begging here, but managed to get quite a little sum during his stay in town.

In order to accommodate those who wish to go to Monson on the Fourth, the New London Northern road will run extra trains to that place at 8.40, 9.15, and 10 o'clock a. m. Returning, extra trains will leave that place for Palmer at 5, 5.30 and 6.30 p. m. Fare one way for the round trip, if tickets are purchased at stations. These are all the extras that have been arranged for, but should the convenience of the public demand it, others will also be put on.

At Tuesday's session of the probate court in Springfield the following business for this section was transacted: Administration granted on the estate of Kate Sullivan, late of Palmer, Joanna Cronin, administratrix. Wills approved of John Clough, late of Palmer, T. D. Potter, executor; Stephen Hatch, late of Wilbraham, Charles M. Parker, executor; Mertia Warner, late of Wilbraham, Ira G. Potter, executor. Inventory filed on the estate of Hubbard Dutton, late of Ludlow, real $49.54, personal $210. License given to sell real estate of Lemuel R. Moore, late of Palmer; Our citizens can fully appreciate the poor man's feelings.

Probably the only circus which will visit Palmer this season is O'Brien's six shows, which will exhibit at this place on Tuesday July 15th. The Dover, (Del.) *Sentinel* of May 3d says:

O'Brien's six shows which exhibited here yesterday is one of the most complete exhibitions of the kind in the country. That it possesses and merits the confidence of the people is firmly established. The large canvass yesterday afternoon and evening was crowded, not a vacant seat remaining, and it is estimated that fully 5000 were turned away from the door. The circus was better than ever witnessed in this city, and when each feature is of such excellence it is difficult to commend any especially.

A man who had evidently been in this place before the new depot and the fence were erected, but had not since, and so knew nothing about either, got off the train on the north side the other day, expecting to find the depot there. He acted a little surprised at finding it moved, but started for the hotel, and came upon the fence. This was a little too much. He looked for a passage through and found none; neither did he see the depot on the other side of the train, and lifting up his voice so he could be heard over a good portion of Main street, he wrathfully inquired, "How in h—l do I go to get to Palmer?" Our citizens can fully appreciate the poor man's feelings.

THE CHILDREN'S CAMP.

The instincts of the primitive race survive in most of us. We love to get away from the conventionalities of civilization and its restraints, and let the original but often buried feeling of the early man have full sway. What I shall pen in this letter will be but an illustration of this fact.

Perhaps some will inquire as to the whereabouts of the above mentioned camp. If one in search of such information will proceed up Thorndike street till part way up the hill at the point where a spring of water is found on the left of the road, and then turn into the woods inclining a little to the right as he climbs the hill, soon will burst upon his view a pine knoll, crowned with three tents and all the paraphernalia of camping life.

Had one looked upon the scene last Tuesday he would have decided that the classes in our modern civilization who love to dwell nearest nature's heart are boys and professional men, or at least that these allow more than others their instincts to have full sway. For busily engaged, and looking as if it was an enjoyment, were two of our local pastors, whom for short we will call Bapto and Uno, and acting as chief of affairs was another professional who will be made known when I call him Medico, and declares that when in camp he is monarch of all he surveys. Boys to the number of a dozen lent their vociferous assistance. Among them certain mysterious whisperings emphasized by displays of long strings told of fun to come when the unwary sleeper should be rudely awakened by tugs at his toes.

It was nearly midnight before silence reigned in camp. And the next morning at 4 o'clock the music began. Through Wednesday, in spite of heat, swinging in hammocks, playing leap frog, drilling, and last, but by no means least, eating, occupied the time.

Wednesday evening the interest reached a high pitch. For the first, a fierce battle of the elements took place. The thunder rolled, lightning flashed incessently and the rain poured in torrents, but, thanks to the excellent arrangements, we were each "as snug as a bug in a rug," and suffered no damage.

During the day Uno suggested to the boys that beans baked in the ground *a la* the army were good eating. In spite of the rain Wednesday night an iron pot of beans duly prepared was set into a hole in the ground previously heated. Thursday morning they came forth from their warm bed smoking, and were by all declared to be delicious; to a bean they were eaten.

About midnight, after the shower had departed, a whippoorwill sung for a long time in his own plaintive way. For a while he occupied a tree very close to the camp. How differently the voice of such creatures sounds when one has a feeling that he has unlawfully invaded the territory sacred to them. It was an odd but pleasant sensation to be in the woods and listen to the wierd singing of a whippoorwill perched upon a tree nearly over one's head.

This camp, which is maintained by Medico at a large outlay of time and thought, and not a small outlay of money, is for the pleasure of the boys. The undersigned feels that the Dr's. efforts to entertain the boys ought to be appreciated by the people of the village. As for the boys, he knows that they feel very grateful to him.

The camp is an interesting place to visit, especially in the evening, and visitors are cordially welcomed. Let the good people of the village remember also that in the woods boys have vigorous appetites, and need, at any rate call for, four meals a day.

UNO.

Camp Pine Knoll, July 3d, 1884.

PALMER CENTER.

Mrs. King has received quite an additional number of boarders the past week.

Upon last Friday afternoon the wife of William Miller accidentally shot herself with a revolver which had been left in a trunk. The wound, though painful, is not serious.

THORNDIKE.

The ladies social held a very successful meeting on the spacious grounds of R. K. Houston Tuesday afternoon and evening. A large number were present.

There was a slight blaze in No. 2 mill about 10 o'clock Wednesday morning. The fire started in the roller room, but was discovered in time to prevent any great loss. R. K. Houston, roller coverer, suffers somewhat by damage to stock by water. The damage to the building was slight.

WEST BRIMFIELD.

Frank P. Eastman has taken a position on Mr. Hamlitt's section of the B. & A. railroad at Warren.

Haskell Allen caught the finest string of trout that has been caught here this season the other day. The string weighed nearly 18 pounds.

Nathan Powers recently caught a squirrel whose color is a pure white. It has pink eyes and is very rare in this section. It is in a cage and doing nicely.

BELCHERTOWN.

As the son of Mr. Mahanna was driving along at the southwest part of the town last Wednesday during the shower, a tree was struck by lightning, knocking the horse down but the boy was uninjured.

Fred H. Bridgman died of consumption at his home last Sunday morning, June 29, after a long illness. He was a promising young man having graduated at the high school with honor at the age of fifteen. He was much loved by his classmates, and had many friends who showed a deep interest by many acts of kindness during his illness. His mother, an invalid, greatly deplores his loss, and the community feel a deep sympathy for her bereavment. Rev. G. W. Hastings and P. W. Lyman officiated at the funeral.

WALES.

The insolvency court on Saturday appointed H. A. McFarland assignee of E. D. Shaw of this place.

George Needham, son of H. M. Needham of Brooklyn, N. Y., has arrived in town to spend a couple of months.

Frank A. Royce joined the Springfield Commandery of Knight Templars on their trip to the Catskill Mountains last week.

Zeno Farrington has been appointed administrator of the estate of his brother, W. Farrington, late of Providence, R. I.

Eugene Cady, our postmaster, seems to take the cake as champion pedestrian, as he walked from his office to the Palmer depot last Wednesday in one hour and fifty minutes. If any one wishes to break the record these July days, step to the front and try it.

WILBRAHAM.

Postmaster Hubbard is to give the citizens some fireworks on the night of the Fourth.

A farmer who mowed over four acres on Monday drew all the hay into the barn on a two-horse wagon the next day.

Prof. W. H. H. Phillips, who was for many years a teacher at the academy, has been elected to the chair of English language in the University of Dakota, at Brookins, Dak.

Dr. and Mrs. Steele are spending a part of their vacation at Appleton, Wis. The doctor expects to attend the meeting of the national teachers' association, which meets at Madison, Wis., next month.

The valuation of the town for the present year is as follows: Personal, $164,073; real, $538,430; total, 702,503. This is an increase of $3513. The rate of taxation is $11.70 per $1000, and the number of polls 376, an increase of 25 over last year.

Triumph division, Sons of Temperance, elected the following officers for the next quarter: W. P., A. Mowry; asst., Carrie Moody; R. S., James King; asst., Jessie Lilley; F. S., Mary Beebe; treas., James Stephens; chaplain, Rev. M. S. Howard; con., A. W. Lyman; asst., Eliza Stephens; I. S., Lizzie McGuire; O. S., William Webster; P. W. P., William McGuire.

NORTH WILBRAHAM.

The mills will shut down Friday.

Preparatory lecture at the chapel Thursday evening.

J. M. Perry returned from his trip to Chicago last Saturday night.

J. A. Parker starts on his vacation trip to Maine Saturday afternoon.

Ice cream will be dispensed from the tent the Fourth, afternoon and evening.

A. L. Bell and his sister Nettie have gone to Lancaster to attend a gathering of all the cousins, and it is probable that one more "cousin" may return with them.

John McCuchon and Geo. Greenhalgh installed the officers of Beacon Star Division Tuesday evening. P. W. P., E. W. Wall, will install the officers of Ludlow Division Saturday evening.

Next Sunday the 'bus will be run to the street, leaving the depot at 10 o'clock to attend the communion services at the South church. Rev. Mr. Howard will preach at the chapel at 6 o'clock, and the Sunday School will be at 2 o'clock.

E. B. Gates' family horse has been seriously ill for a week, attended by Dr. Osgood of Springfield, who has been unable to determine the trouble, but it is thought it was a sudden settling of a severe cold in the throat. He is slowly improving and likely to recover.

Walter M. Green had three of his best cows killed by lightning last week Tuesday, insured with the Manufacturers' Ins. Co. of Boston. Agent Lincoln of Warren came up Thursday and paid over $155 for same. Farmers will do well to get their cattle insured against lightning.

MONSON.

The examination of pupils for the academy will be held at the school house in No. 1, Monday July 7th, at 9 o'clock a. m.

The Spare Minute Circle will meet in the vestry of the M. E. church Monday evening, July 7th, at 7.30. All interested are invited to be present.

A little boy who is very fond of lemonade wound up his prayer the other evening with "God b'ess papa; God b'ess mamma; God b'ess lem'nade."

All persons who are willing to take any of the "fresh air children" and have not already given notice of the same should either in person or through the post office give notice to Rev. Alex. Dight, on or before Tuesday evening, July 8.

On Saturday morning THE JOURNAL will issue an extra containing a full account of the celebration on the Fourth—the exercises at the monument, Gen. Chamberlain's oration in full, poems written for the occasion, the after-dinner speeches, etc.

Next Sunday a. m. at 10.30 Rev. Alex. Dight will preach on "Christian Assurance." Sunday school immediately after preaching. At 1.30 p. m. there will be the reception of members and the sacrament of the Lord's supper. Subject of the sermon in the evening at 7, "The Future Separation."

An extremely heavy shower visited this place on Wednesday evening, badly washing the streets in several places. At one place the curbing around the soldier's monument was undermined and fell into the ditch. During the shower the flag-staff on Flynt's park was struck by lightning, shivering it to atoms. A man at the tent had his leg blistered by the electric fluid and B. A. Day had his horse knocked down while driving along the street.

WARREN.

S. P. Robbins, insurance agent, is seriously ill.

Mr. McOrrison has gone to Maine on a vacation.

Hurry up and get the chickens out of the shell, or the cannonade Fourth will fix them.

Mr. Cummings will be after those boys if they travel through his grass at the next ball game.

Miss Mary Burbank has accepted the position of teacher of English branches in the high school in Springfield.

It is a pity Massachusetts cannot celebrate her independence from rum on the Fourth and keep Iowa company.

W. P. Robbins has gone to Gettysburg, Pa., to be present at the unveiling of the monument on the old battlefield.

The G. A. R. Post expects to join the comrades at Monson on the Fourth. The day promises to be unusually quiet in town.

The Sunday school concert at the Congregational church last Sunday evening is said to have been the best that has been given for many years.

The concreters have completed the grading from the woolen mills to the end of A. W. Lincoln's residence. They are still engaged in front of Mr. Ramsdell's house.

A nine from the pump shop defeated a nine from Tripp's boot shop last Saturday afternoon. Score 33 to 11—seven innings. It is expected they will play again next week Saturday.

The Caledonian Society of Warren and West Warren, will have their private picnic on Friday, in Burroughs' Grove. Quite a number of friends have had invitations, and they anticipate an enjoyable time.

At the town meeting Wednesday afternoon all the articles were passed over except the one concerning the building of a concrete walk on School street, which is left in the hands of the road commissioners, and a committee of three.

The ever glorious Fourth will be ushered in with the usual amount of noise, if we can judge anything from the rammers, swab sticks, etc., that have been manufactured in the past few days. Sapling pines have suffered too, to furnish flag staffs for "Young America."

WEST WARREN.

Robert Johnson is at home from New York state on a five-weeks' visit to his friends.

Loiselle has been fortunate in striking a splendid well, very conveniently situated to his buildings.

E. J. Wood has rented a part of his store in Pronix block to J. Collins for fruit, confectionery, cigars, etc.

Workmen are busily engaged in making underground preparations for Proctor Brothers' new house.

At last we have a policeman, and can see a marked change in the numbers on the corner near Crossman's block.

There will be a public installation of officers of the Sons of Temperance Division in this place next Monday evening.

The establishment of John O'Neil is closed. He having given up the business, Saturday evening was consequently very quiet.

Another shower, with thunder and lightning was most thankfully accepted, as it will fit up roads and groves in nice condition for the Fourth.

Joseph Blair commenced haying last Monday. His usual large crop is this year very light, owing to the recent frosts. Other neighboring farmers will do likewise next week.

E. C. and D. Buxton have bought the Parksville property in the west part of Brimfield, and have commenced taking one of the dwelling houses to West Warren and placing it on Chapel street.

The selectmen were in consultation Wednesday morning in the neighborhood of Chapel street, over a more satisfactory method of draining said locality, by means of a canal running through the street.

A double wedding from the residence of Napoleon Benway, Water street, took place on Sunday morning, both a daughter and a brother of Mr. Benway being the contracting parties. There were present quite a large number of relatives and friends.

The fire alarm from No. 1 mill was sounded Wednesday morning at three o'clock, and the gate-house belonging to the B. & A. railroad was found to be in flames, which the fire company speedily extinguished, preventing thereby any other more serious results.

Isaac Stearns has a sow on his farm which gained a pound and a half daily, from the age of seven weeks. It is now thirteen weeks old, and weighs exactly one hundred pounds. There is also noticeable a choice lot of Jerseys, among which is a heifer thirteen months old, with a calf at her side.

WARE AND VICINITY.

The stores in Ware are to close all day to-day, that all may have a chance to celebrate.

Rev. M. Colton, a former pastor of the East Congregational church, has been in town the past week.

J. W. Lawton Post G. A. R. will go to Monson to-day, accompanied by the Cadet Band in full uniform.

The sound of the mowing machine is heard, but a very light crop is to be gathered in this vicinity this year.

The High street school house is to be painted. The committee have advertised for proposals to do the work.

The time of preaching service at the Unitarian church has been changed to 6.30. The Sunday school will be held at 5 o'clock.

The Toubadour Comedy company occupy the new stage at the skating rink on Thursday and Friday evenings, and also give a matinee on Friday afternoon at two o'clock.

The Oregon Engine Company elected the following officers last week Thursday: W. J. Canavan, foreman; James Harrison, 1st assistant; Thomas F. Clark, Jr., 2d assistant; John Dowd, clerk; John Murphy, treasurer.

Look out for the antiques and horribles at 5 o'clock to-morrow morning. The parade comes early, that any who partake may go out of town on the first train if they desire. It is leaking out that there are to be some rich local hits in the procession.

The bell on the engine house will hereafter be rung only in case of fire. So many meetings of the several companies that occupy the building were held, ringing the bell so common that it would not be so likely to be heard when needed for an alarm.

In the thunder shower of Wednesday of last week the lightning struck a telegraph pole near the residence of L. Gibbs, splitting the pole into kindlings and for fifteen poles to the east of the first all but two were more or less shattered, leaving the insulators dangling in the air. The shock was quite forcibly felt in the vicinity.

The Clippers won an easy victory over the Enfields last Saturday, 28 to 2, and the Clippers did not play their ninth inning. Some say: "Why don't the Clippers have a first-class nine here to play?" The fact is the first-class nines cost money to get them here, and unless the games are well patronized the Clippers cannot afford it. We understand that those who find the most fault are the ones who, when there have been good clubs here, have been the ones to sneak around and look over the fence rather than put out their dimes. On the Fourth there will be a game between the Three Rivers and Clippers at 9 o'clock, and on Saturday at 1.30 there will be a game between the Gilbertvilles and Clippers.

The assessors have completed their work, and the list is delivered to D. P. Billings, collector, and all paid on or before Aug. 1st will receive 5 per cent discount. There are 1187 polls in town, 377 horses, 627 cows, 137 sheep, 650 houses and 16,121 acres of land assessed, an increase of one acre over last year. The personal estate is valued at $1,206,526; real estate, $1,624,052; total, $2,830,578. The total tax for state, county and town purposes is $39,178, and the rate is $13 against $14.60 last year; money at interest secured by mortgage, $64,662, on which taxes were paid by the mortgagor; unsecured by mortgage, $639,424; total, $704,086; money on hand, including deposits taxable, $1900; stock in corporations without the state, $32,110. The following pay a tax of more than $100, the fire tax not included:

Henry F. Barnes $118, Ellen F. Bond $159, Chas. E. Blood $184, George P. Campbell $107, Frank P. Clark $105, Joseph A Cummings $261, William C Eaton $113, Virgil Guild, $192, L. N Gilbert $471, J H G Gilbert $103, Edwin H Gilbert $267, George H Gilbert manufacturing company $1897, George H Gilbert estate $1389, C D Gilbert $107, Calvin Hitchcock $386, C Hitchcock & Co. $135, William Hyde $1311, F N Hosmer $110, Otis Lane $399, William B Lawton $110, A C Larose $125, Margaret Lambert $109, D W Miner $109, Otis company $6389, John W Robinson $137, Miss Sarah Sage $955, Sage heirs $226, Charles A Stevens & Co. $1419, Samsford heirs $276, Aaron Smith $125, R C Snow $177, W C Sheldon $109, Mrs P H Sagendorph $123, John H Storrs $517, G D Utley $158, West Ware paper company $213, John Yale $102, John Webb $130, J T Webb, $122.

The fire tax amounts to $2010, and the valuation of fire district No. 1 is $2,558,115, and the rate of taxation 78 cents.

Dr. C. A. Taft, a leading physician of Hartford, Ct., who died last week, furnishes a queer case to medical science. For years it has been supposed that he had but one lung; in fact, prominent physicians of New York and Boston told him so, and for a long time he has dieted and doctored himself upon that supposition. Upon his death it was found that both lungs were perfectly sound, and that the very course he took to relieve the supposed trouble had finally caused his death.

A family at Somerville was seriously poisoned last week by eating mush and milk, which was the only article partaken of at that meal. Samples of the meal and milk have been sent to a chemist for analysis, in the hope of throwing some light on the mystery.

The town of Spencer has voted to buy the water works of the Spencer Water Company. The price paid is $240,500, payable in 30-year bonds bearing four per cent interest. The income now is $14,500, with the prospect that it will increase to $18,000 in two years' time.

On account of the mails from this country to Italy having to pass through France, where there is an outbreak of Asiatic cholera, the Italian government has notified the post office department that all mail from this country to Italy must be delivered in tarred sacks.

An express train went through a bridge over the James River in Virginia last Tuesday morning, the sleeping cars sinking in ten feet of water, but the 40 passengers were all safely helped out through the windows.

The two top stories of P. P. Kellogg's block at Springfield were damaged by fire to the extent of $5000 last Saturday morning, and tenants lost about the same amount. The fire started from a hot pulley box.

The new dining cars which are to be put on between Worcester and Springfield are nearly completed at the shops, and are expected to be put on the road about September 1.

On Monday the supervisors of Chautauqua county, N. Y., preferred charges against Orrin Sperry, the absconding county treasurer, who is short $100,000 in his accounts.

The reports from Delaware promise a good peach crop, though not unusually large. Kent county alone will yield over 2,000,000 baskets.

Five men were arrested at Taunton on Sunday for assisting in the preparations for a cock-fight, and fined $25 and costs each.

By the explosion of a boiler in a flour mill at New York last Friday night, six men were killed and five fatally injured.

Female vaccinators have been introduced into Madras, so that native women need not have their predjudices shocked by being treated by medical men.

Type-writing has been introduced in the Chicago public schools in an experimental way. A class of twenty-five practices two hours a week.

The Shah of Persia has a $400,000 pipe which he smokes on state occasions.

Metcalf & Luther, Springfield, carry a complete stock of house furnishing goods, and will fit up your house on easy terms.

Forbes & Wallace, Springfield, are selling Hamburg edgings for 12½ cents, which have been retailing for 20 to 33 cents. They are closing out fancy dress goods at half price. They offer 50 pieces of Pacific cretons at 6½ cents.

The way Broadhurst Bros., "Morse's Central Shoe Store," Springfield, are rattling off the summer shoes is a caution to timid dealers, who are afraid to carry a stock half the size of that of the "Central."

HAY FEVER.

For twenty years I was a sufferer from Catarrh of the head and throat in a very aggravated form, and during the summer months with Hay Fever. I procured a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm, and after a few applications received decided benefit—was cured before the bottle was used. Have had no return of the complaint.—CHARLOTTE PARKER, Waverly, N. Y. 2w14

"ROUGH ON RATS"

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers; 15c; druggists.

HEART PAINS.

Palpitation, Dropsical Swellings, Dizziness, Indigestion, Headache, Sleeplessness cured by "Wells' Health Renewer."

"ROUGH ON CORNS."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns;" 15c; quick, complete cure; hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

"ROUGH ON COUGHS."

Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for coughs, colds, sore throat, hoarseness. Troches, 15c; Liquid, 50c.

"ROUGH ON DENTI-T" TOOTH POWDER.

Smooth, refreshing, harmless, elegant, cleansing, preservative and fragrant; druggists; 15c.

THIN PEOPLE.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Headache, Nervousness, Debility; $1.

BED-BUGS, FLIES.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

MOTHERS.

If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use Wells' Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.

LIFE PRESERVER.

If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to the spot.

"ROUGH ON TOOTHACHE."

Instant relief for neuralgia, toothache, faceache. Ask for "Rough on Toothache;" 15 and 25 cents.

PRETTY WOMEN.

Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity don't fail to try "Well's Health Renewer."

"ROUGH ON ITCH."

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

NIGHT SWEATS.

Headache, fever, chills, malaria, dyspepsia, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.

THE HOPE OF THE NATION.

Children, slow in development, puny, scrawny, and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."

"ROUGH ON PAIN."

Cures colic, cramps, diarrhœa; externally for aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. For man or beast. 25 and 50 cents.

"ROUGH ON PAIN" PLASTER."

Porous and strengthening, improved, the best for backache, pains in chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia; 25c; druggists or mail. ly12

OH, YE OF LITTLE FAITH!—Rice & Co's Eclectic Liniment works like magic in the cure and certain relief of rheumatism, neuralgia, headache, croup, etc. Motto—No cure, no pay. For sale at C. E. BLOOD'S Drug Store, Ware. 1

O. P. Allen and O. J. Winslow distinctly state that Acker's English Remedy has and does cure contracted consumption. Ask for circular. An entirely new medicine guaranteed. cow ly 1

FREE TO ALL. STANDING OFFER.—All who buy Rice & Co's Eclectic Liniment for rheumatism, neuralgia, headache, and all pain, and are not cured when directions are followed, are entitled to fifty cents. Motto—No cure, no pay. For sale by GEO. L. HITCHCOCK, Palmer. 1

O. P. Allen and O. J. Winslow state that indigestion prepares every one for disease, but guarantee Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets to cure all forms of indigestion. cow ly 1

TRY RICE & CO'S ECLECTIC PILLS.—Purely vegetable, cathartic and cholagogue. No griping. Sure cure for liver, stomach, and all malarial diseases. Price, 25 cents. For sale by G. L. KEENEY, Druggist and Stationer, Monson. 1

O. P. Allen and O. J. Winslow will refund the price paid if Acker's Blood Elixir does not relieve any skin or blood disorder. A new, but thoroughly tested discovery. cow ly 1

Oh, how beautiful it makes the complexion! For eruptions, Lady Camelia's Secret of Beauty is superior to soap or liniments. Price 50 cents. At Allen's Pharmacy. (3) 4w37

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The greatest medical wonder of the world. Warranted to speedily cure Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Cancers, Piles Chilblains, Corns, Tetter, Chapped Hands, and all skin eruptions, guaranteed to cure in every instance or money refunded. 25 cents per box. For sale by G. L. Hitchcock. ly32

Thousands are daily having freckles removed by a trial of Lady Camelia's Secret of Beauty. Price 50 cents, at Allen's Pharmacy. 1 4w y29

Fact—but, as the newspapers say, "nobody will believe it," Fontaine's cure for Consumption is guaranteed to cure diseases of the lungs. Sold by Z. F. Beverly. cowly12

Pimples, blotches, eruptions of the skin, indicate that you need a few doses of Fontaine's Great Discovery. Sold by Z. F. Beverly. cowly12

THE HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICINES that will enable you to treat ailments of almost any kind without the aid of a physician are sold at Palmer by O. P. Allen, and at Monson by G. L. Keeney, apothecaries. The guide slips attached to each bottle enables you to be your own physician. 3m12*

MUBE, the new remedy, is acknowledged by leading physicians to cure *Headache, Neuralgia* and *Malaria* when everything else fails. For sale at Palmer by O. P. Allen, and at Monson by G. L. Keeney, druggists. 3m12*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she was a Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.
ly11

A Great Surprise

Is in store for all who use Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs, the great guaranteed remedy. Would you believe that it is sold on its merits, and that each druggist is authorized to refund your money by the proprietor of this wonderful remedy if it fails to cure you? O. P. Allen has secured the agency for it. Price 50 cents and $1. Trial size free. ly16cow

A Sensible Man Would Use

Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. It is curing more cases of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and all throat and lung troubles, than any other medicine. The proprietor has authorized O. P. Allen to refund your money, if, after taking three-fourths of a bottle, relief is not obtained. Price 50 cents and One Dollar. Trial size free. ly16cow

Cause and Effect.

At times symptoms of indigestion are present, uneasiness of the stomach, &c., a moisture like perspiration, producing itching at night, or when one is warm, cause the Piles. The effect is immediate relief upon the application of Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, 50 cents, sold by G. L. Hitchcock, Palmer, G. L. Keeney, Monson, and C. E. Blood, Ware. cow16

Want of Faith.

If G. L. Hitchcock, Palmer, G. L. Keeney, Monson, and C. E. Blood, Ware, the druggists, do not succeed it is not for want of faith. They have such faith in Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup as a remedy for coughs, colds, consumption and lung affections, that they will give a bottle free to each and every one who is in need of a medicine of this kind. cow16

A Great Discovery.

That daily brings joy to the homes of thousands by saving many of their dear ones from an early grave. Truly is Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, Loss of Voice, Tickling in the Throat, Pain in the Side and Chest, or any disease of the Throat and Lungs, a positive cure guaranteed. Trial bottles free at Geo. L. Hitchcock's drug store. Large size $1.00. 6

BORN.

At Palmer, 30th ult., a daughter to F. C. HATCH.
At Palmer, 3d, a daughter to S. A. WING.
At North Wilbraham, 1st, a daughter to PATRICK FITZGERALD.

MARRIED.

At Palmer, 1st, at the residence of L. E. Moore, HERBERT A. HOWARD and ANNA HELLRIGLE, both of Cambridge.
At Monson, 30th ult., by Rev. Alex. Dight, LESTER C. STEBBINS and SARAH A. LAMPHEAR, both of Monson.
At Warren, 26th ult., by Rev. Mr. Forbes, HENRY POWERS and ABBIE, daughter of John Bosworth.
At Ludlow, 26th ult., by Rev. C. K. Bannister, PETER LA BROAD and ANNA COLLINS.

DIED.

At Palmer, 28th ult., ELVIRA FOWLES, 72.
At Springfield, 27th ult., BERTHA L., 4 days, infant daughter of Alonzo B. and Lizzie A. Root.

MONSON ACADEMY.

Fall term is 13 weeks. Opens Aug. 27.
GEO. J. CUMMINGS, M. A., Principal.
Monson, Mass., June 30, 1884. 4w14

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE PALMER NATIONAL BANK, at Palmer, in the State of Mass., at the close of business, June 20th, 1884.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts,	$333,495 56
Overdrafts,	1,222 17
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation,	150,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents,	4,451 45
Due from other National Banks,	120 52
Real estate, furniture and fixtures,	1,300 00
Current expenses and taxes paid,	606 61
Premiums paid,	20,836 25
Checks and other cash items,	424 11
Bills of other Banks,	702 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and pennies,	8 68
Specie,	5,711 00
Legal tender notes,	2,027 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, (5% of circulation,)	4,500 00
TOTAL,	$525,425 35

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in,	$150,000 00
Surplus fund,	35,000 00
Undivided profits,	9,269 26
National Bank notes outstanding,	107,100 00
Dividends unpaid,	150 00
Individual deposits subject to check,	81,257 87
Demand certificates of deposit,	73,019 16
Due to other National Banks,	43,520 24
Notes and bills re-discounted,	26,138 82
TOTAL,	$525,425 35

State of Mass., County of Hampden, ss.

I, Chas. B. Fisk, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
CHAS. B. FISK, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of June, 1884. S. S. TAFT, Notary Public.
L. S.

CORRECT—Attest:
L. E. MOORE,
J. F. HOLBROOK,
J. B. SHAW, } Directors.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE WARE NATIONAL BANK, at Ware, in the State of Mass., at the close of business, 20th June, 1884.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts,	$373,056 03
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation,	300,000 00
Other stocks, bonds and mortgages,	2,000 00
Due from approved reserve agents,	28,130 65
Real estate, furniture and fixtures,	3,783 30
Current expenses and taxes paid,	975 00
Premiums paid,	18,000 00
Bills of other Banks,	5,998 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and pennies,	436 11
Specie,	9,000 00
Legal tender notes,	4,000 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, (5% of circulation),	13,500 00
TOTAL,	$758,880 49

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in,	$300,000 00
Surplus fund,	60,000 00
Undivided profits,	22,442 00
National Bank notes outstanding,	270,000 00
Dividends unpaid,	852 00
Individual deposits subject to check,	105,437 82
Demand certificates of deposit,	2,148 67
TOTAL,	$758,880 49

State of Mass., county of Hampshire, ss:

I, William Hyde, President of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
WILLIAM HYDE, President.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of June, 1884. FREDERICK D. GILMORE, Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest:
WILLIAM HYDE,
OTIS LANE,
CALVIN HITCHCOCK, } Directors.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE MONSON NATIONAL BANK, at Monson, in the State of Mass., at the close of business, June 20, 1884.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts,	$162,115 70
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation,	162,000 00
Other stocks, bonds and mortgages,	48,172 55
Due from approved reserve agents,	26,021 64
Due from other National Banks,	35,757 70
Real estate, furniture and fixtures,	2,500 00
Current expenses and taxes paid,	1,556 24
Checks and other cash items,	19 40
Bills of other Banks,	630 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and pennies,	155 47
Specie,	182 00
Legal tender notes,	5,325 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer, (5% of circulation,)	7,250 00
TOTAL,	$449,685 70

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in,	$150,000 00
Surplus fund,	30,000 00
Undivided profits,	47,647 22
National Bank notes outstanding,	141,700 00
Dividends unpaid,	729 00
Individual deposits subject to check,	70,124 16
Demand certificates of deposit,	9,659 19
Due to other National Banks,	426 13
TOTAL,	$449,685 70

State of Massachusetts, county of Hampden, ss:

I, E. F. Morris, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
E. F. MORRIS, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2d day of July, 1884. GEO. H. NEWTON, Notary Public.
L. S.

CORRECT—Attest:
CYRUS W. HOLMES,
R. M. REYNOLDS,
S. F. CUSHMAN, } Directors.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS. HAMPDEN ss. July 2d, 1884.

By virtue of an execution which I issued on a judgment recovered at the Police Court of Springfield, holden at Springfield, within and for said county, on the second day of June, 1884, in favor of E. J. Piper of Springfield, in said county, and against W. R. Parks of Palmer, in said county, I have taken all the right, title and interest which the within W. R. Parks had on the fourth day of January, 1883, the day when the same was attached on mesne process, in and to certain real estate situate in Palmer, in said county, bounded and described as follows, to wit: No. 1 lot, the house lot, so called, beginning at the westerly corner of the Eastern Hampden Agricultural grounds, thence north 41° east 25 rods and 2 links to land of the Boston & Albany Railroad Company, thence north 51° 30 west to land of Dora E. Parks, thence south 71° 15 west 19 to the highway, thence on said highway 46 rods and 30 links to place of beginning; No. 2 lot, beginning at the junction of Park street and the road leading to the carpet mill, thence on said Park street 60 rods and 2 links to land of William Breckenridge, thence north 38½° east 34 rods 19 links to land of the Palmer Carpet Company, thence north 79° west 8 rods, thence north 17½° east 12½ rods, thence south 81½° east 12 rods and 7 links to the highway, thence 22 rods and 8 links to said carpet mill road, thence on said road 1580 feet to the place of beginning; No. 3 lot, beginning on the northerly side of the road leading to said carpet mill at the corner of land of C. E. Dewey, thence north 35° east 68 rods in line of stone wall, thence north 20° east 44 rods to land of George Morgan, thence south 73½° east 45 rods and 19 links to the old turnpike road, thence on said road 55 rods leading to said carpet mill, thence on said carpet mill road 1578 feet to the place of beginning, and on Monday, the 4th day of August next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, in front of the Court House in Palmer, I shall offer for sale by public auction, to the highest bidder, said real estate above described, and all the right, title and interest of the said W. R. Parks therein.
J. A. PALMER, Deputy Sheriff. 3w14

SEE THAT THE CHILDREN MAINTAIN THEIR VIGOR IN THE SUMMER MONTHS.

If your child has any symptoms of dysentery, or any trouble in the bowels, commence

RIDGE'S FOOD

As a diet without delay. Unless the trouble has become chronic, requiring medical aid, it will correct a difficulty; and, as a dietetic in sickness it is invaluable. A physician of large practice says: "It has never failed me and I have never lost a child by diarrhœa or cholera infantum." In cans 35 cents and upwards. jul

STALLION DONALD,

English draft (with pedigree) will stand at the stable of G. W. Keith, Thorndike, Mass., for the season of 1884.

Donald is black, of beautiful proportions; is 17 hands high; weighs 1450. 3m3*

NOTICE.

I hereby give notice that I have this day given my son, Francis L. Shaw, his time during his minority, and that hereafter I shall claim none of his wages and shall not pay any bills whatever contracted by him. GEORGE L. SHAW.
Greenwich Village, June 4, 1884. 3w12*

WANTED.

A smart, intelligent boy, about 15 or 16 years of age, to learn the printer's trade.
Apply at THIS OFFICE.

C. H. HOBBY, PIANO TUNER.

Orders for tuning may be left at O. P. Allen's Drug Store, Palmer, or may be sent to me by mail to Stafford Springs, Conn.

PIANO FOR SALE!—A Hazleton Bros. Upright good as new, cheap for cash. 10tf ALDEN THRESHER, Monson.

DR. F. W. ANDREWS' Dental Rooms 357 Main Street, Springfield. Artificial teeth $10

WE HAVE NOW

The Most Complete Stock

—OF—

CLOTHING

WE HAVE EVER SHOWN!

Men's Suits,
FROM $3.00 to $25.00.

Youth's Suits,
FROM $3.00 to $22.00.

Boys' Suits,
FROM $2.50 to $12.00.

Men's Pants,
FROM 75c. to $6.50.

Boys' Pants,
FROM 50c. to $2.00.

Spring Overcoats,
FROM $5.00 to $20.00.

CUSTOM SUITS
AT SHORT NOTICE.

IT PAYS TO EXAMINE GOODS AND PRICES.

S. H. HELLYAR & CO.,
CROSS'S BLOCK, PALMER.

"TRAVELLER'S"

Accident Insurance.

If you are going on a trip to the Mountain Shore, get an ACCIDENT TICKET for $3000 in case of death by accident, or $15 per week in case of injury. It costs you only 25 CENTS A DAY, or $4.50 for 30 days, at

THE PALMER
FIRE, LIFE & ACCIDENT INSURANCE AGENCY.

GEO. W. ELY, Agent.

Office with C. L. GARDNER.

ASK FOR

M. A. Packard & Co's.

$2.99 Shoe

FOR GENT'S WEAR.

MADE IN THE LATEST STYLES!

BUTTON, BALS. and CONGRESS, LOW BUTTON OXFORD and STRAP.

These goods are made only from the

BEST CALF UPPER AND GLOVE KID TOPS.

THEY ARE ALL SOLID AND WARRANTED.

FOR SALE BY

H. A. CLARK, Palmer.

FIVE TENEMENTS TO RENT. Inquire of JOHN M. CONVERSE. 2w13*

This is the only Big Railroad Show Coming this Season!

O'BRIEN'S SIX SHOWS

Handenberger's German Menagerie and Astley's London Aquariums,

HAVE JOINED HANDS WITH THE

GREAT BRAZILIAN CIRCUS

THIS SEASON ONLY. IN ALL ITS VAST ENTRY, NOW ON ITS ANNUAL TOUR, WILL VISIT AND EXHIBIT, AFTERNOON AND EVENING AT

Stafford, - - - Monday, July 14,
Palmer, - - - Tuesday, July 15,
Amherst, - Wednesday, July 16.

CANVASS 6 TIMES LARGER! Hundreds of never-before-seen Attractions. A century ahead of all. Everything new, novel, great and grand. Six first-class shows in one. Dazzling in magnificence, overwhelming in size, complete in all departments, increased to six times its former size. Brimming over with new attractions; $500,000 added in new attractions.

SIX MONSTER CIRCUSES. SIX

FIVE LADY EQUESTRIENNES, 27 GRACEFUL GYMNASTS, 6 HURRICANE MALE RIDERS, 5 GROTESQUE CLOWNS, 50 WORLD'S FAMOUS ATHLETES, RUSSIAN VOLTIGUERS, FRENCH ACROBATS,

COMANCHE INDIANS, ZULUS, CAFFRES and ARABS! More performers than any other Circus in the Universe! Great French Circus! Elephant Clowns! Hindoo Serpent Charmer! Champion Riders! French Female Charioteers! One entire English Circus Company! One French and German Circus! One American Circus Company! ALL IN ONE RING!

Spain's Greatest Rider, Mlle. LOWANDA!

MISS MOLLIE BROWN, AMERICA'S GREATEST BAREBACK RIDER!

MARTINO LOWANDA, THE CHAMPION FOUR-HORSE RIDER!

The Largest Performing Elephant on Earth!

THE MASTODON

—=EMPRESS=—

12 FEET HIGH. WEIGHS 6 TONS. 131 YEARS OLD!

A MOST MAGNIFICENT MENAGERIE. A GREAT ZOOLOGICAL EXODUS!

Wild Birds, Beasts and Reptiles from Europe, Asia and Africa and the islands of the sea. A vast collection of the wonders of creation has been brought together to make up this rare exposition. Never divides. Never changes its dates. All railroads run cheap excursions. Make this a grand gala day. Come in town early and don't fail to

SEE THE GRAND AND GORGEOUS HISTORICAL STREET PARADE!

TWO BANDS OF MUSIC, WIDE OPEN DENS OF SAVAGE MONSTERS, 100 ROYALLY-ROBED PROCESSIONISTS, ALL THE WEALTH, POMP AND PAGEANTRY OF THE DISTANT INDIAS,

FIVE GRAND TABLEAU CARS, 49 GILDED DENS, JUBILEE SINGERS MARDI GRAS FESTIVAL, ETC.

Admission, 50 Cents. - - - Children, 25 Cents.

1884. 1884.

VOTERS, ATTENTION!

James Gillispie Blaine,
From the state of Maine,
For President next year,
Which now is drawing near:
Jim—he knows enough,
Is made of good stuff,
And if he wins the fight
We hope he will do right.
But to secure his election
We have some time for reflection.
Meantime we all want fool—
We want that which is good:
At Palmer, Central Street,
Is what we need to eat.
Weld & Longley keep the place,
Where we hope to see your face,
And give you the right price
On Groceries really nice.
You also get full weight,
And everything is straight;
Our tastes should be cultivated
To use food unadulterated,
And thereby maintain health,
Which is better than wealth.
We did not start in 1850,
But our place is growing thrifty.
We strive to sell goods pure,
And thus your patronage secure.
So when you chance to draw near
Do not pass us with a sneer,
But step in and see our shelves,
And examine for yourselves.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.—HAMPDEN SS. June 16th, 1884.

By virtue of an execution which issued on a judgment recovered at the District Court of Eastern Hampden, holden at Palmer, within and for said county, on the seventeenth day of May, A. D. 1884, in favor of Chester W. Chapin and James A. Rumrill, both of Springfield, in said county, executors of the last will and testament of Franklin Morgan, late of said Palmer, deceased, and against Erastus Newport of Monson, in said county, I have taken all the right, title and interest that the said Erastus Newport had on the 14th day of February, 1882, the day when the same was attached on mesne process, in and to certain real estate situate in Monson, in said county of Hampden, bounded and described as follows, to wit: On the east side of the highway leading from the Dwight Moulton place, so called, by the State Primary School, bounded as follows: Beginning at a stake and stones on the east line of said highway about three or four rods northwest of the house on said premises, thence south 14½° east 22 rods to stake and stones at the edge of some sprout land of the late Daniel Fosket, thence north 75½° east 21¼ rods on a stone wall on the edge of said sprout land to a stake and stones, thence north 14½° west 22 rods to a stake and stones, thence south 75½° west 21¼ rods to the first mentioned bound, containing about 3¼ acres of land, more or less; also another tract of land lying north and east of the above described premises, and bounded as follows, viz: Beginning near the height of land southeasterly of said dwelling house at pile of stones, thence south 76½° west ten 50-100 rods to stakes and stones, it being the southeast corner of the first described tract, thence north 12° west 22 rods to a pile of stones on a rock, thence south 76° west 21 4-10 rods to the highway, thence north 13¾° west 10 12-100 rods, and north 24½° west 6 8-10 rods, and north 13½° west 15 84-100 rods to A. J. Northrop's land, thence north 86½° east by said Northrop's and Samuel N. Ward's line to a pile of stones on a long rock, thence in a straight line to first mentioned bound, containing nine acres one hundred and one rods of land, more or less, and on the eighteenth day of July, 1884, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, in front of the court house, in said Palmer, I shall offer for sale by public auction, to the highest bidder, said real estate above described, and all the right, title and interest of the said Erastus Newport therein.
J. A. PALMER, Deputy Sheriff.
Palmer, June 16, 1884. 3w12

FOR SALE.—The fine residence corner of Thorndike and Pine streets. Inquire of GEO. W. RANDALL.
Palmer, June 5th, 1884. 10tf

FOR SALE.—My Cottage on Fox avenue, containing 10 rooms. Good barn on the place. C. E. FISH.
Palmer, 16, Nov. 1883 33tf

HURRAH!

July 4th, 1884.

ALL KINDS OF

FIREWORKS,

FLAGS, BANNERS, MASKS, Etc.

—OUR—

SUMMER CAMPAIGN NOW OPEN!

ICE-COLD SODA

WITH CHOICEST FRUIT SYRUPS.

Croquet,

Lawn Tennis,

BASE BALL GOODS,

FISHING TACKLE,

FRUIT CONFECTIONERY,

—AND—

Special SUMMER Goods,

—AT—

HITCHCOCK'S

POPULAR DRUG STORE.

CATARRH.

Ely's Cream Balm CURES COLD IN HEAD, CATARRH, ROSE COLD, HAY FEVER, DEAFNESS, HEADACHE. EASY TO USE

HAY FEVER.

HAY FEVER

Is a type of Catarrh having peculiar symptoms. It is attended by an inflamed condition of the lining membrane of the nostrils, tear-ducts and throat, affecting the lungs. An acrid mucus is secreted, the discharge is accompanied with a painful burning sensation. There are severe spasms of sneezing, frequent attacks of blinding headache, a watery and inflamed state of the eyes. ELY'S CREAM BALM is a remedy founded on a correct diagnosis of this disease and can be depended upon. 50 cents at druggists; 60 cents by mail. Sample bottle by mail 10 cents.
ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y. 1y42

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator of the estate of Hannah W. Calkins, which is in this Commonwealth, late of Stafford, in the county of Tolland, and state of Connecticut, deceased; and has taken upon himself that trust, by giving bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased, are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to
DANIEL G. GREEN, Administrator.
Monson, Mass., June 20, 1884. 3w12*

THE Finest Line of REFRIGERATORS IN TOWN,
For Sale, Rent, or Exchange.
H. A. NORTHROP.
Palmer, May 23d, 1884. 3tf

No Shop-Worn GOODS!

EVERYTHING FRESH AND NEW AND SOLD AT HARD-PAN PRICES!

SPLENDID BARGAINS

—IN—

MEN'S DRESS AND BUSINESS SUITS.

A NOBBY LINE OF

YOUTH'S AND BOYS' SUITS,

FROM THE MANUFACTORY OF A. SHUMAN & CO.,

THE ACKNOWLEDGED LEADERS IN FINE CLOTHING FOR YOUNG MEN AND BOYS.

SOLE AGENTS IN MONSON FOR THE

"Eighmie Patent Shirt,"

The Finest and Cheapest Dress Shirt in the World, made from Wamsutta Muslin. 2100 Linen Bosom, lined with heavy Butcher Linen; every Bosom guaranteed to outwear the Shirt.

ALSO THE

PATENT IMPERIAL SILVER LOOM SHIRT,

LAUNDRIED, $1.00.

J. L. Shaw & Co.,

ONE PRICE CLOTHIERS,

MOORE'S BLOCK,.....MONSON, MASS.

Palmer Illustrated.

Provided a sufficient number of subscribers can be secured, there will be published a fine work, entitled

PALMER ILLUSTRATED.

The work will contain sixteen autotype views, 5¼ by 7¼ inches, with margin, giving pages about 8 by 10 inches,

Handsomely BOUND in LEATHERETT.

There will be a page of printed matter to each picture, giving much information of the history of the town, its industries and public enterprises, with fine views of some of the old landmarks, as well as of modern improvements, including views of Three Rivers, Bondsville and Thorndike.

PRICE $2.00 PER COPY.

Expected to be ready for delivery about Sept. 1.

SUBSCRIPTIONS WILL BE RECEIVED UNTIL JULY 1ST,

When the list will be closed, and no more copies printed than are then subscribed for.

Orders may be left at JOURNAL OFFICE, Palmer or addressed to
C. W. EDDY, PUBLISHER,
WARE, MASS.

NOW READY!

L. O. EMERSON'S NEW BOOK,

CHORAL WORSHIP,

FOR CHOIRS, SINGING CLASSES AND MUSICAL CONVENTIONS.

Full Church Music Book Size. Price $1.

CHORAL WORSHIP has 320 pages.

CHORAL WORSHIP has 100 pages of Elements, Exercises, Easy and Graded Songs in one, two or more parts, Glees, &c. A good variety.

CHORAL WORSHIP has 75 pages of the best Metrical Tunes.

CHORAL WORSHIP has 110 pages of the finest Anthems, Motets, Sentences, &c., for Choir use.

CHORAL WORSHIP has 35 pages of miscellaneous matter, including good material for Concert Singing, and for training the voice.

On the whole, CHORAL WORSHIP is a book for the times, appearing as Chorus, Choir and Choral Singing is again coming in favor, and creating a demand for just what this book supplies—in the best way.

Send $1 for specimen copy.

SONG WORSHIP (just out) is a Sunday School Song Book of the greatest promise, by Emerson and Sherwin. Send 25 cents for one specimen copy.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

TROTTING STALLION!

GOLDEN CHARLIE,

Known as the BUCKSKIN STUD, will stand for service this season at Palmer.

Terms to warrant, $15.
9w5 D. F. HOLDEN.

SHEPARD'S CELEBRATED

$60 SCREW CUTTING FOOT LATHE.

Foot and Power Lathes, Drill Presses, Scroll Saw Attachments, Chucks, Mandrels, Twist Drills, Dogs, Calipers. Send for catalogue of outfits, for amateurs or artesans. Address
H. L. SHEPARD & CO.,
341 and 343 West Front Street,
1y27 CINCINNATI, OHIO.

EVERY FAMILY

Should keep the ANTALGICA in the house for ready use. It is one of the best known PAIN-KILLERS in the market for either internal or external use. Be sure and try it.

The Indian Cough Balsam

is one of the very best medicines for Lung troubles. It has been in use for over 30 years, and always gives satisfaction. Prepared by
O. P. ALLEN, Druggist,
Palmer, Mass.

FOR SALE!

1 Cow with calf,
1 Horse,
1 Buggy,
1 Pasture containing 28 acres, well fenced,
1 Wood Lot containing 18 acres of 20 years' growth Chestnut.
14 Sheep and Lambs,
1 Side-bar Carriage,
1 Carryall,
D. F. HOLDEN.
Palmer, Mass., June 12, 1884. 11tf

Seasonable Goods

IN GREAT VARIETY

—AND—

LOW PRICES

JUST OPENED!

PARASOLS

FROM 25 CENTS TO FIVE DOLLARS!

SUMMER UNDERWEAR

MOSQUITO NETS.

CHAMBRAYS, NEW GINGHAMS,

CAMBRICS AND PRINTS,

Which with an unusual stock of

STAPLE GOODS,

MAKES OUR STOCK FULL AND COMPLETE IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

J. B. SHAW.

Palmer, May 29, 1884.

The Time Has Come

—AND—

WE Are READY.

ONE GLANCE AT

THE BARGAINS

IN OUR LARGE AND ATTRACTIVE NEW SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK

—OF—

Clothing,

Gents' Furnishings,

Hats, Caps, Trunks,

Valises, Bags,

Umbrellas, etc.,

WILL CONVINCE YOU THAT AN

ERA OF PEACE AND PROSPERITY

HAS AT LAST DAWNED UPON YOU,

—AND—

Our Low Prices

WILL ACTUALLY SET YOU WITH DELIGHT.

FOSTER & GAMWELL,

ONE PRICE CLOTHIERS,

PALMER, - - MASS.

Somebody Surprised.

Somebody strays to the meadow sweet
And leans against the bars;
The daisies are thick about somebody's feet,
And the sky is thick with stars.

Somebody whistles adown the green lane;
Somebody leans to hear;
Then somebody answers back again
In lark-notes soft and clear.

Rosy red grows somebody's face,
As somebody asks, "Is it you?"
Then somebody's arm gets out of place,
And somebody's mouth does, too.

Somebody's smoothing somebody's hand,
Asking "Can somebody wait?"
Somebody loses all self-command
And absently asks, "Is it late?"

Somebody steps from a bush near by,
In somebody's hand is a strap;
Somebody yells, as she turns to fly,
"Oh, jimminy gosh, it's pap!"

HOW TO OVERCOME THE MOTHS.

This is one of the greatest vexations which careful housekeepers have to contend with, and their depredations are not to be remedied after they have once made inroads. Houses heated by furnaces are especially predisposed to have moths, but every housekeeper must be on the watch for them, for, from the time the windows begin to be left open, the trouble begins. Heavy carpets sometimes do not require taking up every year, unless in constant use. Take out the tacks from these, fold the carpets back, wash the floor in strong suds, with a tablespoonful of borax dissolved in them. Dash with insect powder, or lay tobacco leaves along the edge, and retack. All moths can be kept away, and the eggs destroyed by this means. Ingrain or other carpets, after shaking, are brightened by sprinkling a pound of salt over the surface and sweeping carefully and thoroughly. It is also an excellent plan to wipe off the carpet with borax water, using a thick flannel cloth, wrung tightly, taking care not to wet it, only to dampen. Open the windows and dry the carpet before replacing the furniture.

Other woolens, including blankets and wearing apparel, must be beaten and brushed and folded smoothly. Be careful to clean every grease spot with ammonia and water, not too strong, and a dark woolen cloth. Tie pieces of camphor into little bundles, and put one in each article. Wrap the articles in newspapers, as printers' ink is a great preventive of moths, and then sew them up in strong sheeting bags, labeled, so that it will not be necessary to open them during the summer except for use. This is a good way for those who do not possess cedar boxes, and the articles need have no other care, if every spot is treated as directed, and the garments are not left hanging in the closet too long before putting away for the season.

GARDENS IN THE SEA.

Among the many curious analogies born of modern investigation, none are more interesting than those showing striking cases of parallelism in the habits and customs of animals whose environments are totally dissimilar. The ocean bed seems peopled with forms so resembling those of land that a modification of structure to conform with their surroundings alone appear to be the point of difference. In drifting over the reefs of our southern border this resemblance between the creatures of land and sea is extremely striking. The gardens of the lower world abound in lavish growth; trees, shrubs, waving vines, are all reproduced in the wonderous form of the sea. Here a forest of coral branches (*Madrepora*) raise their myriads of bristling points, each flowered by a delicate polyp, and presenting a rich, olive-green tint in contrast to the deep blue of the channel upon whose banks they grow. Pure as crystal, the water seems to intensify the beauty of the objects, even in the greater depths; gayly bedecked fishes move lazily about, rising and falling among the living branches, poising, perhaps, to pluck some morsel from a limb, in all their motions reminding us of the birds of the shore. These gorgeous parrot fishes are the sunbirds of the sea; wonderous tints—azure, golden yellow, and red—mark them. Some appear irredescent and bathed in metallic tints, as if encased in burnished armor, while many more, in modest garb, found in our colder northern waters, call to mind the robin and thrush, those welcome harbingers of spring. But it is not in their color alone that the fishes resemble the birds; it is in the home life and love of offspring that we find a close resemblance. Many are nest-builders, erecting structures as complicated as those of the birds, and equalling them in design and finish.

He was a married man, blessed—or the opposite, as the reader may determine—with an extremely jealous wife. One evening not long since, he seized a chance opportunity to do escort to a charming miss of sweet sixteen, whose blue eyes and dark drooping lashes exercised a glamour over every man who happened to come within range of their charm. At last her home was reached, and as they pansed at the gate the maiden turned her lovely orbs full upon him and said, "I'm so grateful for your kindness, sir." "Don't mention it, I beg of you," he ejaculated gallantly. Very likely the unsophisticated maiden misunderstood the motive of his remark, for she quickly answered, in a reassuring tone, "Oh, I certainly won't, sir, as long as I live, if you don't wish me to."—*Lowell Citizen.*

The greatest man is he who chooses right with the most invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptation from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calmest in storms, and most fearless under menaces and frowns; whose reliance on truth, on virtue, and on God, is most unfaltering.

Nothing is more fatal to happiness or virtue than the confidence which flatters us with an opinion of our own strength, and by assuring us of the power of retreat, precipitates us into hazard. To every man there is a point fixed, beyond which if he passes he will not easily return.

"Say you prayers," said an aunt to three-year-old Jessie. "No. One night at home I didn't say 'em." "Did you live till morning?" If I did not, how do see me here?" she said with a bright smile.

A little girl under five looking at an ugly face in a book, said, "I think the seatures are good if he was not making up a sace."

TO ——?

The trail dips down to the slant of a house roof, and you slide, slip and feel your way for a quarter of a mile before striking the level. You are now in Great Bear Canyon. If you have the company of three or four men you are awed and silenced. If you are alone you suddenly become a coward.

Aye! a canyon is the place to try one's nerves—to whiten the face, to bring chills, to weaken the muscles, to make a man hate himself for the cowardice he cannot control. Here is the gloom of twilight. Elsewhere the gloom brings out the swallows and the night-hawks, the songs of crickets, the notes of frogs, a feeling of peace and rest. This canyon has never felt sunshine. This gloom was born thousands of years ago, and has never been broken into by the light of day. Behind you the rugged rocks are partly covered by vines. What sarcasm and hypocracy! The vine is one which thrives only in the gloom which makes you shudder, and it loves the company of snakes and lizards and disgusting worms. In front of you there is the drip of water. Plash! plash! Drip! drip! But the sound does not quiet your nerves. The water has flowed over ugly roots—snake-like vines—beds of bleached moss—past the homes of reptiles, and you would not drink it unless craved with thirst.

Look up the canyon. A road twenty feet wide, running into the darkness of the bowels of the Rocky Mountains. A road? Say, rather, a ravine—a tunnel—a pathway for lost souls to travel up and down. These mountains were born—when? Six—ten—twenty—fifty thousand years ago. This canyon was born with them. This rocky bottom is as nature fashioned it when the great inland lakes were mere ponds, which skiffs could safely navigate. These seamed and rugged sides have undergone no change since the sun first rose and looked down upon earth in wonderment. The thought of it increases your cowardice.

Listen! were you lying in your grave the silence could not be more profound. On the ocean beyond these mountains there is ever the plash and dash of waves. On the prairies behind you there is the rustling of the breeze, the chirup of birds, the footsteps of wild animals. But here is the grimness of death. The bit of melting snow a thousand feet above your head which sent the splash and drip down the rocks, has been exhausted, and not another drop is heard. No living thing makes a sound to break the silence. There is no whisper from the wind—not the fall of a pebble or the dropping of a leaf.

Ah! you tremble! Your limbs weaken until you almost sink down. You feel your heart beating as if trying to beat its way out. Suppose you were to be chained here as a punishment! Even if provided with food, water and a bed you would go raving mad inside of a week. The grimness of this eternal twilight would set you wild, and the awful silence of the canyon would be broken by the clank of chains and the shrieks of a lunatic. It is high noon. In the world outside the sun shines hotly. Down here it is night and there is the chill of November. If it is so at high noon what must it be at midnight? And if this absolute silence so unstrings your nerves, how would it be when the lizards run from crevice to crevice along the flinty walls—when the serpents throw off their lethargy and issue from their dens to hiss and strike at you—when the grizzly leaves his den and comes lumbering down the canyon in search of food?

And you shudder and cringe and weaken. All the wealth of earth would not bribe you to advance up this ravine a hundred feet. It would be a relief to even feel the presence of some spirit condemned to roam up and down this pathway for all time to come.

Let us go! Fifty steps away are sunshine—the songs of birds—the voices of men—green grass and a view of heaven. Here we stand in the doorway of death. Men and women rise from their graves to be judged and this is the pathway into which turn the footsteps of all condemned. If we feel its horrors here, what must be the sensations in that deeper, blacker darkness beyond?—*M. Quad.*

NOT MUCH OF A HERO.—They were enjoying the river view by moonlight at West Point, and Geroge, with his gray uniform, looked every inch a soldier. "George," she remarked, softly, "do you ever expect to become a great general? Like Sherman, for instance?" George rather allowed that he did not expect to. "I have always admired General Sherman," she went on quietly. "Yes," George replied, "Gen. Sherman is a distingnished fighter. He did splendid service during the war." "I don't remember very much about the war," she said, "but I have met Gen. Sherman several times, and do you know, George, that he always kissed me? He is a great soldier, and I admire him immensely." "Yes, indeed," George acquiesced, "Gen. Sherman is a great soldier." And then she complained of the chill in the air, and as they returned George wondered why she was silent.—*New York Sun.*

Do we really want the non-church goers in our churches? If we want them, the desire will effect a revolution among us. It will overrun our church architecture; It will put an end to our Gothic arches, and painted windows, and our artificial music, and our stilted preaching, and our social exclusiveness; It will take pew doors off their hinges, and it will drive out the notion that carpets are worth more than souls.—*Rev. S. H. Tyng, Jr.*

It cannot be too often repeated that luxuries, not necessities, bring poverty and ruin. We are made bankrupts, not by what we really need, but what we think we want; therefore, never go abroad in search of wants—if they be real ones they will come home in search of you; for he who buys what he does not need, will soon want what he cannot buy.

Phil, four years old, asks his brother Harley, six, "What are the stars made of?" The answer is, "When God made the moon he had a little left, so he sprinkled it around and made the stars."

A little girl four years old, says to her father, "Was God made?" "No." "Don't *He* have any God?" "No." "Don't He have any sky up in his place?"

C. D. FERRE'S

GREAT BARGAIN STORE,

372 MAIN ST.,

Springfield, Mass.

LADIES', CHILDREN'S AND INFANT'S WEAR

A SPECIALTY!

IN CORSETS WE HAVE BY FAR THE LARGEST VARIETY, BEST SHAPES and LOWEST PRICES TO BE FOUND IN WESTERN MASSACHUSETTS!

IN COLLORS UNDERWEAR

We carry a very large stock of a superior make and quality, warranted perfect in shape and lowest in prices.

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We have the largest and most complete line to be found in the city, at prices to suit all.

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HUMAN HAIR DEPARTMENT

Will be found all the leading styles in Coiffures.

☞ Special attention given to making up ladies' own hair in the most fashionable style.

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SWITCHES, FRIZZES, NETS, &c.,

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PRICES MUCH LOWER THAN AT REGULAR HAIR STORES.

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Flour, Sugars and Teas

☞ VERY LOW. ☜

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COFFEE!

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Pure Paris Green.

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DALMATION INSECT POWDER.

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THE CELEBRATED

TROTTING STALLION,

MORRILL BOY,

Will make the season of 1884

— AT THE —

MONSON HOUSE STABLES.

For further particulars call on the subscriber.

J. T. STEVENS.

Monson, May 16, 1884. 7tf

NEW LONDON NORTHERN R. R.

ON AND AFTER JUNE 2, 1884,

Trains going South leave Palmer 8.30 a. m., 2.10 and 7.10 p. m., for New London, connecting with trains for Mystic, Stonington and Providence—New Haven and New York.

The 7.10 p. m. train connects at New London with steamer for New York, landing at pier 40, North River, making this a desirable route for passengers going South and West.

Going North—Leave Palmer 8.10 a. m., 2.08 and 7.10 p. m. The 8.10 a. m. train connects at Barrett's Junction with train on Athol branch for stations north to Athol; at South Vernon with train for Keene, and at Brattleboro for Montreal. 2.08 p. m. for Amherst, Millers' Falls, Brattleboro, Bellows Falls and White River Junction, and all points north.

C. F. SPAULDING, Supt.

THE STALLION HAMBLETONIAN COLT will stand at the farm of John Curley for service for the season of 1884.

Rich deep bay, black points, 15½ hands high; weighs 1050 lbs.; 3 years old.

TERMS TO WARRANT, - - - - - $15.

Mares from a distance will be kept in good pasture at $1 per week, but no responsibilities will be assumed for accidents or escapes.

JOHN CURLEY.

West Brimfield, May 23d, 1884. 2m9*

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WE ARE NOW OPENING

LARGE INVOICES

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Greatly Reduced Prices.

SPECIAL ATTENTION INVITED TO THE FOLLOWING SPECIALTIES:

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In finest qualities and newest designs.

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A very large and attractive stock.

100 styles NECK RUFFLINGS, Black and Colored Silk Velvets, Lisle Thread, Taffeta and Pure Silk GLOVES, Black and Colored Silk MITTS, 200 new SHOPPING BAGS in real and imitation Alligator, real Calf and Grained Leather.

We offer our entire stock of

MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS

At Greatly Reduced Prices.

FLANNEL SUITS,

Full assortment of styles, colors and sizes.

GINGHAM, CAMBRIC, CHAMBRAY, and WHITE DRESSES.

Great Bargains in

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We offer the largest and best stock of these goods ever shown to the ladies of Springfield, and guarantee the prices to be lower than the same quality of goods can be bought of any other house in this city.

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STOCK OF

Boots and Shoes

IN NASSOWANNO BLOCK,

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AT SOME PRICE!

Now for a Rush.

THE GOODS MUST BE SOLD IN A FEW WEEKS.

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS MORE IN GOODS WILL BE ADDED TO THIS STOCK IN THIS SALE IF THERE IS A DEMAND FOR THEM!

Ladies' $2.50 Kid Button Boots for - $1.98

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Ladies' $1.50 and $1.75 Button Boots for 98c and 75c

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1st. It is absolutely SAFE.

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ALL GRADES. LOWEST PRICES.

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Druggists 65c. (In Pomade form only.) 1y52

The Oil Stove Season

Has arrived once more, and my business in this line is

BOOMING

AS USUAL. I OFFER

FOR SALE OR TO RENT,

The Famous "Monitor,"

which has had unparalleled success in this region for six years past.

I have also been appointed this year

AGENT FOR THE

"ADAMS & WESTLAKE WIRE GAUZE NON-EXPLOSIVE."

These are two of the most popular Oil Stoves in the market.

The advantages of a first-class Oil Stove are convenience, comfort, economy. Try one and keep cool this hot weather.

Orders by mail promptly attended to.

I continue to offer a large line of Spring

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AT VERY LOW PRICES.

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Manufacturers of Bicycles and Tricycles, I would be pleased to show and explain machines to all who are interested in them.

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I have purchased a complete stock of all styles, and can furnish a house complete with the latest makes.

BLACK WALNUT PARLOR SUITES!
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PARLOR SUITES IN THE NEW UPHOLSTERY OF SILK PLUSH, &c.

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CHAMBER AND DINING SETS!
NEAT, TASTEFUL AND AT MODERATE PRICES.

In LAMBREQUINS, CURTAINS AND DRAPERY FURNISHINGS,

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No young housekeeper can fail to find just what is wanted to complete a well-furnished house at my store.

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$1 25 FRAMES for.....63 Cents
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BOSTON, October 19, 1870.

R. H. EDDY, ESQ.—Dear Sir: You procured for me, in 1840, my first patent. Since then you have acted for me and advised me in hundreds of cases, and procured many patents, re-issues and extensions. I have occasionally employed the best agencies in New York, Philadelphia and Washington, but I still give you almost the whole of my business, in your line, and advise others to employ you. Yours truly, GEORGE DRAPER.

Boston, Jan. 1, 1884. 1y41

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All kinds of LUMBER and SHINGLES, at retail and wholesale by the car-load. Windows, Doors Blinds and Mouldings. Carpenters' and Joiners Work done to order.

Yard and shop junction of the B. & A. and N. L. N. railroads, west of depot.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. 1y52

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We have one case, used exclusively for this line of goods, from the celebrated house of Aiken, Lambert & Co., New York.

The list comprises all nos., long or short nib Gold Pens with Silver Extension Cases, Gold Pens, Gold and Ebony Holders, Gold Pens and Ivory Holders, Gold Pens and Slide or Reverse Holders, Gold Telescope Holders, Patent screw Pencils, Magic Pencils (either Gold or Pearl,) etc., etc. *We offer as inducements,*

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MACHINERY CASTINGS MADE AND GENERAL JOBBING DONE

AT SHORT NOTICE & REASONABLE PRICES.

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We make the Mott Stove and Kettle, Farmers' Boilers, Boiler Mouths and Ash Mouths, Iron Lamp Posts, Window Weights, Iron Steps, Sewer Grates, Furnace Grates, Stall Collars and Stack Iron.

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LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTMENT OF VELVET FRAMES AND CASES,

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STEINWAY, KNABE,
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And the largest assortment of other makes of any dealer in New England.

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C. N. STIMPSON.

26tf

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The Palmer Journal.

EXTRA EDITION. PALMER, MASS., SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 5, 1884. PRICE 5 CENTS.

MONSON'S GALA DAY.

DEDICATION OF THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT!

A GRAND SUCCESS!

A Good Day and a Good Time!

FULL ACCOUNT OF THE DAY'S DOINGS.

The day which will doubtless be remembered longer than any other in the history of the town has come and gone, and can be said to have been a success even to the minutest detail. From the time the monument was placed in position there was a general feeling among the citizens that it should be dedicated in a beitting manner, on some day which should be made a holiday by all.

Memorial Day was spoken of as an appropriate time, as it is then that special tribute is paid to departed comrades. But as this monument is a memorial not only to those who fell, but to those who survived, as well, and as the G. A. R. post could not make the wished-for preparations by that time, it was decided to have the celebration on the "Glorious Fourth." A committee of arrangements were appointed, consisting of W. J. Ricketts, Dr. G. E. Fuller, R. M. Reynolds and A. D. Norcross, and to the untiring efforts of these men is due the pleasant occasion which has just passed. Invitations were issued far and wide to different posts and organizations, Governor Robinson and staff, and General Joshua L. Chamberlain of Maine was secured as orator of the day. The 3d regiment band of New London, Ct., was engaged for the occasion, and neither pains nor expense was spared in the preparations. Nor was the G. A. R. alone in the work. The citizens caught the enthusiasm and vied with each other in doing all they could to help, and a purse of $1600 was raised to assist in defraying the expenses. The invitations were very generally responded to with letters of acceptance, and as week by week passed it became apparent that the event would prove fully up to the general expectation. Thousands of dollars were spent in improvements by the town and private individuals, most prominent among the latter being W. N. Flynt, who has been at work for several weeks on Flynt's Park, laying out new roads, repairing the old ones, and generally improving the place, until it is a resort which any town might well consider a great addition to its attractions.

The heavy rain of Wednesday evening did a vast amount of damage, badly washing the roads and sidewalks, thus compelling much of the work to be done over. A large force of men was at work on Flynt's Park all day Thursday, repairing the damage, and it was nearly midnight before the roads of the town were again in a fair condition, for Monson was bound to have everything in perfect order for the Fourth.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

came at last, as clear and pleasant as could have been desired, and was ushered in at 4.29 a. m. by a salute of 25 guns from Battery B of Worcester, from their camp on the park. There was little sleep after this for the majority of the citizens, many of whom had their houses undecorated. At an early hour the out-of-town people commenced to arrive, and at 7.30 were pouring in from all directions, on foot and in all sorts of conveyances.

The Marcus Keep Post of Monson, escorted by the 3d regiment band of New London, proceeded to escort the visiting posts, as fast as they arrived, from the depot to their headquarters in Central Block, in front of which, over the street, hung a flag, bearing the name and number of the post, and the inscription: "Welcome Comrades." Every train which came was loaded to overflowing, and the streets were soon filled with the visitors.

Governor Robinson arrived about half-past ten, and was taken to the residence of Mrs. Horatio Lyon, where he was received by the officer of the day, the prominent men of the town, and others.

Owing to some of the trains being late in reaching Monson, the procession was somewhat late in getting started, not getting into motion until 11.30, when it marched down Main street, formed in the following order:

Police on foot.
Chief Marshal A. A. Gage.
Mounted Marshals.
Germania Band of Pittsfield.
L. L. Tifft Post, Sons of Veterans, of Springfield.
Springfield City Guard.
Drum Corps.
E. K. Wilcox Post, G. A. R., of Springfield.
Drum Corps.
W. L. Baker Post, G. A. R., of Northampton.
Band.
Clara Barton Post, G. A. R., of Warren.
Drum Corps.
Gen. Sedgwick Post, G. A. R., of Norwich, Ct.
Drum Corps.
Lyon Post, G. A. R., of Westfield.
E. M. Stanton Post, G. A. R. of Amherst.
Drum Corps.
Ezra Batcheller Post, G. A. R. of North Brookfield.
Drum Corps.
Ferdinand Dexter Post, G. A. R. of Brookfield.
Band.
J. W. Lawton Post, G. A. R. of Ware.
Drum Corps.
Kilpatrick Post, G. A. R. of Holyoke.
Band.
L. L. Merrick Post, G. A. R. of Palmer.
Drum Corps.
Stowell Post, G. A. R. of So. Deerfield.
Armstrong Post, G. A. R. of Montague.
Otis Chapman Post, G. A. R. of Chicopee.
Drum Corps.
E. J. Griggs Post, G. A. R. of Belchertown.
Parker Post, G. A. R. of Athol Center.
Hubbard V. Smith Post, G. A. R., Athol.
Drum Corps.
3d Regiment Band of New London, Ct.
Marcus Keep Post, G. A. R. of Monson.
Unattached G. A. R. members.
Carriages containing Gov. Robinson and staff, Deputy Commander Billings and staff of the state order of G. A. R.
Battery B. of Worcester.

Making a procession nearly a mile long, which marched down Main to Lincoln street, through Lincoln to Green, through Green to Bridge, through Bridge to Hampden, through Hampden to Main, and up Main to the monument, stopping at Hampden Avenue, where ice water was served to all.

Arriving at the monument, which stands in a three-cornered piece of ground at the top of what is known as the "Academy Hill," and facing directly down Main street, the different companies were drawn up around the lot in the street, with Marcus Keep Post grouped on the upper side of the lot around the rear of the shaft, the officers of the day and the officials occupying a position in front. Dr. G. E. Fuller, as officer of the day made the following presentation speech:

Comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic,

Ladies and Gentlemen:—As president of the day it becomes my very pleasant duty to welcome you, one and all, to this hill-girt town on this occasion. In the name of the citizens of Monson and of the Marcus Keep Post, No. 155, Dept. of Mass. G. A. R. I thank your Excellency and the members of your staff—and you, sir, commander of our order in this commonwealth and the members of your staff—and you, comrades of the Grand Army, for responding to our invitation, and gathering here on this anniversary day of American Independence to assist us in appropriately dedicating this beautiful granite shaft to the noble purposes for which it has been erected.

Doubtless a brief account of the origin of the enterprise—of the monument itself, its inscriptions and emblems will be of interest to you. One year ago last May the following proposition was received by the Monson Memorial Association:

Gentlemen:—Appreciating as I do very heartily the sacrifices and services of the citizen-soldiers of Monson in behalf of national unity in the war of the Rebellion, and desiring to leave some permanent testimonial in the town where I have passed the largest part of my business life, I propose to donate to your association, or to a post of the G. A. R. if your association shall vote to establish such a post, the sum of money necessary to build a monument to commemorate the memory of Monson's patriot dead, provided said monument shall not cost more than five nor less than four thousand dollars, when completed and suitably enclosed; and provided it shall be placed in the plot of ground in front of the "Lyon Memorial Library Building," and provided, further, that the neccessary measures be taken to commence and complete said monument without unnecessary delay.

With much respect, I am
Very Sincerely Yours,
(Signed) CYRUS W. HOLMES.
Monson, May 2d, 1883.

To carry out the provisions of this proposition, a committee consisting of G. E. Fuller, M. D., A. A. Gage and Wm. J. Ricketts was appointed. They have attended to the duty assigned them with the result which you see before you. This committee adopted a design submitted by Mr. R. F. Carter of South Ryegate, Vt., and on the 12th day of October, 1883, the contract was let to Messrs. W. N. Flynt & Co., of Monson, who sub-let the monument proper to Mr. Carter. These gentlemen have executed their work to the entire satisfaction of the committee, and we trust it will receive the approval of the general public. The curbings are of Monson granite; the monument of granite from South Ryegate, Vt.

The monument is intended by its inscriptions to emphasize this union of states, to the perpetuity of popular government, and by its emblems to represent the four branches of the service.

Thus, on the front, devoted to the INFANTRY, we have above in relief, "Gettysburg;" below, the carved laural leaves, and on the first section of the plinth the coat of arms of the United States in relief.

On the rear to represent the ARTILLERY we have above "New Berne;" below the oak leaves, and on the first section of the plinth, in relief, the crossed cannon.

On the right side to represent the NAVY we have above, "Roanoke;" below, the olive leaves, and on the plinth in relief the anchor and shot. On the left to represent the CAVALRY we have "Knoxville" above; below ivy leaves, and on the first section of the plinth, in relief, the crossed sabres. The battles of Gettysburg, New Berne Roanoke and Knoxville were chosen because the soldiers of Monson were most numerously represented in them. The wreath as a whole, formed of the laurel signifying glory; the olive, peace; the oak, strength; and the ivy lasting remembrance, is emblematic of the boys in blue, who went forth in their strength, conquered an honorable peace, and returned with a crown of glory shall be held in lasting remembrance.

The inscriptions are, in front—"Erected by Cyrus W. Holmes, to commemorate the valor and patriotism of the soldiers, who on land and sea upheld the National cause, 1861—1865."

On the rear a sentence from Jackson's inaugural in 1833. "Without Union Our Independence and Liberty can never be Maintained."

On the right, a sentence from Webster's reply to Hayne in 1830. "To the Union we owe our safety at home and our consideration and dignity abroad."

On the left, a seutence from Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg Nov. 19, 1863. "Under God, the Government of the people, for the people and by the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Thus we have a sentiment, enforcing the importance of National unity from the three most distinguished party leaders thus far developed in the history of the Republic.

On the circle above the die is the date of erection, "1884."

The dimensions of the monument are 12 feet square at the base and 46½ feet high. Its approximate weight is 100 tons. The soldier is colossal, 7½ feet in height, and weighing about four tons. The conception of the artist, is that a soldier on picket, being suddenly aroused by an unusual noise, jumps up, grasps his musket and looks intently in the direction of the disturbance.

Now Mr. Commander, and comrades, in the name of our revered and beloved benefactor, our esteemed fellow citizen, Mr. Cyrus W. Holmes, who has paid the entire cost of this monument and its surroundings the sum total of $5500, I now place in your hands the receipted bill which constitutes this monument the property of Marcus Keep Post, No. 155, Department of Massachusetts G. A. R., and in his name, I ask you to accept and dedicate it to the noble purposes for which it has been erected. Fellow comrades, it was Mr. Holmes' special request to the committee, that this monument should be so inscribed that it would be not only a memorial to the dead but also to the living soldiers, who equally brave, have survived the carnage of war. All Union soldiers therefore, who study this monument, will find that, although their names are not engraven upon it, yet it is a memorial to their personal valor and heroism.

In conclusion, allow me to express the hope that this granite shaft may, in all coming time, be not only a memorial to the soldiers whose heroism and valor it is intended to commemorate, an object lesson in patriotism to this and coming generations; but also a monument to the name of him who has so generously recognized that valor, and in honoring others has doubly honored himself.

He was responded to by Mr. Chapin, in behalf of the post, and after the raising of the post flag, amid the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner," and a salute by Battery B, the regular dedicatory exercises of the department were gone through with, Rev. E. A. Perry of Palmer making the prayer.

The following poem, written for the occasion by Miss Jennie L. Colton of Monson, was then read by Rev. Mr. Hammatt:

In sad mistrust of life it has been said,
"Call no man happy until he is dead;"
Yet love is dear, and summer days are sweet,
Bright skies above, fair earth about our feet,
The green enfolding hills, all sights we see,
Enchant us from such cold philosophy;
And fond, regretful memories we spare
To show who nevermore these joys may share;
These perfumed airs, this kindly sun
Caress no more the dead, whose work is done.

And yet the happiest might envy those,
Who in a nation's grateful heart repose.
No change of years can tarnish their renown,
Forever theirs the tear-wet laurel crown.
'Twas theirs to feel no less
Than others, all the glow of youthful happiness,
For to be young in a heroic time
Is to be given an opportunity sublime,
Upon them smote the accolade of might
Fair Duty gives each chosen knight.
To them she came, not in her lovable guise,
Not in common garb of sober-colored woof,
But as an angel cased in mail of proof,
With grand imperious eyes,
She came transplanted from the skies,
Not disobedient to the heavenly sight,
'Twas theirs to follow mid the blaze of light
In which the brave, who die for fatherland,
Transfigured through all coming time shall stand.

Seek not the living ones among the dead,
Here let this cenotaph uplift its head,
Full in the light
The names beloved of Freedom write,
And steps that ring along the street will pause
And cheerful voices catch a deeper tone
By this august memorial stone,
The shrine of lofty deeds, done in a noble cause.

The artizan and farmer who endure
The stress of toil, by quiet comfort paid,
May think of those who went from farm and trade
To make the arch of union more secure.

And school boys learn how books aside were laid,
While students went where history was made,
Where the brave tales of old were again
Traced over in the blood of living men.
Let little children point, and the graven letters tell,
And see what glorious names the alphabet can spell.

And women fond and happy—mothers of stalwart sons,
And maidens well beloved, proud of their chosen ones,
Let *them* be told of days when sunny heads turned white
In agony of waiting for tidings of the fight,
And tender hearts grew strong,
Strained by the awful tie
That bound them to the absent
Whose errand was—to die.

If honor's claim on living hearts could cease,
These stones must cry, If men should hold their peace,
And this might be the tenor of their praise,
Not "There were giants in those days,"
But "Once these valleys nurtured sturdy men
Who held their lives as dear as mortals may;
These pleasant fields were fair and tranquil then,
Soft arms entwined, sweet voices bade them stay,
Yet honor's mandate must her sons obey;
And all they loved was not too dear to be
An offering to God and Liberty."

It was 1.45 when the exercises at the monument were finished, and the line of march was once more taken up. Proceeding to Flynt's Park, the comrades and the other visitors proceeded to the speakers' stand, where Gen. J. L. Chamberlain of Maine delivered

THE ORATION OF THE DAY.

"Dead on the field of Honor!" You know the story; that soldier for his nobleness and humility called the "First Grenadier of France,"—intent alone on duty, and self-forgetting, disdaining promotion or mark of praise, fighting on in the ranks till he fell foremost of the brave; for which great example Napoleon ordered that his name should still be called on the roll as if he were part of his living, effective force; and at the name "La tour D'Anvergne" the first sergeant of his company stepped two paces forward, saluted, and gave answer, "*Mort sur le champ d'honneur.*" They are poetic words—thrilling words. But standing here and gazing upon this scene, glorious alike with its lights and shadows,—you still shoulder to shoulder and heart to heart as you stood to receive into your own the blows that were aimed at your country's bosom, before whose valor death itself has quailed; and you, others, invisible but glorious presence that throngs around; you, citizens, men and women, that bring your strength and beauty to do honor to your defenders; you, generous and noble spirits, whether here or hence departed, who have surrounded and beautified this place with tokens of honoring remembrance, at this consecrated hour ruled by mighty memories and undying hopes that sway our souls as one, these words come fraught with a power that leaves all other meanings below.

There stands your monument, high-rising from the earth, graven with emblems of heroic virtue and glorious triumph, graven with battles great and terrible, that speak the cost at which right is established and freedom won. There confronts me this soldier of yours, uplifted, steadfast. With silent lips, but searching eyes, he questions me with the names of your unreturning, unforgotten brave; I advance, I salute you, I answer: "*Dead on the field of honor!*"

But too far short falls that response. They fell on a greater field, and their remembrance belongs not to death but to things that cannot die.

Honor indeed is great. It is the stainless sense of what is fit and due. It speaks of what belongs to the immortal worth of personality; it means the keeping of the action true to the trust; it means the exercise of those virtues of conduct which must be held inviolate if life is to be worth living. In dark ages and places of the world, where the power of religious sentiment or moral principle was not sufficient for a law of conduct, the sense of honor has been the safeguard of society. Often, doubtless, when other motives which constitute the interior springs of action have been doubtful or confused, the sense of honor, as a certain outward influence, has controlled action to worthy issues; so that we accept the nobility of the act without caring to judge the motive. The response such acts command in our feelings shows that nature recognizes the principle. We see this even in the homely praise we give to the beast, that acts out his natural instincts so as to triumph over pain, when we say he "dies game." So also, we say of a brave mistaken man, that he shows a courage worthy of a better cause. And the duelists' code has held its long domain in civilized society because it called itself the "code of honor." There was this at least of nobility in it, that it taught that there is something to be held dearer than self, and selfish interests; dearer than life.

But there is a principal of action that in worthiness goes far beyond the sense of of honor. True heroism concerns moral principle. It takes its place as a power in the forces that are vital to man's well being. It is enlisted in behalf of things that promote man's true end. It enters into destiny, and reaches forward to the immortal. It is dead on no field—not even that of honor!

There have been other recognitions of faithful service in which the meed of praise has been ascribed to other high principles of action akin to that of honor. It may be well for us to bring forward some of these, to serve at least as stepping-stones by which to rise to our higher thought. Many are the famous memorials of those who have perished in a public and ordered, or, if I may so say, legal strife, and they all range on the side of good, whatever be the particular cause in which they were engaged. Some of these are of deep beauty and tenderness.

In the great cathedral in Berne, in Switzerland, on the chancel wall there stands three consecrated tablets. Many wondrous things are there in that land; some that stir the memory of great deeds long past, and some that lure us to long dreams of things that cannot be won on earth. Who that has stood on the heights above that city and seen the distant Oberland Alps come out from behind the cloudy veil of evening,—the whole sweep of glittering summits, one by one, flushed by the upslanting rays of a sun already set from earth; and high above all, the majestic Jungfrau, in unapproachable majesty, adorned as a bride from heaven; for one little hour the unutterable splendors, the glorious pageantry, then slowly vanishing from the gaze, silent, far, till blended with the infinite—who that has beheld that scene can ever forget it, or ever think the same thing again of earth or of Heaven!

But down below there is an aspiring human thought. There beneath our feet, high above the winding river, stands the old cathedral, massive, grand; the work of rude but willing hands, five centuries ago. There is in the architecture itself the outshining heart of man—that Lamp of Sacrifice of which Ruskin tells us. Tireless toil and wondrous devotion are built into the balustrade around the storm-worn tower. At the portal the sculptered scenes of the last judgment overawe the mind. Human genius and human toil have pictured great things in that cathedral; but written on its walls are greater things—the record of the loyal soul—sacrifices more costly than that in the balustrade—deeds whose worth and reach only that last judgment can reveal. Cut into the stone tablets are words like these: "To the dear ashes of those passed to the immortal; who faithful to their word of honor fell fighting in the land of strangers in the sad year 1792. This, their native city, consecrates these tablets and inscribes these names."

These men did not die for Fatherland and liberty; they only died in the service which they had sworn. They were the household guard of the French king Louis XVI. In the terrible scenes that heralded the revolution, Louis, suffering more for the sins of others than his own, when the brutal mob run riot through the palace—the poor refuge which kings must call a home—forsaken by friend after friend, by the boasted chivalry of France, by the Royal French Guard itself, found not one faithful human soul but that little alien band, the Swiss Guards! Fighting at their post till their last life's blood was shed, they perished to a man! The furies that ruled that demoniac scene, insulted and tore in pieces the dead bodies, as if to leave no vestige of such faith upon the earth. But their native city remembered them, and gathered what they could of the dear ashes, and set their names in their most holy places. These men died for their sacred oath, for their sworn duty; but it is held worthy of remembrance the world over; worthy of sacred keeping; worthy of tears—tears of women and of men; tears of love; tears of pride. There is another memorial; in lovely Lucerne. At the head of the lake of the forest cantons, out beyond that quaint cathedral, at the foot of a terraced garden, watched over by the eternal faces of the Alps, there is the thought of the great sculptor, Thowaldson—his Dying Lion,—cut into the solid rock which rises sheer from the calm and leaf-shadowed surface of a little pool. There stands that symbol and head stone of heroes, the Lion of Lucerne; outstretched in death, pierced with mortal arrow, yet guarding still, with a keeping that is half embrace and half defiance, the emblems of his trust. At his head the silver blazoned cross of Switzerland, and beneath his sinking cheek the golden-lilied shield of France. In the lineaments, the lion's strength; in the look a soul! Beneath are the words: "August 10th, and Sept. 2d and 3d, 1792. These are the names of those who, not to be found wanting to the sacred faith of their oath, bravely fighting, fell."

Here stand the names, simple homelike names, like these we remember to-day: and like them, lifted up to immortal fame. Above them watches the undying lion, one mighty paw on the lilies of France, and one reaching down to the roll of heroes below! It is great; it is noble; it is thrilling! All is past with them, long ago; all is peace and stillness now where they lie. But a living power from them has passed into the souls of all who behold, and kindles in every manly heart a new devotion to fidelity and to valor.

History tells us of another epitaph, that over the three hundred Spartans who fell man by man with Leonidas at Thermopylae. "Go tell the Lacedemonians, that we lie here in obedience to their laws." This brings out another kind of devotion and duty, another reason for it—obedience to the law. That is a great thing. Were it not for law, freedom would have no guarantee, nor moral measure. Liberty would be license and soon there would be no liberty. Obedience therefore is worthy, and it is needful. The slave may render it, but the free man must. But obedience to law is not the consummate motive to duty. All laws look to something beyond them in the light of which they are written, and lead to something beyond them, which is the supreme and sovereign worth for the sake of which they were given. Honor to those who obey the laws! But nobler still the motive of those who battle unto death from loyal love to those high principles which are the soul of law.

Friends, the great cause in which we were engaged rests on reasons and justifications embracing all these I have recounted, and much more. There is a behest wider than honor, deeper than fidelity, nobler than obedience, higher than law—a principle at the center of all these—a substance in which they all inhere. This is that great behest in which your soldiers fought. I have brought forward these famous examples, not because we are here simply to praise the dead; but because all that is ascribed as merit to those who fell, is true also for those who served as faithfully—those who gave themselves likewise to sufferings and death, but of whom the supreme sacrifice was not then and there demanded. These also offered their all. When they signed those muster rolls, that was in fact putting their lives out of their own hands, and laying them unreservedly on the altar of their country.

Doubtless the diseases, imprisonments and wounds not reported mortal, have yet cut short the lives of very many, and they are dying of them day by day.

I have brought forward these examples also, to set in strong relief the high motive and principle which animated our defense.

Fellow citizens, it is a peculiarity of your commemoration to-day that it is not directed simply to the honor of those who fell, but of those who fought. That, I think, strikes the deep truth; it is the true philosophy. This monument looks not to the dead alone as worthy, nor does it look on them as dead. It holds all in living honor. The inscription declares it "to commemorate the patriotism and valor of those who on land and sea upheld the national cause." There lies our thought. Let us examine this "National Cause" held so worthy. Shall we say it was the cause of country? That in all history has been held a sacred name. The reasons of this lie deep as life, and its reach is as high as life's ends. But this is not often clearly set forth. It is the strong impulse alone which is usually recognized. The highest reach of the classic poet was that it is sweet and fitting to die for country—"*Dulce et decorum.*" Is it indeed? To whom is it so sweet and fitting to give up forever all that life holds dear—to pass through the sharp gate of pain and agony, and the darkness of death itself for the sake of something that calls itself country—for the sake of others, perchance unknown, or as yet unborn—perchance the thankless and ignoble? Is it the sufferer who takes this pleasure and fitness as his reward? Or is it the beholders who are benefitted thereby to whom the sacrifice looks so beautiful and becoming? The poet gives no answer and no reason. There was none in his philosophy. That philosophy which makes personal enjoyment the end of life finds no justification nor explanation of this maxim of the ages. It leaves out a deep and awful element which pervades the creation. There can be no adequate theory of life, of law, of service, of society, of humanity, which does not recognize the mysterious dispensation of sacrifice. The consummate victory is self surrender. Nor is it justice which can command that one should die for country. Justice might indeed declare that one should *not* die for it, seeing that no equivalent could possibly be given for such service. Those who seek to find in the principles of happiness or of justice the place which sacrifice holds in the great deliverence from evil, will come back empty from their quest.

What, then, is it that sets country so high, and its sovereignty so awful and supreme? Whatever surrounds man as the expression of his life and thought is dear to him. Home is dear; neighborhood is dear; the physical and social features of the vicinity are dear; familiar faces, mountain and plain, sea and river; and the organizations and institutions that are inwrought into these are held among the sacred things which a man will defend to the uttermost. But country is dear, more than these, because vastness and power are necessary to the expression of man's thought, to the experience of his capacity, to the exercise of his freedom, the realization of his ideals. It is at once his protection and his power. Under every humble roof there dwells the sovereignty of the whole people, as in every humble heart the Divine is said to take his abode. Behind the sweetness of each home there stands the majesty and might of all the nation. No slightest girl that in her innocence starts at the rustle of the leaf but has pledged for the protection of her peace and honor all the moral and physical forces of millions of men. And the conscious worth of each individual life is enlarged and ennobled by the feeling that it is part of something greater than itself, and that all the power of this greater whole stands ready to aid in the expression of its best thought, the achievement of its noblest purpose.

It is for reasons like these that the instinct is set so deep in the human heart to spring to the defense of country. There seems something strange and almost unnatural about this, that the more distant should be more dear, that country should be nearer than neighborhood, than home, than life, than love. But so it is. And it is because these things could not be safe and sacred to any man were not all men ever ready to surrender self for the greater sanction.

Now this sphere of human life which men call country is so important to the well-being and the development of humanity, that it acts by instinct and before reason. High and vast as it is in its reasons as in its reach, it is not something held apart merely for the learned and gifted. Philosophers and theorists may speculate about it without end, but, meanwhile, the humblest citizen springs instinctively to the summons, unquestioning the truth of the impulse. What is hidden from the wise and prudent is revealed unto babes. But this instinct, like every other, may be misdirected and confused. One of the saddest things I know of is that epitaph which the Virginia father, gathering up the remnant left him after the ravages of war, and settling himself as best he could into the new situation, placed upon a stone he raised as a memorial of his old home. On one face of it he inscribed these words:

"To the sacred memory of my eldest boy, who fell fighting for the stars and stripes."

On the opposite side he wrote:

"To the sacred memory of my youngest boy, who fell fighting for the lost cause."

And between them on the third face:

"God only knows which was right!"

I pity that man's sorrow and dark perplexity.

But there is a double question there as to the "right," of which he dared not judge. The motive in the young men's minds was one thing, and the justice of the cause was another. God alone knows the heart, and He alone can judge men's motives. It is one of the strange facts of life that the best of feelings are sometimes enlisted in the worst of causes, and the worst of feelings in the best of causes. You can not always judge the moral value of an act merely from its surface, nor can you judge it merely from its motive. But men are responsible for their motives which they have allowed to control them, and for their use of the light they might have had if they would open their eyes to it. Whatever be our judgment and our motive, it is of infinite concern to put our work and worth into the right. Alas for the brave who fall in the wrong cause! God knows, and He will doubtless remember all the blood wherever shed by unselfish and generous hearts, and He will know how to take account of it in the long problem of human deliverance from evil, and in the great and final day; but only the pity of God can cover the hurts of a soul that has cast its all on a mistake!

Dear friends and comrades, when we speak of this great motive of love and loyalty to country, what can we say when two portions of the same country appeal to the dread arbitrament of arms, each thinking it has the just cause—each professing to be fighting for liberty and right—each praying with the same devotion to the same God to prosper its cause? When we saw such things twenty years ago—when those even who fought against the old flag claimed that they were fighting for things the old flag meant—when they professed that they were but maintaining their rights under the constitution and not against it—can we much wonder that to some the question at issue seemed to be, what is our country? Both parties claimed to be fighting, not for something seen in dreams, not for some new country beheld as yet but in visions of the mind, but for something which was a solid fact of history.

But the truth is our opponents did not take cognizance of all the fact. They anchored themselves to the past, and heeded not that the current of things was sweeping on to longer and freer life. They forgot that the continuity of life is in progress. God's facts move; they never stand still. The dead bury their dead; but the called of the Kingdom of Righteousness follow forward!

The Southern leaders of public opinion seem never to have recognized the fact that the old articles of confederation, the imperfect expression of troubled times, were abrogated, were indeed never in force—precisely because they did not fit the facts—did not express the actual life and character of our political people even then. How absurd to undertake to make them fitly express that character now! The old confederation had swung away from the principles of the Declaration. The new Confederacy did the same. It anchored as fast among the dead. We went back to the immortal principle of the Declaration, in which are the germs and powers of an ever-growing life. Our constitution and our Union are the offspring of no dream of enthusiasts. When Gladstone says our constitution is the brightest political thought ever struck off at a blow by the human brain, he disparages while meaning to praise. He errs in insight and in comprehension of historic facts. Our constitution is no man's work. It is the result of great providential facts of history—it is a phase and epoch in the Divine order of human advancement. It holds in itself the virtue of all patriots, all thinkers and martyrs and soldiers of truth, that have gone before, and it follows the Divine thought which moves in it, and moves it. It is the growth of centuries, and grows toward the centuries to come. Such are things that "come not with observation." They are among us while yet we know it not. So it is that the fact of our capacity of independence and self-government, the fact of the oneness of the life of the American people, went always ahead of our recognition of it. Some saw clearly the things that had been ordained and hence had come to be, and others as yet did not see. That is the key to many a conflict and crisis of history. Had our people seen these truths seasonably we had been spared many a conflict. When we say that great principles are secured by battles and revolutions, is it not rather the truth that battles and revolutions come because some men see the advent of God's completed decree—see even the Divine event itself before others see it, and the struggle is to make other men and other things conform to that fact? This day, one hundred and eight years ago, it was not the Declaration of Independence which made us independent: but rather that day, seeing clearly that we were so, we declared the fact. And those that did not see it had to be taught it! It was not the constitution that made the people of the United States. It was rather that interior constitution, that veritable life and being of the people as determined in the Divine order of history, which enabled our fathers to express their political consciousness in the form of a constitution that fitted to the fact.

What made us right and the South wrong was not that we were so much better than they, but that we saw first the clear facts as a revelation of the Divine presence in history. And we were impelled by common sense, by conscience, by patriotism, by manliness, to make our forms agree with these facts. Whatever placed itself across that path must be overcome and removed. When we could not lead our countrymen of the South to see these truths, we had to turn around and drive them, and they were a hard people to drive! Or rather, I should say, when we saw them stubbornly place themselves across the path which we knew was God's path for the people of this country, when in this defiance they attacked the institutions and emblems of freedom, firing on the flag and murdering its defenders, then we felt the solemn duty not to be thwarted by that blind, mistaken energy; but we heard a voice crying "Prepare ye the way of the Lord!" and we cleared the pathway, that the mighty pageant of the Free People should pass on to its glory. That is it that makes our Southern brethren accept the situation. For it is a fact, and not a pretence, that they do. Not because they were beaten in battle and cannot help themselves, but because they *see*. They see the fact of the real character of the American people—its interior constitution, its moral purpose and mission. They see that its exterior order must agree with its internal life.

We were not fighting states, nor the rights of states. We knew perfectly well that our form of government is peculiar and complex. The sacred trusts and rights reposed in the states by our system were as dear to us as to any men. The principle of local self-government runs strong in the blood of all our northern races. It is endeared by long ages of heroic struggle and sacrifice which illumine the line of march of English and American history.

But when these states, or any of them, so richly entrusted with our personal and civil rights, undertook to claim each of them the *supreme political right*, so that the unity and the very existence of the people of the United States is held as something or nothing at the caprice of any one or any clique of them; then we rose up, and we took the oath of the sword, that what God had joined together man should not put asunder. And we took up the ark of the covenant and bore it forward, and God divided the waters before us, and set it on the other side—beyond the river—in triumph, in peace, in security, in honor! The people of the United States are one people, and a free people. That is what we mean by the "National cause" we commemorate on this day sacred to Liberty! Some may wonder why we make so much of this unity of our people—why we are not content with a confederation like that of Switzerland, which boasts of her long unbroken freedom. Because the spirit and force of our life are not like hers. Do you not see that her freedom is not an elastic freedom—it does not grow with the growing years—move with the moving world!

We hold the Union sacred and dear be-

cause it is the embodiment of country, and all I said of that a little while ago comes forward as reasons for this loyal love.

State trusts and state rights are needful guardians of our daily lives, and keepers of our peace. But if you overcharge them and force upon them an electric content they were not meant to bear, the balance and harmony is disturbed, they burst asunder and destroy that organic unity which made the perfect whole. The states are wholes with reference to their functions. They are only broken parts and lose their functions when they dissolve their central relation, their system and order which gives them life—which *is* their life. The dissevered states, drawn together by treaty or compact, could have no moral dignity, nor moral power. Such a confederation could only hold its existing status, and keep the peace so long as it agreed to keep the peace. It could not be a power in the battle against evil, it could be entrusted with no grand mission for the enlightenment of the world, no championship for the enfranchisement of man.

Some profess to think it a very bad thing to call the people of the United States a Nation. It is not material what you call them. Call us a people if you will, and let that, if any so care, express the thought that we are of diverse lineage and races, whose lot is cast here. But let it not mean that we are not one. Behold a miracle! The consummate orator before the men of Athens uttered the grand thought that God "has made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of all the earth." But here on these consecrated shores, we see the reverse of this enacted. From the face of all the earth He has made men of many bloods one Nation! This does not mean Imperialism, it does not refer to form of government. A nation, as the idea is conceived in our times, means the largest unit of political association. It is the largest organization of human forces that can be wielded efficiently for the widest human end. There is no dread in that. It is a power for good. In this all-pervading vital force the separate members have a great sphere in which their action can be harmonized to the highest character, and expand to the highest reaches. We hold the national cause so dear because only through that can be secured the welfare of the citizen; only through that can the thought of the patriot, the philanthropist, and the christian be made real upon the earth; only through that can the battles of soldiers, the tears of sorrowers and the death of martyrs avail for nobler life now and in the times to come; only through that can this great people take its place among the Nations of the earth to work out its appointed destiny.

Nor let us ever use our victory in selfish or wilfull ways. The spirit of triumph often marks the mean and not the noble mind. How often after the strife of heroes do the camp followers come to riot over the field, to insult the fallen, to belittle the brave and better-deserving, and to snatch to themselves the spoils. Let us guard the field of honor! See to it that these institutions so dear and dearly vindicated, fall not as the sport and the spoil to the self-seeking and ignoble. Let us interpret our victory truly, and use it worthily; otherwise the glory shall depart from us, and be given to those more worthy and more true.

Friends, we celebrate a triumphant cause. But let us never think that alone the test of right. Many a time has the righteous cause gone down in the battle, and the false gloried over the true. We do not claim that it was our success that set the seal of Divine approval on our cause. The fierce and deadly struggle was but testimony to our earnestness, and the victory to our solid and tireless strength. The sword does not make right, it cuts the way for it. Whether before the battle or after it, it is only the clear vision, the unperverted conscience, and the candid mind that shows us the truth.

What I deplore in the political aspects of the times—in all the pronunciamentos of parties, platforms and protests, is that nowhere prevails a true National spirit—nowhere an adequate recognition of the great truth brought to light in the struggle of these dark and bloody years—that there is a National cause. Neither of the political parties has risen to that height. Issues are still shaped to keep alive the cry of a "Solid South" and a "Solid North." Sectional interests, local peculiarities and race prejudices are played upon for party and personal capital, and we seem to lose sight of that grand thought which was our inspiration, our strength and our victory—the oneness of the people of the United States, with a moral purpose and mission to carry through. If we set up other gods before this—if we obscure the face of this ideal by images of man's device, there will descend upon us the terrors of inexorable law. The truth is there; it will vindicate itself; but at the cost of sorrows yet undreamed. Let us hold fast these living principles which are constructive of the true well-being of a people, consisting not alone in enjoying good ourselves, but in conferring good upon our fellow-man. In this great cause the oath is never released; in this warfare there is no discharge.

This is for the human generations the inheritance of blessing, for all to whom it is given to enter into the companionship of noble minds; every deed done for man lives anew in life enlarged; the buried and forgotten rise again to conscious share in the consummate triumph; this is that sake for which those that lose their life shall find it again, unto life eternal.

Stand then, noble soldier, steadfast on the eternal rock that tells how strong and changeless are the hearts to whom this great trust is given of a people's redeemed and consecrated life! Stand, glorious in the habiliaments and posture that forever hold in precious memory the cost of our deliverance! Stand, ready to give token, from near or far, of any insidious or overweening foe who might presume to lay a sacrilegious hand on the ark of our covenant and commission! Stand, faced to the front! with ever forward-looking eyes—not as one who dreads, but as one who expects; and from that height catch for us the fore gleams of the coming glory—read for us the thought of God!

At 3.30 the various posts and invited guests filed into the 300 by 80 foot dining tent. On one side, near the centre, was a raised platform for Gov. Robinson and invited guests, while extending crosswise of the tent was a table for invited guests, the posts occupying tables running each way from this. It is needless to say that at this hour the comrades did ample justice to the viands so bountifully prepared by the citizens.

After dinner all adjourned to the open field to witness the drills by E. K. Wilcox Post, G. A. R., of Springfield, Springfield City Guard, and Battery B of Worcester, which were much appreciated.

The Grand Army post, and the citizens, can but feel gratified with the proceedings of the day. Everything has favored them, and everything passed off in the most pleasant manner. The monument is one of which any town or city might well be proud, and one in which the people of Monson take much pride. The memorial town hall is to be finished next year, at which time there will no doubt be another celebration.

SQUIBS.

A perfect success.
Glorious, wasn't it?
Nearly 2000 men in line.
Battery B returns to-day.
Fully 10,000 strangers in town.
A procession nearly a mile long.
Music by eleven bands and drum corps.
The biggest time Monson has ever known.
Every body seemed to have a good time.
Sixteen visiting posts in the procession.
About 1200 set down to dinner in the big tent.
The night of the third was an unusually quiet one.
Not an accident to mar the pleasantness of the day.
It took the procession 30 minutes to pass a given point.
Everybody and their relations were in town yesterday.
Not a policeman was on duty the "night before the Fourth."
The occasion was noticeable for its lack of drunkenness.
The railroad accommodations were not nearly ample enough.
The weather couldn't have been better if it had been made to order.
The fireworks, in spite of the rain, were the best ever seen in Monson.
Did the sunrise salute disturb your pleasant dreams yesterday morning?
Our people ought to feel very grateful to Mr. Flynt for such a beautiful park.
Any one who had relations out of town received a call from them yesterday.
Green's Hotel was closed yesterday on account of the sickness of Mr. Green.
Stands for the sale of refreshments blossomed out on every hand yesterday.
E. K. Wilcox post of Springfield had the largest number of men in the procession.
In accordance with the usual custom, the Fourth did not wholly pass without a shower.
Gen. Chamberlain was entertained at the residence of S. F. Cushman Thursday evening.
The decorations along the line of march were a credit to the artists who arranged them.
Twenty-five extra police was sworn in for the day yesterday, though they had little to do.
Battery B. arrived from Worcester about 7 o'clock Thursday evening and went into camp on the park.
J. C. Wing exhibited as curiosities a sword of the war of 1776, a musket of 1812, a drum of 1862, and other relics.
The flag staff at the park was slivered into thousands of pieces by the lightning Wednesday evening, but a new one was quickly put in its place.
The steel engravings of Gen. U. S. Grant, Abraham Lincoln and Gov. Andrews were hung on a large flag suspended over the road in front of W. N. Flynt's residence.
The request of the selectmen that explosives should not be used between 7 a. m. and 7 p. m. yesterday, was very generally observed, and no one would have known that it was the "Glorious Fourth," had he judged from that means only.

We print here a poem written for this occasion by Rev. E. S. Best, which was not read, but we think it worthy of publication. It is dedicated to the giver of the monument, Cyrus W. Holmes.

Thank God for each brave defender
Who fell in that terrible fight;
They could die, but they could not surrender
Their God, or their country's right.
The pride of the perjured traitor,
They crushed it down to the grave;
The chain of the haughty oppressor
They struck from the hand of the slave.
Our flag, it is floating in splendor,
Its grandeur and glory we see;
They raised it from dust and dishonor,
They made it the flag of the free.

They fell; they are not with the fallen,
They died; they 're not with the dead,
Nor exiled forever in heaven,
Away from the land where they bled.
They pass and repass the bright portal
Unhindered by distance or time;
Unseen and unheard, but immortal,
They are heroes in every clime.
From the battle-fields crimson and gory,
Wherever their dust may be blown,
They 're the hope of the weak and lowly,
Though we write on the tablet—"Unknown."

Like stars in the doom of the midnight,
Thoughts rise and glitter and wane,
We know, by our soul's own insight,
Their thoughts we are thinking again.
We feel a strong tide of emotion,
As feelings with feelings combine;
They stir us to deeds of devotion,
To actions, unselfish, sublime.
O! talk not of patriots departed,
When none are so near us as they,
The gladest of all the glad-hearted,
They march with our banners to-day.

All hail! noble army of martyrs;
Ye rest; it is not in the grave;
Ye still are our deathless defenders,
No tyrant can crush or enslave.
We pile these mementoes of glory,
These forms in your honor we raise—
Mute marbles are telling your story,
And stones crying out in your praise.
Yes, ye are the kings of the nation,
And yours, the immortal renown,
Reign on, in your lofty position,
For yours is the laurel and crown.

THORNDIKE.

It has hardly seemed like "the day we celebrate." The chief attraction has been at the grove, where the picnic under the auspicies of the Thorndike orchestra was largely attended. The races proved extremely interesting, and the dancers were many and enjoyed themselves.

WALES.

Monson proved *the* center of attraction for the most of our people on the Fourth, though there were several private picnics and a few of the young ladies who lacked, escorts took to the woods alone.

PALMER.

L. L. Merrick Post was accompanied to Monson by the Bondsville band.

The sunrise salute at Monson yesterday morning awoke a good many of our citizens.

While firing a salute with the brass piece at the State Primary School yesterday C. S. Hart, the clerk, had his face "peppered" with powder and slightly burned by a premature discharge.

The Fourth was ushered in by the ringing of the bell at the school house shortly after 12 o'clock Thursday night, and a slight demonstration by the "boys," but with nothing like the usual disturbance. The stores were open for a while yesterday morning, but nearly all closed about 9 or 10 o'clock. The G. A. R. post and many of our citizens attended the celebration at Monson, and the streets wore a most decidedly deserted look all day. The depot has been the liveliest portion of the village, and many who came from out of town were somewhat disappointed by the closing of the short cut to Main street, but enough found their way around or over the fence to make quite a "dizzy" crowd at times.

The observance of the day at the State Primary School was similar in character to that of last year. Nearly the entire day was employed in games and races, beginning at 6 a. m. with a tub race, swimming match and log race, on the pond of the institution, and closing at 6.30 p. m. with a chase after a greased pig. Two five-mile races, several mile races, jumping matches, potato, stilt, hop, three-legged, four-legged, barrel and other races, in all of which money prizes were offered, were enjoyed during the day by the four hundred children there congregated, and by quite a number of visitors to whom the expected crowd and bustle at Monson were not attractive. Over 21,000 torpedos were distributed among the children, to their great satisfaction, and at the breakfast table each one received an American flag. An addition to the children's regular bill of fare for the day was made, consisting of French rolls, bananas and lemonade. In the evening a large assortment of fireworks were set off, and some twenty balloons sent up.

WARE.

A party of invited guests picnicked with Ed. Cummings at the farm.

The Grand Army, accompanied by the Cadet band and many of our citizens, went to Monson.

There were several parties at Hardwick pond, and many and smaller private lawn parties about the town.

The game of base ball, Three Rivers vs. Clippers, at 9 at m., was won by the Three Rivers by a score of 20 to 11.

The French Catholic society held a picnic in Eaton's grove, the steamer making frequent trips to and from the place.

On Thursday evening a party of young men were firing a heavy cannon near the house of Perry Cheever on West Main street, where it burst, throwing the fragments to a great distance. However strange it may seem, no one was hurt.

The Fourth commenced in Ware, as usual, on the evening of the third, by the blowing of horns, firing of crackers and torpedos, sprinkled with a little drunkenness. The Cornet band were out during the evening, parading the streets. There was more or less noise during the whole night, so that the nervous ones got but little sleep. The procession of horribles with the Cornet band started about 6 o'clock in the morning, and a grotesque looking party they were, numbering about fifty. Perhaps the most noticeable of the lot was the Asiatic elephant, introduced for the first time in this country; woman's rights was well represented, Victoria Woodhull being a prominent character.

WARREN.

No accidents reported as yet.

The Methodist Sabbath School joined with those of the Brookfields in a picnic at West Brookfield pond.

The racket with which we were greeted at twelve o'clock Thursday night must have had a very refreshing and strengthening effect on the sick and aged who need all the sleep and rest that they can obtain.

A great many went to Podunk lake in Brookfield, others to Worcester, Springfield and elsewhere, but by far the largest crowd that left town accompanied the G. A. R. to the dedication exercises at Monson.

The Caledonian club held a very successful picnic in Burroughs' Grove, it is thought that between three and four hundred were present. Racing, jumping, and other games were enjoyed, dancing was also participated in, a West Warren band furnishing music and prompter. Lemonade, ice cream etc., were for sale on the grounds, and a good time in general enjoyed.

BONDSVILLE.

The Fourth passed very quietly at this place, much more so than has been known for several years. As the cannon had been let to parties from Three Rivers, a few old muskets were all that could be found in which to burn powder. The band went to Monson early in the morning, not deigning to favor us with any music. The Catholic society held a largely attended picnic in Fenton's Grove, and a few fireworks were let off in the evening by private individuals.

WILBRAHAM.

The Fourth has passed away quietly with the exception of the ringing of the bells morning and evening. Many of the citizens, especially those who served in the army attended the dedication of the soldiers' monument at Monson. The two local divisions of the Sons of Temperance, with the division from Ludlow, held a picnic at Harmony Grove. There was a small display of fireworks by the juvenile portion of the village in the evening.

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Which now is drawing near;
Jim—he knows enough,
Is made of good stuff,
And if he wins the fight
We hope he will do right.
But to secure his election
We have some time for reflection.
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We want that which is good;
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The Old Farm-House.

At the foot of the hill, near the old red mill,
In a quiet shady spot,
Just peeping through, half hid from view,
Stands a little moss-grown cot;
And straying through at the open door,
The sunbeams play on the sanded floor.

The easy chair, all patched with care,
Is placed by the old hearth-stone;
With witching grace, in the old fireplace
The evergreens are strewn;
And pictures hang on the whitened wall,
And the old clock ticks in the cottage hall.

More lovely still, on the window sill,
The dew-eyed flowers rest,
While 'midst the leaves on the moss-grown eaves
The martin builds her nest;
And all day long the summer breeze
Is whispering love to the bended trees.

Over the door, all covered o'er
With a sack of dark green baize,
Lies a musket old, whose worth is told
In the events of other days;
And the powder flask, and the hunter's horn,
Have hung beside it for many a morn.

For years have fled with noiseless tread,
Like fairy dreams away,
And left in their flight, all shorn of his might,
A father—old and gray;
And the soft winds play with his snow-white hair,
And the old man sleeps in his easy chair.

Inside the door, on the sanded floor,
Light, airy footsteps glide,
And a maiden fair with flaxen hair,
Kneels by the old man's side—
An old oak wrecked by the angry storm,
While the ivy clings to its trembling form.

A WHITE HYACINTH.

"Does anyone know where Jamie Morrow lives, and what is the matter with him? He has not been here for three Sundays."

It is Miss Montrose who speaks to her Sunday school class in the mission chapel. A hard-faced set of little street Arabs they are, and she misses more than she can say the thin, delicate, white face and dark blue eyes of the absent boy. There's a silence for a moment, as the scholars nudge each other and squirm, after the manner of boys. Then one speaks out:

"Jamie's sick a-bed, and they live in the alley back of Flagler street."

"Sick, is he? O, I'm so sorry! what ails him?" asked Miss Montrose.

"Fever, I guess," says the boy. "They have lots of fever down there."

Miss Montrose says no more, but looks thoughtful.

"Scared of the fever. I'll bet you a copper," whispers the boy to his neighbor, and they both chuckle.

Miss Montrose is not "scared of the fever," though. She is only thinking whether she shall go to see Jamie that afternoon, or wait until the next day. She had intended to spend the afternoon differently. A great preacher is to be at the church which she attends, and she is specially anxious to hear him.

"To-morrow will do," she thinks, and then she gives out out the lesson.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do."

"That isn't the lesson, teacher," cries a shrill voice.

"It's about going to see them that's sick and in prison."

"To be sure," says Miss Moutrose, and turns the pages, but somehow the right and wrong lessons seems to fit into each other curiously.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." "I was sick and ye visited me." "I will go this afternoon," she decides.

"Dr. M. will be here again, or if not—well, I should not enjoy his sermon if I felt that I had neglected a duty to hear it."

So it comes about that 4 o'clock finds Miss Montrose climbing the long, dark dirty stairs which lead to the room where Jamie lives. A knock at the door brings a woman to it, a thin, fragile-looking creature, with Jamie's dark blue eyes, looking out of a face which might once have been delicate and pretty, but is worn, without collar or cuffs, slip-shod shoes, rough untidy hair—such is the picture Miss Montrose sees.

"Does Jamie Morrow live here?" she asks.

"Live?" says the woman, in a voice which may be surly or only sad. "If you can call it living he does, but it's more like dying, it seems to me."

Then all in a moment, her hands go up to her face, and the tears are trickling down through her thin fingers as she turns away, shaken by a storm of sudden sobs.

It is a miserable, dark, dirty little room. The one window faces the south, but it is so coated with dust and dirt that the sunbeams have long since given up the attempt to struggle through it. The floor is grimy, the walls battered and dingy, the furniture covered with dust and stains. The bed is tumbled, but the bed-clothes look tolerably clean, the only things which bear the trace of soap and water. And the whole room is filled with the sickly, miserable, squalid smell of the poverty which is too much afraid of losing an atom of heat from the tiny stove to admit a breath of fresh air.

"What ails him?" she asks of the woman whose hands still cover her pale face.

She shakes her head, "Nothing, the doctor says. The fever is gone, but he is dying for all that."

Miss Montrose bends over him and speaks his name, but the fringed lids do not even flutter.

"What has he had to eat?" she asks, sharply, for she has had much experience in the ways of the poor.

The woman looks at her: "What do the likes of us have to eat?" she asks, half sullenly. "He has had bread—and tea—and—"

"O my boy, my boy!" she cries, flinging out her hands with a wail of anguish. "The doctor says he must have broth and beef-tea, and milk and wine, or he would die. Broth and wine! and them out of slop shirts! And he is dying, my boy, my only one!"

Miss Montrose does not stop to console her. "It was the Lord who sent me here to-day!" she murmurs then. "Is there any one I can send on an errand? I want some one to go to a drug store and bring me a little brandy, a bottle of Valentine's beef juice. I would rather have milk, but if you cannot get that bring the beef juice."

The mother catches the money which she holds out.

"I will go, miss," she says; "I can go faster than any one else. God bless you for what you are doing to-day!"

It is only starvation that ails the child, and under Miss Montrose's treatment the breath begins to pass more freely over the pallid lips, into which a faint tinge of pink has even crept.

"He will do now," Miss Montrose says, at last. "An hour longer and I am afraid it would have been too late, but the milk and brandy have saved him. Keep the dose, Mrs. Morrow, and I will come again to-morrow."

As she speaks, she presses a bill into Mrs. Morrow's hands, but the woman recoils, crying, "It is too much, miss, too much. You have saved my child, and how can I take more from you?"

"You will take it to continue the work which I have only begun," says Miss Montrose, softly. "Presently he will require stronger food, you know, and you will need money for that."

Before the next day is very far advanced Miss Montrose is again climbing the stairs to that little room. The same dirt, the same foul, polluted air, in which linger the blended smell of all the meals which have been cooked over the little stove for weeks. On the bed the same little figure, still lying limp and motionless, but with a tinge more of color in the pale face, and a look as if the blue-veined lids might open some time to the light of day. As she stands beside the bed, the odor of the small bunch of purple violets which she wears in the bosom of her dress floats softly out upon the foul air and hovers like a spirit of blessing over the little face. It is like a magic touch, for the thin nostrils quiver, the fringed lids rise slowly, and the blue eyes peer languidly forth. The pale lips murmur something, and Miss Montrose, bending over him, catches the words, shaped rather than spoken:

"Pretty flowers!"

"Does he love flowers?" she asks, turning to Mrs. Morrow, but the woman shakes her head.

"How should I know?" she says. "You don't suppose flowers ever come to this place? Now, that I think of it, though, I remember that one day last summer he came home with a dandelion in his hand. It had found a growing place somehow in the court. You never saw a child so happy as he was. He kept it in water until it was quite dead, and even then he cried as if his heart was broke when I threw it away. He's looked for them many a time since, but he never found one again."

Miss Montrose says nothing, but her eyes fill with tears as she lays the violets softly in the thin little hand. The lids open again and a faint ghost of a smile hovers around the pallid lips.

Jamie grows stronger day by day, but still he does not gain as he ought to do. Nothing interests him: he takes no notice of anything, and never seems to care to move from the bed.

"It is partly the dreadful air," thinks Miss Montrose, but even after she has persuaded Mrs. Morrow to open the window a little way the condition of the patient remains unchanged.

"You see, Miss," says Mrs. Morrow, "it's hard lines for the poor little chap, lying there with nothing to amuse him, day in and day out. It's little enough I can make work as I will, and I can't spare the time to be talking to him. If he had something to take interest in, maybe he'd be better, but now the only things he seems to care for are the flowers you bring him. That yellow rose he kept by him till it dropped to pieces of its own richness, and the daisies he never took his eyes off till they faded quite crisp. It's flowers that does him all the good in life, Miss, and isn't he like a flower himself, with his wee white face and his yellow hair and his blue eyes with lashes like streaks of tar?"

"I would bring him flowers every day if I were to be here," says Miss Montrose, thoughtfully; "but I am going away to-morrow to stay a fortnight. I must think what I can do."

Just then Miss Montrose drops the handkerchief which was tied about her throat, a flimy trifle of linen cambric, covered with delicate embroidery. Mrs. Morrow picks it up and returns it to her, but her eyes linger admirably upon it.

"It takes me back to the old days," she says, apologetically. "Long ago, when I was little better than a child, I used to do such work. There was a pretty penny to be made at it then, but it has gone out of fashion since—worse luck!"

Miss Montrose starts and seems about to speak, but checks herself.

"Did you do it well?" she asks at last.

"They said so," answered Mrs. Morrow, modestly. "Wait and I'll show you a bit. It is in rags now, or it would have been sold long ago; but you can see the work for all that."

It is in rags, truly: a collar, yellow, tumbled, dilapitated, but Miss Montrose exclaims at the beauty of the work, and casts her caution to the winds.

"You are making slop-shirts for a mere pittance," she cries, "when you can do such work as this! And do you not know that this sort of embroidery has come up again and is all the rage? I was just on my way to an embroidress, but she can work no better than you, if as well. You shall have the job if you choose, and I will pay you just what I would her."

As she speaks she unfolds the parcel which she carries, and Mrs. Morrow's eyes sparkle as they fall on the flimy web, with its tracery of vines and tendrils in delicate intricate curves.

"It is for a wedding present," says Miss Montrose, "and I have no time to do it myself. If you can do it as well as that collar is done, I can get you plenty more of the same sort of work. Now I must go, but I will remember Jamie."

All the way home Miss Montrose's thoughts are running upon the little sick boy, pondering what she can do to bring the light of life into the weary, wistful eyes. If she only dared leave an order with a florist to send him a few cut flowers every day, but there are several things to prevent. In the first place cut flowers are so expensive, and Miss Montrose had taxed her slender purse as heavily as she dares in the help she has given Jamie and his mother. Besides, she smiles to think of the dismay of the fashionable florist if he were ordered to send cut flowers to that dark, dismal little room with its miserable, squalid surroundings. Before her mind is half made up, her own room is reached, and at the sight of her own little flower stand, a thought strikes her. A growing plant? Yes, that might do, and it need cost her nothing for she can send one of her own, but which? She goes over them one by one, all the floral darlings which she has tended so carefully during the winter. This tea rose, laden with its heavy, salmon-tinted buds? No, they could not take care of it and would be devoured by aphides. The carnation, with its crimson-veined, creamy petals? No, the same objection applies to that. The Quaker-hued heliotrope, with its rich, velvety fragrance, or the box of mignionette, with its spike of fragrant bloom? No, that dismal room needs something bright and gay. The scarlet geranium, this, or that other one with its masses of rosy blossoms? No, both are to large. It must be something fragrant, yet not too overpoweringly sweet, something easy to care for and lift about. What is there that fulfills all these conditions? As if in answer to her question a slanting ray of sunlight strikes across a rustic bracket bringing out a sudden gleam of ruby colored splendor.

Miss Montrose is quite alone in the world now, but it was not always so. It is not so very long since she too had a happy home, a father and mother—yes, and another, dearer, perhaps than all, though the tie between them was one of feeling only. No words had been spoken which could give her a claim upon him when troubles came. He was only a young student, she scarcely more than a school-girl when he had left her to finish his studies in Heidelberg.

"You will not forget me, Nina? And—and—when I come back I shall have more to ask you. They say we are both too young yet. All I dare ask of you is to remember and wait."

That was all that had passed between them, and though the faltering voice and the yearning eyes spoke another and deeper language, yet now, when troubles came thick and fast, could she take for granted what had never been put into words? Father and mother are both dead now, the home broken up, and Nina Moutrose is left to eke out her tiny income by giving music lessons. And so from that day—two years ago now, to this—no word has ever come to her from distant Heidelberg, perhaps because no word from her has ever traveled thither to tell what had befallen.

It is a simple object which has recalled this flood of old memories, just a ruby-colored Hyacinth glass, across which a slanting ray of sunlight strikes, bringing out the brilliant, glowing tints, as fresh and fadeless as those memories. But it is not for nothing that Miss Montrose has been living a busy, practical life for the last two years, or so she thinks as she looks at the vase. At two-and-twenty it is time to have done with dreaming. Yet how well she remembers the day when it was brought to her, with one white hyacinth shooting straight and fair from its ruby-colored vase. A white hyacinth? Surely the very thing for a sick boy. The purity and fragrance of the flower, the vivid coloring of the vase which holds it, are just what she has been seeking. But can she do it? Can she spare the fragile thing around which such precious memories cluster? Her face grows wistful, her eyes dreamy as she looks at it. Then with an impatient shake of her shoulders, she dismisses such sentimental fancies and takes down the vase which—is it from habit or from memory?—for three years has never been without its white hyacinth. The flower is near blooming now; the tall, straight stem shoots up from amidst its arrowy leaves, but the snowy petals, and the fragrance which is its soul, are still safely locked away in their green caskets, which only the golden ray of the sunlight can open. She would like to take it herself, but she has no time. Therefore a note is hastily written, a messenger summoned, and the flower goes its way on its mission of hope and healing.

The two weeks are over, and Miss Montrose is again at home. Need we say that her first visit is to the alley back of Flagler street? As she enters the door a change strikes her, or it is merely that she has grown used to the foul, untidy place? No, surely it is more than that. Surely these steps have been swept, if not scrubbed since her last visit. And, when the door of Mrs. Morrow's room opens to her knock, Miss Montrose rubs her eyes. Surely the room never looked so light and bright before. There is even a broad ray of sunlight lying where she never saw sunlight before, and in its very center stands the hyacinth, proudly curling back its snowy petals from its heart of fragrance. The window has been washed—that is the first thing she sees. The furniture is no longer dusty, the floor is no longer grimy, the wall is still battered, but the worst stains have been scraped or washed off. Most wonderful of all, the air of the room is fresh and pure, and the soft, rich fragrance of the flower floats through it unchecked. Mrs. Morrow, too, is changed. Her hair is smooth, her calico dress neatly mended and tidily put on. She looks what she is, a pretty, delicate woman, care-worn and haggard, it is true, but no longer vulgar or slatternly. And Jamie? Jamie is sitting well wrapped up in the low rocking chair beside the little stove, gazing at the hyacinth. When Miss Montrose enters, though, his sparkling eyes leave the flower to fix themselves upon her face and his little hands are stretched toward her with a glad cry of welcome.

"I hardly knew your room again," says Miss Montrose, after a while.

Mrs. Morrow's face flushes and the tears spring to her eyes.

"It was a dreadful place, I know, miss," she says, humbly, "not fit for a lady to come to, but I was clear discouraged and nothing seemed to matter any more. I had worked my fingers to the bone, and my boy was dying, and I asked nothing better than to lie down in the dirt and die, too. I had no heart nor courage for cleaning. Then you came, but it was not even you so much, Miss, as that blessed flower you sent us. It seemed to put new life in Jamie the minute he saw it. He lay all day with his eyes fixed on it, and the next day he must sit up in bed so he could see it better. Then it was, "My flower wants sunshine, mother. Won't you clean the window, so the flower and the sunshine can kiss each other?" So I washed the window for the first time in months. Then, when the green buds began to show their white tips, and the white tips grew bigger day by day, it was, "Mother, they are so fresh and white, and they make everything else look so dirty; can't you make the rest white, too, mother?" So then the floor and the walls must be washed and the furniture dusted. He can't bear to see a speck of dust now—says it makes the flower feel homesick. Then when the blossoms opened out at last, it was, "Mother, I can't smell my flower for the smell of yesterday's dinner; won't you open the window wide and let in the fresh air, so the flower smell needn't be afraid to come out?" He never said a word about me, bless his heart! But how can a body live in a clean room and stay dirty themselves? So I brushed my hair and tidied myself, and we felt like folks again, Jamie and me."

"That isn't all, though, Miss Montrose. All the women and children in the house, they want to see the flower. Then they go back and their own rooms look so dingy and dirty to them. Miss Montrose, I believe there has been more cleaning and scrubbing in this house in the last two weeks than there was in two years before. It's a regular missionary flower, that's what it is, if it's true what I've heard say that 'cleanliness is next to godliness.'"

"And, Miss Montrose," adds Mrs. Morrow, after a long pause and with bashful hesitation, "that isn't all—not quite all, but I don't dare tell the rest."

"You need not be afraid," says Miss Montrose, encouragingly.

But still the woman hesitates. "It was the doctor," she says, at last, "the young doctor from the dispensary who took care of Jamie while he was sick. He came yesterday to see how he was getting along, and he saw the change in the room at once. I told him about the flower, and he took it up and looked at it. Then he lifted it up carefully and looked under it, and then he turned all sorts of colors, and asked, "Who gave you this vase?" So then I told him it was Miss Montrose, and he went first red and then white, and asked where did you live. I did not know, but Jamie up and told him. That's all, Miss Montrose; only the next day he came back with a vase and flower, the very model of the one you sent and asked Jamie would he change. Jamie did not want to, but he did, and I thought you ought to know about it all."

Miss Montrose has turned red and white, too, at the story, for she knows what initials were scratched under the glass three years ago.

"What is the doctor's name?" she asks, with an effort at self-control.

"I don't know," says Mrs. Morrow. "He is the young doctor from the dispensary—that is all I know. Ought I to have asked?"

"O no, it is of no consequence," says Miss Montrose, but her brain is in a whirl, and she feels that she must get away at ouce.

Can it be? Is it possible? She thinks, as she walks hastily homeward. Can the grave give up its dead. For dead Hugh Hylton had been to her for these three years past. But if not he, who can it be? Who else knows the secrets of the initials which his hand cut upon the hyacinth glass with his own diamond ring? A. B. M. and H. G. H., how well she remembers the day when he scratched them, and she watched him with shy, dimpling blushes, and happy, conscious smiles! Well, she will know soon now, for Hugh Hylton, if, indeed, it be he, knows where to find her at last.

Slowly she goes up the stairs, pondering as she goes. She enters her room, but as she does so she starts. For there on the rustic bracket, stands a white hyacinth in a ruby vase, all shining and glorified in the sunlight which pours through the pane. Quickly her fingers unfasten the note which is tied to it, quickly her eyes run over the lines in the handwriting she knows so well:

"It is only an hour since I learned that Nina Montrose is Nina Montrose still, and where I can find her. How could you treat me so my little Nina? I have sought you in vain since the day I lauded, brought back by my anxiety at your silence, which I could no longer bear. Yet I dare not seek you until I know whether you are the Nina of the old time or not. Let this flower plead for me in memory of the old days when it was dear to us both. If things are as they were with you, if your heart is not changed, send me word and I will come. If not, send me back the hyacinth, and I shall know what it means."

Could Hugh Hylton, waiting for his answer, but see the swimming eyes that read the note, the tremulous, happy lips to which it was pressed, he would not doubt whether the next hour would bring him back the hyacinth with all its sweets turned to gall, or the "one word" for which he had pleaded. There is no doubt in Nina's mind which it shall be, as she seats herself at her little desk to write the note which brings him to her.

There is a quiet wedding a few months later in the little church which Nina has been in the habit of attending, a very quiet wedding, but singular in some respects, for among the very few invited guests present, two in the most conspicuous seats hardly seem from their appearance to have a right there. They are a pale, delicate woman, and a slender, pallid boy, poorly dressed, but with faces that shine with quiet satisfaction. As the notes of the wedding march swell out upon the air, and the little procession passes up the dim aisle, the boy catches his mother's arm and points to the white-robed bride. "See, mother, see!" he whispers, eagerly, "she has done what she said she would. Her wreath and bouquet are all of white hyacinths."

You may search the alley back of Flagler street in vain for Jamie and his mother now. They vanished from there long ago. Mrs. Morrow finds that the delicate embroidery which she learned in her youth pays better than slop-shirts, and her work is too well known to let her lack customers. They have pleasant airy rooms, just far enough out of town to combine the advantages of cheapness and fresh air, but near enough for Jamie to reach his work every day. For, among his patients, Dr. Hylton found a florist who was looking for a boy whom he could bring up to his business, and Jamie is that boy. Does any one say that gratitude is a virtue which has vanished from the world? You would not hold that opinion long, could you see Mrs. Hylton's plants which Jamie has taken under his care.

Does any one wonder, that of all her plants, none are so carefully watched and tended as the white hyacinths?

ORNAMENTS.

If your means are limited, and your heart still goes out in longing for the beautiful, you must tax your ingenuity and taste to produce the effect desired. For a wall-pocket you may take a common palm-leaf and cover it with silk or cretonne; attach another fuller piece of the same material for a pocket, trim the edge around with silk or wool pompons, and hang it, handle up, against the wall for a catch-all. The effect is pleasing. Large butterflies of fancy paper or silk make lovely shades. Attach wires to the under part, and clasp them around the candle to hold the shade in place. Silk shades for lamps are very much liked just now, and may be made of ribbon and lace to fit over the porcelain shades. This will relieve their flat whiteness in daytime, as well as add beauty to the room at night. If you have a favorite picture of a horse's head, or of horses at all, frame them in a horse collar with bright buckles and fastenings, and the effect will be novel and striking. Cover a long necked bottle of any pretty shape with silk. Cover the handle of a Japanese fan with the same. Insert the fan handle in the bottle neck, and you have a pleasing bit of color to enliven your room, that you may by courtesy call a hand-screen, and set it between you and the lamp when you wish. Easels may be made of bamboo, with little slots here and there, in which to place earth enough to grow vines; and they will twine in and out and clamber over the easel, almost covering it. Fashion just now seems intent on honoring things of humble origin. The three-legged stool from the barnyard is now ebonized and upholstered and introduced into my lady's best parlor. Likewise the common wooden pail, that never dreamed of anything better than holding water, must now be lined with silk or satin, painted a solid color on the outside, and ornamented with flowers and vines. Its handle replaced with a handsome cord and tassel, and it is ready for a place in elegant society.

"Talk about your narrer 'scapes," said Czardine, "I must tell you 'bout the one I had. Ten years ago last winter I went out into the woods where bears and panthers was thicker than gum chewers in a female academy. I soon got my eyes onto a big, noble lookin' bear. My gun had been loaded with a heavier charge of powder than usual. I just pulled a bead onto that bear and crack! went the rifle and over went the bear, while my gun just gave one powerful kick, which laid me out flat on the ground. But the best of the thing was this: I didn't see a big panther which was on a bluff behind, and as I shot the cuss jumped for me, only to meet the butt of my gun, which was going his way, and the ugly varmint fell dead with his skull crushed in by the gun stock."—*Whitehall Times.*

POTATO CAKES.—Take potatoes—mashed ones are best, but boiled ones can be mashed—immediately after dinner, before getting too cold; add about an equal amount of flour and a small piece of butter or lard; rub thoroughly together, roll out and cut as for biscuit—not too thick—and bake in a rather quick oven. When done to a light brown, cut open, butter and eat warm. They are delicious.—*Methodist.*

Mary, four and one-half, who has been taught to pray for all her relatives by name finds it burdensome. On hearing of an uncle's death, she says, gravely: "Well, mamma, I shan't have to pray for Uncle Foot any more. There's so much gained."

A little boy went to a prayer meeting where the people talked very loudly. He whispered to his mother: "Is God deaf?" Upon being answered in the negative, he said: "I shouldn't think He'd want to have 'em holler at Him so."

Three years' constant study in Italy will make an American girl know too much to sing in church, and too little to be useful in opera.

A good conscience is able to bear very much, and is very cheerful in adversities.

Woman's Love.

A woman's love is of man's life
The dearest, brightest part;
It soothes him in his hour of strife,
And cheers his lonely heart.

And blest is he who back repays
Affection's smiles and tears;
For woman's love shall gild his days,
And smooth the lapse of years.

A woman's love is like the rose—
By every tempest shaken;
If nourished, it still blooms and grows,
But withers if forsaken.

Then blest is he by whom 'tis nursed—
By God 'twas made and given;
There is no richer boon on earth
Than woman's love—'tis Heaven!

CORRUPT LITERATURE.

Some idea of the amount of evil that is done by the dissemination of prurient literature may be gathered from the fact that the publisher of a corrupting paper issued weekly at New York clears a quarter of million dollars annually. This paper is too well known to need mention. It is sold in large numbers in this city, and is free to any boy or girl who has a few cents to spare for such reading. In one of the cities in the eastern part of the state, the citizens have united in a general request to the newsdealers to abandon the sale of this and other papers of its class, and there seems to be no other way of forcing such vile reading out of sight but to bring healthy public sentiment to bear upon it. The publishers are careful to keep within the law, yet the vile reports and disgusting pictures they issue are as harmful as if they were indictable, and perhaps more so. Is it not strange that men who call themselves honest and respectable should thus lend a hand in pandering the lusts of the already degraded and corrupting the morals of the young and innocent, for the sake of a few pennies a week?

John G. Whittier says that he is still one of those who hope that the dreadful evil of intemperance may be checked, and finally abolished, by legislative action. He believes in the right and duty of the community to protect itself by legal enactments whenever there is public sentiment strong enough to enforce the prohibition of the liquor traffic. "I despair of any direct assistance from politicians," he writes, "but the great majority of the individuals composing these parties have a moral sense that may be awakened into action by precept and example." Looking at the drinking habits of New Englanders sixty years ago, and at the general temperance among them at the present day, he sees reason for the greatest encouragement.

The ostriches on the ranch in California have exploded the old story that the female covers up her eggs and leaves them to be hatched out by the hot sun. The female sits on the eggs in the daytime, and the male assumes the duty at night, allowing the female to seek rest and recreation while he attends to the household duties. The male is much more solicitous for his household than is the female. It not unfrequently happens that the latter prefers to gad about rather than take her turn at sitting, and on such occasions her lord and master administers to her a deserved chastisement by kicking her heartily around the paddock until she manifests proper contrition and signifies her willingness to settle down on the eggs.

If you think you are a prodigy of orthographic potentially go into a Chinese laundry and learn humility of "On Hang," who spells two shirts, an undershirt and three pairs of socks with a K wrong side up, and all the rest of your washing with half a button hook and two or three fragments of a shattered lizard.

Harry, five, was weeping bitterly over the death of his grandfather. His mother said: "Grandpa has gone to heaven and if you are a good boy you will sometime meet him." "I'm afraid he has gone to the other place," said the sobbing boy.

A child of four had been laughed at for her pug nose. After coming home from church she climbed up on a chair and looked in the glass, saying, "I saw a lady at church whose nose was a great deal more puggier than mine."

Freddy heard his mother wish for more milk for cooking. "Never mind, mamma," he said most comfortingly, "when I grow to be a man, I will buy you two cows, one for sweet milk, and the other for sour."

Emma, three, after her mother had said: "You must not come into the parlor now for the fire is just built," waits about five minutes and then asks: "Is the parlor burned, mamma, so I can come in?"

Dr. Mary Walker has created a panic in Washington by declaring that she will wear breeches or nothing. Even congressmen declare that they can't stand the alternative.—*Memphis Appeal.*

"Poor creature!" exclaimed Mrs. Grossgrain, looking at the pictures of nude savage women; "no clothing of any kind! I wonder what the poor things have to talk about?"

There are two rules to follow in skimming milk. If the cream is to be sold, skim deep; if the milk is to be sold, skim deep. Never fail to skim deep.

If you would secure the favor of an intelligent man, cut off your story short as he smiles an understanding of its point.

If thou consider what thou art in thyself thou wilt not care what men say of thee.

Heaven is a day without a cloud to darken it, and without a single night to end it.

The things which we enjoy are passing, and we are passing who enjoy them.

He will readily be content and at peace whose conscience is pure.

The Journal.

FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 11, 1884.

THE PRESS EXCURSION.

When, in the year 1604, the French sailor, Samuel Champlain, was exploring the Maine coast, and came to the now familiar island, Mount Desert, he was evidently impressed with its hills and rocks, and gave to it the name of "The Isle of Monts Deserts." Little could the voyager of that period foresee the pleasure-seeking life of these later days, which has wrought such a change in the island within the last decade, transforming a quiet farming and fishing community into one of the most popular and populous summer resorts, with large and growing hotels, and elegant villas springing up on every hand. Indeed, so rapid has been the change that the whole island in general, and Bar Harbor in particular, bids fair at no distant day to fairly outstrip many of the older resorts in the race for popularity. And it is not strange that it should be so, when its attractions are fairly understood.

To this place it was decided that the Massachusetts Press Association should go on its fifteenth annual excursion, and the party of editors with their wives, sweethearts and friends, numbering in all one hundred and eleven, left Boston last Saturday at 9 a. m., over the Eastern Railroad, occupying two special cars, and with that prince of good fellows, the inimitable, irrepressible and illimitable Ed. Sands, the White Mountain agent of the Eastern road, along to look after the comfort and welfare of the excursionists. The day was all that could be desired, the dust having been settled by a rain in the night, while the sun's hot rays were intercepted by the still lingering clouds. At Portland an appetizing lunch was served in the cars, and the party sped on its way, soon reaching the beautiful valley of the Penobscot, and skirting the river's shores for nearly thirty miles until Augusta was reached. Here a fine stroke of diplomacy on the part of Sands was brought to light. A telegram had been sent to a mutual friend early in the day, and as the train drew in at the station it was discovered that Mr. Blaine, the Republican candidate for president, was on the platform, awaiting the arrival of an expected friend. The "friend" proved very numerous, and it is needless, perhaps, to say that there was a sudden rush from the cars to greet the statesman, who was introduced by President Procter to such as had time to press through the crowd before the warning cry of "all aboard" was heard. And right here allow us to remark that few of the published pictures of Mr. Blaine do him justice. Nearly all of them give him a coarse, bloated and overbearing appearance, quite at variance with his pleasant, refined features, kindly eye and gentlemanly bearing. Three cheers were given as the train started—and this is perhaps as good a place as any to say that there is a more pervasive Blaine element in the country press of Massachusetts than many suppose. This was brought out by a ballot taken on the return trip, which showed 76 of the party to be in favor of the Maine statesman, 9 for Cleveland, 9 undecided and one who had no preference.

At Bangor the train left the main line, striking south over the recently-opened Mt. Desert branch of the Maine Central. This road is for the most part through a rough and rocky country, but it has been built with care, the cars ride with unexpected smoothness, and it will add much to the attractiveness of Bar Harbor, as the long boat ride from Rockland can now be avoided, and persons leaving Boston in the morning can reach Bar Harbor the same evening. At Mt. Desert Ferry the cars were left, and the staunch little "Sebenoa" took us quickly across the eight miles of water intervening between there and the supper awaiting the tired party at the Rodick House, and to which ample justice was done. Rooms had been assigned the party in advance of its arrival, and all were ready to enjoy the comfortable beds, the cool air and the restful quiet.

Sunday was spent as a day of rest, literally. A few active spirits, evidently bent on varying their usual habit as much as possible, attended service in some one of the four churches, while others took a quiet stroll along the shores. At the dinner table each lady was presented with a bouquet of handsome roses, the gift of Florist Morton. In the evening there was a pleasant praise service.

Monday morning, by invitation of Manager Cram of the mountain railroad, we took barges for Eagle Lake, a drive of 2½ miles. This is a charming sheet of water, 270 feet above the sea level, hemmed in with high hills and green verdure. The water is clear and nice, and its outlet furnishes an ample water supply for Bar Harbor. Taking our seats in the cozy little steamer and its accompanying barge, we were soon landed at the foot of the Green Mountain railroad. This railroad was built last year, and is the second cog road in the country, the other being on Mount Washington. The track is over 6000 feet in length, and is bolted securely to the solid ledge underlying it. The road cost nearly $100,000, and in several places it ascends one foot in three. Formerly the summit of the mountain was reached by a carriage road, but that is practically abandoned now, since a more comfortable way has been provided. Green Mountain is 1500 feet high, being the highest elevation on the Atlantic coast of the United States, and the view from its summit is certainly superb. The island itself, with its hills and valleys and its varied shore line, the mainland with its bays, the numerous islands to be seen in every direction, and the all-pervading sea, with its foam-flecked borders, and with an occasional line of fog lying here and there—all unite in forming a picture of rare beauty and grandeur, which can never be forgotten. There is a good hotel at the summit, where a day or a week may be spent comfortably, in the full enjoyment of these grand views, except in so far as the frequent fogs may interfere with them. The return trip was made over the same route in season for dinner, and the company then accepted an invitation to a sail in the "Sebenoa," going up Frenchman's Bay to Sullivan where there is a good hotel, with silver mines near the village for an attraction. In the evening the company were treated to a musical and literary entertainment of marked excellence by the following artists, who accompanied the excursionists from Boston: Miss Lizzie W. Cary, soprano; Mrs. Carrie C. Mills, contralto; W. H. Dunham, tenor; A. B. Hitchcock, baritone; C. A. Marshall, accompanist. Mr. Leland T. Powers also gave some admirable impersonations.

Tuesday dawned with a storm-threatening outlook, but the weather-clerk was considerate and gave us another fine day, after a rainy night. A buckboard ride to The Ovens was the order of the day for the morning, and another one to Schooner Head in the afternoon. The former are a series of cave-like cavities in the base of the rock cliffs; the latter a ledge of rock having the appearance, from the water, of a schooner under full sail. Here, also, is the Spouting Horn, a small opening through the rock into a large fissure. Here the water boils and tumbles itself into a white mass, and in storms will spout up through the cleft above the top of the Head. Near by is Anemone Cave, a large room worn out of the rock, by the action of the water, to the depth of 30 or 40 feet. In the little pools of water in the cave—which is accessible at low tide—there are beautiful pink incrustations, and quantities of curious anemones. In the evening Mr. Powers entertained the company with "David Garrick," personating the different characters with admirable faithfulness. There was also singing by the quartet, and Brother Morse's 12-years-old daughter sang a couple of songs very sweetly. A short business meeting was then held, and a series of resolutions adopted, thanking President Procter and the committee for the pleasantly arranged and admirably executed trip, the Eastern and Maine Central railroads, and the Green Mountain Railroad, for the generous courtesies extended, and Messrs. Rodick & Sons for their excellent entertainment.

But the longest excursion will come to an end, and a short one none the less so. Some of the quill-drivers doubtless thought this one had reached an untimely end when they were routed out at 4 a. m., Wednesday, to get an early breakfast and start in the rain for home. The strong wind made the bay pretty rough, and there were pitchings without and retchings within in a few cases. The rain was soon left behind, however, and the return journey was made without special incident, aside from the adieus, which began at Cumberland Junction, where Whitaker dropped off. At Portland another of Caterer Winchester's excellent lunches was served, and Sands took his departure for the White Mountains. One by one the roses continued to fall at the different stations until Boston was reached at 5.10, and the delightful excursion of 1884 was at an end.

We should like to speak more at length of Mount Desert and its numerous attractions; of Eddy, his photographs and his "sousing;" of Meserve and his sober reserve; of the anxious paterfamilias and his boys; of the devoted Sylvester and his wife; of the nimble-footed Lee; of the fault-finding couple; of Dexter's white hat; and of others "too numerous to mention;" but time and space forbid, and we will only add the hope that when the next excursion comes off, all the participants in this year's enjoyment may join in singing "Here we Are." F.

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

CLEVELAND NOMINATED.

This has been a lively week at Chicago, and the most significant event of the week has been the utter collapse of Butler's presidential boom. The Democratic convention met on Tuesday, organized temporarily, and scored its first victory against Boss Kelly by deciding to sustain the unit rule. On Wednesday the permanent organization was completed, with Col. W. S. Vilas of Wisconsin as chairman. The day was given up to the presentation of candidates, and great was the surprise when Judge Abbott announced that Massachusetts had no candidate to present. The list of announced candidates consist of Bayard, McDonald, Carlisle, Cleveland, Thurman Randall and Hoadly. The speeches were not finished until yesterday, and the evening was given up to a discussion of the platform, which was accepted as presented, Butler's minority report being rejected by an overwhelming vote. At a late hour the first ballot was reached, the result being as follows: Cleveland 392, Bayard 170, Thurman 88, Randall 78, McDonald 56, Carlisle 27, Hoadly 3, Hendricks 1, Tilden 1, and Flower 4. The Ohio Hoadly men, who gave their governor 21 votes, changed that number to Cleveland at the close of the roll call. The second ballot was taken today, and resulted in a victory for Cleveland by the following vote: Cleveland 683, Bayard 81, Hendricks 45½, Thurman 4, Randall 4, McDonald 2. The nomination was made unanimous, but Kelly and Butler have announced that they will not support it.

CONGRESS adjourned on Monday, having passed all the appropriation bills—and that is about all that has been accomplished in its seven months' session. The regular appropriations amount to $193,201,087, besides $66,000,000 re-appropriated for pensions.

Stamford, Ct., is indulging in a telephone war. The company gave notice of an advance of $5 in rates, and the subscribers ordered their instruments removed. An agent from headquarters said it was a mistake, and the rates would not be raised. But the subscribers ordered the instruments taken out, just the same, and when the company failed to do so, 41 of them disconnected their own.

A large number of people, said to be over 100, were made seriously ill at Brooklyn last Saturday night by eating ice cream, all of which came from the same dealer. The symptoms were those of copper poisoning, and it is supposed to have come from the cans in which the ice cream was kept.

The receipts of codfish at Gloucester for the past six months have been considerably smaller than for several years, owing to the small number caught at the Banks. Twenty-two new fishing schooners have been added to the fleet, with three others soon to follow.

A colored man fifty-seven years old has just graduated from the university of law school at Iowa City, Iowa, and proposes to open an office at Muscatine, where he expects to get rich in the profession.

THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER.

The thoughtful housewife now layeth in several bottles of Jamaica ginger.

The little boy who went to a drug store and wanted some "damnation insect powder" was given a package of "dalmatian" kind.

The Framingham *Tribune* celebrated the Fourth by printing one side in red and the other in blue, thus completing the National colors.

"When shall we meet again?" is the song the young man thinks of when he feels a suspender button give way while he is out on a picnic with a lot of pretty girls.

A bigger elephant than Jumbo will arrive in this country in a short time—the Bartholdi statue. The keeper, Uncle Sam, wants to know what on earth to do with him, anyhow.

The Democratic delegates at Chicago were not troubled in the least with mosquitoes. No mosquito could stand it in the same room with the breath of a good healthy delegate.

There is one thing which a fellow always gets caught at if he tries to steal—and that is a kiss. He frequently gets arrested in the very act, but generally wins his case when it comes to court.

A Pennsylvania widow "in reduced circumstances" has just been left $500,000 by the death of a relative. It is safe to say that she need not remain a widow a great while unless she choose to.

It is amusing to see how red in the face and nervous a man will get if he has to sit in the carriage on a crowded street and tend an uneasy infant while his wife is gone in a store for five minutes.

Bowling Green (Ky.) women are obliged to take out boarding house licenses before they can give charitable suppers, etc. This is doubtless the effect of a one-oyster-to-a-barrel-of-soup racket, at which the town fathers got scooped in.

Following the example of the Smith sisters of Conn., a Miss Muller of the Lambeth district school board, London, refuses to pay her taxes until she is allowed to vote, and her property has been seized. She is probably working up a notoriety against the time when she shall run for reelection to the board.

Well, what next? Here is a minister in Catskill, N. Y., who actually "feels called" to a church which pays a much less salary than he is now getting. And he has resigned to accept the call! although his people raised his salary $200 more! If such mistakes happen often our insane asylums will soon be full of ministers.

He had asked her to join a tennis party, and she declined on account of weariness, preferring rather to occupy a hammock. After a while she asked, "George, what is the difference between myself and that lamb there?" pointing to a pet on the next lawn. "Oh, that's a lamb, Daisy, and you are—somewhat exhausted," was his reply. They never speak as they pass by.

A New York woman has just finished a silk bedquilt containing 14,000 pieces, each about the size of a dime, and hexagonal in shape. It took her seven years to put in the 420,000 stitches required to make it, and we'll bet a copper that her husband has had to pin his collar on his shirt, and fasten his suspenders to his pants with a shingle nail the greater portion of that time.

Brother Fisk, we are willing to acknowledge the cussedness of the system which obliges a man to run advertising that he knows nothing about and which he does not see till he is ready to go to press. But poverty drives us to many expedients, you know, whereas if we were all bank cashiers we could have, perhaps, as pretty a sheet as the JOURNAL. Say, send us up a check, or pass round the hat for us, and we will make a change.—*Framingham Tribune.*

All right; with pleasure. But you should remember that the JOURNAL assumed its good looks long before we ever thought of the cashiership. In fact, it was that which made the directors want us to take the place.

WESTERN TORNADOES.

Several places at the west were visited by destructive tornadoes the latter part of last week. At Rich Hill, Mo., early on the evening of the Fourth, the Presbyterian church, a brick building, was demolished, the Methodist church lifted from its foundation, the school house and several other buildings unroofed and twisted about. About $20,000 worth of damage was done in the town.

At Sioux City, Ia., the same evening, a heavy wind storm blew down the bell tower of the Catholic church, and shook the walls of the church so as to render them unsafe. The new Episcopal mission school and a large brick plow factory were wrecked and an immense oil tank blown over. Plate glass windows were broken, trees blown over, and many buildings damaged.

Macon, Sangamon and Christian counties, Illinois, were visited by heavy winds on Friday night, damaging barns and outhouses, ruining the crops, and killing a number of cattle. In Sangamon county the loss is $100,000, and in Macon county fully $200,000.

Near Deadwood the storm made a path three-fourths of a mile wide and four miles long last Saturday morning, accompanied by thunder, lightning, rain and hail. Fields of grain were pounded down and stock maimed and killed. Houses were blown down, and several persons seriously injured.

The Society of Arts has awarded Capt. Eads the Albert medal "for distinguished services in the science of engineering, by which the great waterways of America have been opened to commerce."

Rev. Dr. Broadus of Louisville, Ky., while occupying the pulpit of the Baptist church at Brooklyn, N. Y., last Sunday, fainted from the effects of heat during his sermon.

Walter N. Mason of Natick, a prominent lawyer and state senator, and well known among the Odd Fellows and Masonic fraternity, died last Sunday, at the age of 59.

At Butte City, Montana, last Friday, a grand stand containing 500 people dropped 20 feet, the roof falling on the whole. A number of persons were seriously hurt.

The 10-years-old daughter of ex-chief of police Sullivan of Ithaca, N. Y., was burned to death last Saturday by her clothes catching fire from fire-crackers.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Weld & Longley say they have the best cigars in town. Please try them.

Milligan's Shoe Store remains, and prices of boots and shoes also remain very favorable in comparison to those of leaving-town sales, etc., of his competitors.

It will pay you to visit the great clearing-out sale of boots and shoes at Child's shoe store. Ahoa polish 14c., and Queen Anne dressing 20c. Infant's shoes, 9c., ladies' slippers, 12c., shoe blacking, 4c., 5c. and 6c. Everything guaranteed to be at a less price than you can buy the same article elsewhere.

PALMER AND VICINITY.

The modoc was about 35 minutes late Wednesday evening.

There were 1123 tickets to Monson sold at this station on the Fourth.

W. C. Dewey and wife returned last week from a four-weeks' trip to Chicago.

F. C. Hatch won the badge at the monthly shooting match of the Sportsmens' Club last week.

The track of the Ware River road is being extended through to the freight yard this week.

O. E. Crawford is running as express messenger on the Connecticut River road this month.

The rain on the nights of the Fourth and fifth rather dampened the sale of fireworks in this place.

Rev. C. H. Eaton and family were in town this week, on a visit to old friends and parishioners.

L. G. Parkhurst and family have returned after a few days of recreation at their old home in Monson.

The New York *Tribune* will be on sale hereafter at G. L. Hitchcock's drug store Sunday mornings.

Mrs. S. J. Stone has returned to town, and will have charge of the Converse House for the time being.

Dr. Warren of the Boston University will preach at Palmer Four Corners next Sunday at 1 o'clock.

Dr. Wm. Holbrook has been re-appointed medical examiner for Eastern Hampden for the next seven years.

Six persons were united with St. Paul's Universalist church last Sunday, two of them being by letter.

C. T. Brainard has bought the standing grass on the Agricultural Park, but will get only a small crop.

Principal Whitney of the high school in this village has been chosen principal of the Chicopee high school.

A number of drunken roughs made Main street hideous with their racket last Friday evening until about 11 o'clock.

The Congregational society is to have a social at the church vestry this evening, when ice cream will be for sale.

Landlord Stone has placed a new sign on the roof of the Nassowanno House, which is quite conspicuous from the depot.

Bank Examiner Gatchell paid an official visit to the Palmer Savings Bank on Wednesday and found it in a very flourishing condition.

New and larger telephone poles have been put in along the line between Springfield and West Warren, and the wires will be changed to them soon.

A party of about twenty young people went from this place to Evergreen Park, State Line, for a picnic on Wednesday, and report having a splendid time.

The rain of last Friday evening compelled the postponement of the exhibition of fireworks at the State Primary School, and it was given on Monday evening.

Some miscreant kicked four or five pickets off the fence which surrounds the depot grounds, just in front of the Nassowanno House last Friday evening.

Station Agent Bostwick of the B. & A. road has purchased a building lot on the corner of Squier street and Highland avenue, in the west part of the town.

Some of our business men superintended a clam bake and clam chowder at Pine Knoll camp ground yesterday, and the way the animals disappeared was a caution.

A street vender of some kind of root, warranted to cure all ills which the flesh is heir to, did a good business on Main street near the hay scales Wednesday evening.

Heavy showers on last Friday, Saturday and Tuesday nights. Pity they couldn't have been divided up and given to us in doses a little farther apart, and a little less at a time.

Judge Robinson has sold his interest in the hardware firm of Robinson & Brooks to Mr. Brooks, who takes his brother Walter into partnership, the firm hereafter being known as Brooks Bros.

Will Higgins went to Worcester on the cars the latter part of last week, and took a bicycle trip from there to Boston, and out to Salem and vicinity. He reports excellent roads and a splendid time.

Next Tuesday is the day fixed for the exhibition at this place of O'Brien's six shows. This will probably be the only circus which will visit this place this season, and will therefore draw good audiences from this and adjoining towns.

No doubt the tax rate this year strikes our citizens very favorably. Of course it does: $10.60 is a good deal better than $15 per $1000. Would be willing to wager a good deal that the rate will be nearer $15 than $10 next year, though.

A small blaze in a shed near Holden's tenement block at the termination of Fox Avenue, on July 4th, attracted the attention of some men who, with the aid of several pails of water, extinguished the fire, which might have proved serious.

Palmer Lodge, I. O. O. F., will install these officers this evening: O. R. Hunt, N. G.; A. S. Meserve, V. G.; A. L. Hills, R. S.; F. A. Ruggles, P. S.; J. H. Smith, Treas. D. D. G. M., C. W. Mutell and suite, of Springfield, will be present.

The restaurant at the depot is quite well patronized, considering the fact that so few trains stop here long enough for a passenger to obtain a lunch. It is also patronized by a goodly number of our citizens, for the fine fruits and ice cream to be found there.

The New London Northern railroad bridge at Stafford was burned on Monday, by catching fire from sparks from the morning train down. Roadmaster Shanks from this place went down and between 9 o'clock at night and 9 o'clock Tuesday morning had the old wreck cleared away, and a trestle of 98 feet built so as to allow the passing of trains.

At the adjourned town meeting held March 31st., the selectmen of the town were authorized to erect a watering trough in this village. As yet we have seen or heard nothing in regard to it. The hot weather is here, and now is the time when such a thing would be most appreciated. As there is nothing of the kind in the village, we hope this one will be provided for at once.

The suggestion has been made to the Boston & Albany road that, when it puts its dining cars on, instead of letting one lie over night in Worcester, as proposed, it be brought west on the "modoc" at night as far as this place or Springfield, and taken back on the same train the next morning, thus giving passengers from Chicago an opportunity to get a breakfast without waiting until they arrive at Boston at a late hour of the forenoon.

There are an unusual number of bicyclists touring between Worcester and Springfield this season, and all complain bitterly of the road from West Brimfield to Wilbraham, pronouncing it entirely unridable. The greater portion of this road belongs to Palmer to keep in repair, but the annual plowing up and loosening of the sand, and the scraping it into the middle of the track, to be washed back by the first rain, is about all the attention it gets.

Wonder if the express messenger on Conductor Saunders' train knows anything about the following, which we take from the Stafford *Press*. How is it, George?

A very heavy shower prevailed at Monson and Palmer on Wednesday of last week. It is told as a good joke on a popular personage not altogether unconnected with the express business, that he was that night a passenger upon the steamboat train from Palmer to a flag station in Stafford. After passing Monson, where rain was falling in torrents, the aforesaid began to prepare for the half mile walk before him on leaving the cars, borrowing of different train hands a protective outfit. On reaching the station he was hermetically sealed in rubber overcoat and boots, with collar well turned up. The train stopped, and hoisting his umbrella he boldly stepped out into—several inches of dry dust! Not a drop of rain had fallen there!

RAILROAD SMASHUP.

There was a narrow escape from a terrible accident on the New London Northern road at this place last Tuesday night, owing to the deviltry of some wretch. When the switching in the yard had been finished, the switches were set and the track left clear for the Block Island train which was about two hours late. Before it reached here at about 10 o'clock, some one had opened the switch on the track leading to the car house, on which stood an empty passenger car, and blown out the switch light. As the train came into the yard at a good speed it left the main track and struck the passenger car, going nearly through it, and making a complete wreck of it. It looked as if the car, minus its floor, had been set down over the engine, which was somewhat smashed up. The engineer, George Seers of Amherst, was the only person injured, and he had one leg only slightly bruised. The forward end of the smoking car was smashed somewhat, but the passenger car was uninjured. It seems almost a miracle that no one was killed or even hurt, and taken altogether it was a very "lucky" accident. The wreck was cleared up Wednesday.

THE ASSESSORS' REPORT.

The assessors have completed their work, and turned the tax list over to the collector. The report shows that the valuation of the town is as follows: Personal estate, $862,600; real, $7,704,986; making he total valuation $2,567,586. The personal valuation is $8798 less than last year, while the real is $15,040 more, making the total valuation $36,282 greater than one year ago. The number of polls is 1476, or 40 more than last year, the poll tax remaining the same—$2. The rate of taxation is only $10.60 on $1000, against $15 last year. The number of horses, cows and sheep in town does not compare favorably with that of last year, having decreased considerably. There are now 450 horses, 558 cows and 281 sheep, a falling off of 21 horses, 85 cows and 34 sheep. The number of houses in town is 819, a gain of 21 over a year ago. There are 18,046 acres of land taxed, or 153 more than last year, while the non-resident bank tax is $1256.05. The amount on the collector's book is $31,425.33, or $11,156.80 less than in 1883. The following persons and corporations pay a tax of $50 and over:

O P Allen,	69	Hubbard Lawrence,	68
E Brown,	127	F J Lynch,	58
C A Brown & Co,	53	O C Marcy,	54
M A Breckenridge,	55	F P Murry,	82
W H Brainard,	53	H W Munger,	74
B & A railroad,	103	E G Murdock,	70
T & L Brown,	86	Geo Mooers,	149
Boston Duck Co,	2681	N L N Railroad,	98
Hiram Converse,	56	Palmer Carpet Co,	439
John M Converse,	336	Palmer Wire Goods Co,	113
Laura E. Child,	56	Palmer Wire Co,	489
Clark & Hastings,	87	Palmer Savings Bank,	104
Chas E Dewey,	133	Palmer Mills,	4,402
Stillman Ellis,	80	Silas Ruggles,	102
John Feeney,	155	George Robinson,	60
M W French,	334	Robinson & Brooks,	53
Mrs E T French,	265	James B Shaw,	75
S W French,	65	John A Squier,	109
J H Gamwell,	62	O B Sikes,	66
R L Goddard,	133	Eli Smith,	55
R L Goddard & Co,	82	Charles R Shaw,	65
E B Gates and E M Bartlett,	66	Charles F Smith,	55
S H Hellyar & Co,	74	A R Smith,	54
Geo L Hitchcock,	50	Stever & Kirr heirs,	63
J F Holbrook,	82	Joseph Thompson	129
Wm Holbrook,	93	James H Tribbll,	53
Holden & Ellis,	75	S S Tuft,	61
C D Holbrook,	88	Thorndike Co,	3,421
J S Holden,	73	Walter Winter,	51
J S Holden & Co,	281	J W Weeks,	96
Charles L Holden,	59	E J Wood,	52
J O Hamilton,	72	NON-RESIDENTS.	
C W Johnson,	52	W W Cross,	95
David Knox,	93	H P Holden,	64
Geo B Keperson,	51	P P Potter,	169
Joseph King,	69	John Rivers,	64
S W Lawrence,	62	H C & L E Strong,	190
S R Lawrence estate,	181		

A discount of six per cent will be allowed on all taxes paid on or before August 20th.

THE CAMP ON THE HILL.

The boys' camp at Pine Knoll was broken up last Wednesday morning. The undertaking has been a complete success from beginning to end. No accidents or quarrels have disturbed the pleasure and harmony of the camp.

A few of the more important occurrences may be chronicled for the reading of interested ones. I have no doubt also the boys who participated will be glad to paste the accounts of their adventures, which the JOURNAL has printed, in their scrap books for future reference.

Thursday, July 3d, it was felt that the camp looked well enough to have its picture taken, so Mr. Eddy of Ware, well known in this section for his skill in taking pictures of nature's beautiful face, brought his camera upon the scene. In a few seconds trees, tents, boys, etc., were transferred to the glass. The success was excellent, and the boys will have another souvenir of the camping days of 1884.

Later in the history of the camp Bapto, one of those rare men who do many things well, tried his hand at the same art. Wisely he secured another view. In his picture will appear the dining table, covered with its awning, and beyond the cook house (?) with its various accompaniments. As some of the pleasantest moments were spent in this part of the camp no doubt copies of this picture will find ready sale.

Monday was a note-worthy day in the annals of the camp. Bapto superintended the manufacturing of an extensive clam chowder. As its seductive savor filled the air the hungry boys and girls (for the latter often visited camp and looked with envious eyes upon all things) began to gather. It was the universal verdict, attested by the ceaseless and vigorous battle of spoons and continuous askings for "more," that such another chowder was never made. Every atom of that delectable compound was put where it "would do the most good."

The great and glorious Fourth was spent as one can readily imagine. The rain in the evening caused a postponement of the intended pyrotechnic display. However, Monday night was given up to that. From opposite hills, between which our village nestles, the Primary School and Pine Knoll camp sent rockets and Roman candles into the air and burned red and blue lights.

Tuesday noon a kind gentleman who lives near the camp ground and is much interested in supplying children with nourishing food, sent into the camp a substantial dinner of meat and potatoes. During the whole time of camping out the same thoughtful gentleman has furnished the boys with two quarts of milk each evening.

Other friends, too numerous to mention, have kept the larder well supplied. Although the boys have called for food whenever nothing else kept them busy yet there has been no lack.

Visitors have always been welcome, and many have availed themselves of the opportunity. All have been impressed with the comfort, good order and peace of the camp. Although there have been several rainy nights during the week not a drop penetrated the canvas, and so far as known, no one has taken cold.

This summer experience of the boys will long be remembered by them. They ought to be better boys than they have been, since so much has been done for them. Above all, they ought to be grateful to the Doctor for his care and hard work that they might have a good time. I think I speak for the boys when I say they have very kindly thoughts of him.

CAMP PINE KNOLL. UNO.

THREE RIVERS.

The work on the new French Catholic church is progressing finely. The foundation is in, and work on the wood work was commenced this week.

WILBRAHAM.

The Willing Workers held their annual meeting at the home of Miss Emily Phelps, Thursday afternoon.

Charles E. Stacy, Francis E. Clark, Walter M. Green and James S. Albray are Wilbraham's registrars.

The ladies of the Memorial church held a lawn party, at which cake and ice cream were served, on Wednesday evening.

WALES.

The Wales Savings Bank has declared a semi-annual dividend of 2½ per cent.

People who have not cut their grass find that it has grown wonderfully since the rains, which will be of great help to the farmers.

The colored woman, whose goods were taken from her house and burned by some miscreant while she was absent for a few days, has returned, and will doubtless make trouble for somebody.

BONDSVILLE.

About $15 was cleared at the lawn party held Wednesday afternoon and evening with Mrs. Frank Talmadge.

Benj. Parsons has sold his share in the paint shop to Charles Shumway, who will carry on the business alone hereafter.

Merrick Whitney, who has had charge of the yard work of the Boston Duck Co. for over 13 years, has resigned his position. He will be succeeded by Edward Ryther of Springfield.

WARREN.

The following is the score of games at the Caledonian picnic on the Fourth: 100 yard three legged race, Robert and John Tait, 1st., E. and Frank Malloy 2d; 100 yard race, E. Malloy, 1st, Frank Malloy, 2d, no time taken; tossing the copper, Hugh McPhee, 25 feet 9 inches; putting the stone, M. M. Hannebry; hitch and kick, James Marshall; high jump, A. Shirley, 4 feet 6 inches; standing jump, James Marshall, 9 feet 2 inches; hop skip and jump, James Marshall, 24 feet 3 inches.

BELCHERTOWN.

Nathiuel Dwight has been chosen a director of the First National Bank of Amherst.

The contract for the library building has been awarded to Bartlett Bros. of Whately.

The Methodists held a large and pleasant social on the lawn at Henry Randall's on the Fourth.

The 14-years'-old son of Rufus Munsell was drowned in Knight's pond last week while bathing.

The G. A. R. Post went to Monson on the Fourth, and got home before the rain, having had a splendid time.

BRIMFIELD.

Arthur A. Upham, for the past five years assistant in the Hitchcock free high school, has been chosen to, and has accepted, the position of principal for the ensuing year.

John L. Bacon has closed the trade with Nathan F. Robinson, and received a deed for the store property on the north side of the street. Cheney Newton, now occupying the store, vacates July 16th. In the meantime Mr. Bacon proposes to paint the building and make changes in the same before opening the store.

WEST WARREN.

Some of our young men must have been somewhat frightened the other night, as a pistol shot hurried them out of a garden in a very rapid manner.

Our streets and corners are filled every evening with loafers, and they are more uncivil than ever. The police become discouraged for lack of support financially. We hope something more may be done soon to rid us of rum and rowdyism.

The glorious Fourth has come and gone, and nothing especial occurred worthy of note, only a few boys made the night of it hideous with as much noise as possible, and everything movable was changed in position, such as steps, gates, ladders, etc.

NORTH WILBRAHAM.

Preaching at the chapel by Rev. Mr. Mansfield at 6 p. m. Sunday.

H. Cutler and family make their annual visit to Cottage City Friday.

Mrs. Bates of Ithica, N. Y., is visiting her cousin, Mrs. W. E. Stone.

Capt. Wall caught a 2-pound black bass from the river Wednesday morning.

James Bell and wife of Ashland, spent the Fourth with his brother, A. E. Bell.

The Springfields will have to get our Kearney to back up Wilson, as that is what he has done all the season thus far.

Dr. S. W. Spere and family of Tennessee arrived on the Fourth and have taken up their residence at the old mansion on the mountain.

A. L. Bell and sister returned from the reunion on Wednesday, accompanied by Miss Annie Michie of Lancaster, who will visit for a few weeks.

Michael Mack, baggage master for the past two years, has accepted the position as night driver of the American Express company of Springfield. Agent Stebbins is left alone and finds the duties too much for one man.

The friends of Frank Linnehan are glad to see justice done him at last in the Holyoke base ball nine, where he has been during the whole season, but has never had a fair chance to show that he is no ordinary pitcher. He will now be the change pitcher of the nine as reorganized, Harris of the Amhersts being the regular pitcher.

MONSON.

Fred Fenton, clerk at Gage Bros. has returned from his vacation.

Next Sabbath morning Rev. Albert Hammatt will deliver a doctrinal discourse.

The water boy at the town hall is recovering the effects of his severe fall of last week.

The Monson House has is radient with a new coat of paint, and is a credit to the house.

Several workmen employed on the town hall have been transfered to the new B. & A. depot at East Brookfield.

Green and Lincoln streets have received extensive repairs the past week and in consequence look very much improved.

The frequent rains of the past week have kept the streets in such a fine condition that the sprinkler is not an every-day necessity.

John Murphy, formerly a barber at the Monson House, is canvassing the town for the lives of Blaine and Logan and reports good success.

Geo. Flynt received quite serious injuries from an accidental discharge of a sky rocket on the night of the Fourth, but at last accounts was slowly recovering.

Our local caterers made too extensive preparations for refreshing the internal wants of visitors on the Fourth, and in consequence mourn the loss of considerable capital as well as labor.

The Spare Minute Circle met in the vestry of the Methodist church on Monday evening, and had a very pleasant and profitable meeting. The next meeting will be one week from next Monday, when the subjects John Milton, Washington Irving and Two Weeks in the Yosemite will be discussed. The circle will have its first excursion next Monday evening, going to Wilbraham Mountain to see the sunset.

WARE AND VICINITY.

H. C. Davis has completed the school census, and reports the number of children between the ages of five and fifteen as 1131. The census of last year showed less than 900.

Last night about half-past ten an alarm of fire summoned the fire department to Eddy hill. The house of Malcolm Campbell was almost entirely consumed, the family having retired and being asleep when aroused by neighbors crying fire. The cause was a kerosene oil stove, negligently left burning in the kitchen. No insurance reported.

They have a way in the South of persuading negroes to do as they are told without any questions. Last week two men in Kentucky met a negro on the road who was fanning himself, and ordered him to stop. He would not, and they induced him to do so by putting a couple of bullets through him.

While removing the floor in Benedict Arnold's old house at New Haven, Ct., the other day, a vault six feet square and four and a half feet deep was found by the side of an old-fashioned chimney. Its existence was not even suspected before.

The Arkansas circuit court has decided that a man need not pay railroad fare if not provided with a seat, and awards a man $125 damages who was put off a train because he got no seat and refused to pay his fare.

The miners at Swan City, Col., were unable to procure any fireworks for the Fourth, and so blew up the postoffice with powder, by way of a celebration.

A small boy at Portland, Me., who was fishing in the back bay one morning last week, was pulled in by a big fish which he had hooked and drowned.

At Brantford, Ct., last week, James Dawson, a man 80 years old, was sentenced to seven years in the state prison for putting out his wife's eyes.

Frederic L. Pillot, the husband of the famous actress, Mme. Janauschek, died at Boston of heart disease on Monday, aged 60.

The first appearance of Bernhardt in "Macbeth," at London, was unsatisfactory, and she was heartily hissed.

Victor Masse, the celebrated French composer, died at Paris a few days ago, aged 62.

Electricity is to be tried as a motor on a Brussels street railroad.

NEWS MORSELS.

Pittsburg, Pa., has banished hand organs.

London has 26,000 acres of forest parks.

The crop prospects in Dakota are good.

Girls in Russian schools wear uniforms.

An aged niece of Zachary Taylor is a Michigan pauper.

The poultry crop of North Carolina is estimated to be worth $2,800,000.

A company of 450 French priests have started for a tour to the Holy Land.

New Haven, Ct., celebrated the centennial of its incorporation on the 4th.

Franz Hilman, the inventor of polkas, has just died at Prague, aged 80 years.

Attorney-general Brewster is said to be the most courteous man in Washington.

The town of Tunbridge, Dak., celebrated the Fourth by hanging six horse thieves.

A museum of natural history, to cost 300,000 marks, is to be erected at Hamburg.

On Tuesday the price of wheat in Baltimore was lower than it had been for thirty years.

Denver has reconsidered the thing and will have a mining exposition this fall as before.

Catharine N. Singer, widow of the sewing machine inventor, has just died in Brooklyn.

The Tewksbury almshouse was formally transferred on Saturday to the new board of trustees.

Over 300 disappointed men who emigrated from Mississippi to Texas have returned within 18 months.

The Chinese in California have taken to raising the poppy for opium, and there is an outcry against it.

A party of Pacific Coast Indians recently had a banquet at which they ate fifty bushels of grasshoppers.

Louisville, Ky., has abandoned standard time, and all city clocks have been set forward eighteen minutes.

The first cotton blossom of the season was received at Nashville June 30; two weeks later than last year.

An attempt is being made to borrow the Centennial organ for the use of the New Orleans World's Exposition.

A girl pupil in the drawing class of an Omaha convent school was punished for banging the hair of St. Cecelia.

The thirty-eight states of the Union contain 2299 counties. Texas leads off with 151, and Georgia second with 137.

There have been 7246 bills introduced in the House during the present session of Congress, and 2339 in the Senate.

A lady at Newberry, S. C., the other day, found a gold ring in a potato which she had cut in two for her dinner.

The celebrated breeding stallion Almont died at Lexington, Ky., last week. His owner had refused $40,000 for him.

The nails had all been pulled from the fingers of a man found dead in Dakota. Robbers had tortured before killing him.

A salmon weighing over fifty-two pounds which was caught in the Restiguche river was exhibited in New York a few days ago.

Denver women are raising $30,000 to endow a professorship to the university of their city, to be held by women for all time.

Ten freight cars on the Missouri Pacific went through a burning bridge near Chicota, Tex., Sunday, and Brakeman Mason was killed.

Cottonwood trees are very numerous in Milwaukee, and the white, downy substance which drops from them has become a great nuisance.

July Literature.

The *Atlantic* for July opens with a capital short story by W. H. Bishop entitled "Choy Susan," relating graphically Pacific coast adventures and love-making, interest being much increased by the introduction of a Mormon girl. Dr. Mitchell's excellent serial, "In War Time," progresses satisfactorily, and will be, when completed, an unusually good and readable novel. Mrs. E. D. R. Biancardi describes "The Haunts of Galileo." The classic article is by William C. Lawton, "The Underworld in Homer, Virgil, and Dante." O. H. Duward contributes a striking story, "Beaten by a Ghaour." Bradford Torrey has a charming out-door paper on "Bird-Gazing in the White Mountains," and "A Cook's Tourist in Spain," is the first of two papers of travel. "The Growing Power of Chile," describes the growth and audacious pluck of the South American Yankee state, A. F. Matthews writes of "Chimes, and how they are Rung," and there are poems by Mr. Aldrich and Eliot C. True, a chapter of reviews of new books, and brief essays the Contributors' Club. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The July *Eclectic* contains a fine steel engraving of Gen. Gordon, whose fate is now a matter of such interest to England and to the world. It also presents many excellent points, including a number of seasonable and weighty articles. The place of honor is given to a paper on "Cardinal Newman," one of the most remarkable men of the age, by Richard H. Hutton. Prof. Edward H. Freeman is represented by an article entitled "some Neglected Points of History," in which this brilliant historian is seen at his best. Matthew Arnold's American lecture on "Emerson" is reprinted. The conclusion of the poet Swinburne's criticism of "Wordsworth and Byron" is given. "Fashionable Philosophy," a reprint from *Blackwood's*, is racy and satirical, and the story from the pen of the recently dead Turgenieff, "A Strange Story," will be found of great charm. Other articles of interest are "The Mad Czar," "Romance in the suppression of books," etc. There are several entertaining short papers, and the whole make-up of the number shows taste and knowledge of the public wants. As this number begins a new volume, it offers a favorable time for new subscriptions. Published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond street, New York.

The July *Century* contains a remarkable contribution to United States history in "The Ku Klux Klan: Its Origin, Growth and Disbandment," by Rev. D. L. Wilson, of Pulaski, Tenn., who vouches for his facts, most of which are new to the public, and will prove a revelation to many who consider themselves well informed on all the outgrowths of the late conflicts in the South. This paper also furnishes the text for the leading editorial, in "Topics of the Times." The Frontispiece is an engraving from a full length photograph of John Bright, accompanying a careful and discriminating estimate by T. H. S. Escott, editor of "The Fortnightly Review." "The Scenes of Hawthorne's Romances" are described by Julian Hawthorne; the second paper on "Recent Architecture in America" is illustrated by Mr. Fenn, Francis Lathrop and others, and includes, among other structures, the Metropolitan Opera House and the Cassino at Newport. "A Greek Play at Cambridge," and the "Cruise of The *Alice May*" is completed. In fiction F. R. Stockton has "The Reversible Landscape." There is an installment of "Dr. Sevier," and "Lady Barbarina," is concluded. Ex-President Theodore T. Woolsey has an essay on "Academical Degrees: Especially Honorary Degrees in the United States," which will be read with interest. Eugene V. Smalley has a brief, comprehensive and popular account of the workings of the United States Patent Office. There are several poems and the editorial departments are sustained with customary vigor and interest.

Outing for July comes perfumed with a breath from the hills sweet with summer, and the first article, an illustrated description of the Catskills, shows nature at her best. The various cycling descriptions are quite readable, Mr. Hume describing a French Bullight, and recounting some Rhine Legends, in a vein of light sentiment, while Mr. Fiske touches up Belgium wheeling with humorous severity, and President Bates tells us in his funny way, of a drive with his wife, which resulted in the purchase of a tricycle, and their experiences with it are very amusing. Hunting and fishing each have an illustrated sketch, and canoeists will be pleased to learn how to build themselves a canvas canoe for five dollars that will do good service. Summer bommizing, by Prof. Bailey, is full of information for out-door students. In fiction, "Summer Sweethearts" is concluded, and there is a pretty story of ye olden time, "Grandmamma's Bonnet," while the amenities have their usual lively character.

Suggestions for the improvement of the existing jury system, prepared by Judge Robert C. Pitman in the *North American Review* for July, under the title of "Juries and Jurymen," should receive the serious consideration of every thoughtful citizen. "American Economics," by Prof. Van Buren Denslow, is a forcible exposition of the grounds upon which the protection theory of national economy is based. Judge Noah Davis writes of "Marriage and Divorce:" Dr. P. Bender, whose subject is "The Annexation of Canada," sets forth the advantages likely to accrue to the United States from the absorption of the Canadian provinces: Prof. D. McG. Means, in an argument against "Government Telegraphy," subjects the management of the Post Office to a most searching criticism; Charles T. Congdon writes of "Private Vengence;" and finally there is a symposium on the "Future of the Negro" by Senator Z. B. Vance, Frederick Douglass, Joel Chandler Harris, Senator John T. Morgan, Prof. Richard T. Greener, Gen. S. C. Armstrong, Oliver Johnson and others.

Mattresses and bedding of new clean stock furnished at short notice and samples of hair and feathers, with prices, sent by mail from Palne's, 48 Canal street, on receiving postal cards to do so.

HAY FEVER.

For twenty years I was a sufferer from Catarrh of the head and throat in a very aggravated form, and during the summer months with Hay Fever. I procured a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm, and after a few applications received decided benefit—was cured before the bottle was used. Have had no return of the complaint.—CHARLOTTE PARKER, Waverly, N. Y. 2w14

"ROUGH ON RATS"

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers; 15c; druggists.

HEART PAINS.

Palpitation, Dropsical Swellings, Dizziness, Indigestion, Headache, Sleeplessness cured by "Wells' Health Renewer."

"ROUGH ON CORNS."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns;" 15c; quick, complete cure; hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

"ROUGH ON COUGHS."

Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for coughs, colds, sore throat, hoarseness. Troches, 15c; Liquid, 50c.

"ROUGH ON DENTI-T" TOOTH POWDER.

Smooth, refreshing, harmless, elegant, cleansing, preservative and fragrant; druggists; 15c.

THIN PEOPLE.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Headache, Nervousness, Debility; $1.

BED-BUGS, FLIES.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

MOTHERS.

If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use Wells' Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.

LIFE PRESERVER.

If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to the spot.

"ROUGH ON TOOTHACHE."

Instant relief for neuralgia, toothache, faceache. Ask for "Rough on Toothache;" 15 and 25 cents.

PRETTY WOMEN.

Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity don't fail to try "Well's Health Renewer."

"ROUGH ON ITCH."

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

NIGHT SWEATS.

Headache, fever, chills, malaria, dyspepsia, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.

THE HOPE OF THE NATION.

Children, slow in development, puny, scrawny, and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."

"ROUGH ON PAIN."

Cures colic, cramps, diarrhœa; externally for aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. For man or beast. 25 and 50 cents.

"ROUGH ON PAIN" PLASTER.

Porous and strengthening, improved, the best for backache, pains in chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia; 25c; druggists or mail. 1y12

OH, YE OF LITTLE FAITH!—Rice & Co's Eclectic Liniment works like magic in the cure and certain relief of rheumatism, neuralgia, headache, cromp, etc. Motto—No cure, no pay. For sale by GEO. L. HITCHCOCK, Palmer. 2

Ask O. P. Allen and O. J. Winslow about Acker's Blood Elixer, the only preparation guaranteed to cleanse the blood and remove all chronic diseases cow 1y 52

TUTT RICE & CO'S ECLECTIC PILLS.—Purely vegetable, cathartic and cholagogue. No griping. Sure cure for liver, stomach, and all malarial diseases, Price 25 cents. For sale at C. E. BLOOD'S Drug Store, Ware. 2

O. P. Allen and O. J. Winslow guarrantee positive relief for any cough, cold, croup, or lung complaint by using Acker's English Remedy, or will refund the money. eow 1y 52

A FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED.—This is an old and well-tried saying, and Rice & Co's Eclectic Liniment and Pills have been a friend indeed to relieve all pain. Motto—No cure, no pay. For sale by G. L. KEENEY, Druggist and Stationer, Monson. 2

O. P. Allen and O. J. Winslow wish it known that they guarantee Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets to be the best remedy for indigestion ever made, they always relieve headache. eow 1y 52

Oh, how beautiful it makes the complexion! For eruptions, Lady Camelia's Secret of Beauty is superior to soap or liniments. Price 50 cents. At Allen's Pharmacy. (3) 4w37

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The greatest medical wonder of the world. Warranted to speedily cure Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Cancers, Piles Chilblains, Corns, Tetter, Chapped Hands, and all skin eruptions, guaranteed to cure in every instance or money refunded. 25 cents per box. For sale by G. L. Hitchcock. 1y32

Thousands are daily having freckles removed by a trial of Lady Camelia's Secret of Beauty. Price 50 cents, at Allen's Pharmacy. 1 4w y29

The microscope demonstrates that cousumption, asthma and bronchitis are produced by disease germs. Fontaine's Cure is the only remedy. Sold by Z. F. Beverly. 1yeow13

Unto the third and fourth generation! yea, scrofula and salt rheum is cured by Fontaine's Great Discovery. Sold by Z. F. Beverly. 1y13eow

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THE HOMEOPATHIC MEDICINES that will enable you to treat ailments of almost any kind without the aid of a physician are sold at Palmer by O. P. Allen, and at Monson by G. L. Keeney, apothecaries. The guide slips attached to each bottle enables you to be your own physician. 3m12*

MURE, the new remedy, is acknowledged by leading physicians to cure *Headache, Neuralgia* and *Malaria* when everything else fails. For sale at Palmer by O. P. Allen, and at Monson by G. L. Keeney, druggists. 3m12*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she was a Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.
1y11

Everybody Knows It.

When you have the Itch, Salt Rheum, Galls, or Skin Eruption of any kind, and the Piles, that you know without being told of it. G. L. Hitchcock, Palmer, G. L. Keeney, Monson, and C. E. Blood, Ware, the druggists, will sell you Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy for 50 cents, which is a sure cure for either of the above diseases. 1y15eow

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An Eye to Business.

O. P. Allen, the druggist, is always wide-awake to business and spares no pains to secure the best of every article in his line. He has secured the agency for Kemp's Balsam for Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all affections of the throat and lungs. Sold on a positive guarantee. Price 50 cents and $1.00. Trial size free. eow17

Cause of Failure.

Want of confidence accounts for half of the business failures of to-day. G. L. Hitchcock, Palmer, G. L. Keeney, Monson, and C. E. Blood, Ware, the druggists, are not liable to fail for want of confidence in Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup, for they give away a bottle free to all who are suffering with coughs, colds, asthma, consumption, and all affections of the throat and lungs. 1y15eow

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Take 15 Cents,

And get Kemp's Botanic Liver Pills for Headache, for Biliousness, for Torpid Liver, for the Complexion. Use no other. Sold by O. P. Allen. eow17

A Life-Saving Present.

Mr. M. E. Allison, Hutchinson, Kan.: Saved his life by a simple Trial Bottle of Dr. Klug's New Discovery, for Consumption, which caused him to procure a large bottle, that completely cured him, when doctors, change of climate and everything else had failed. Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Severe Coughs, and all Throat and Lung Diseases, it is guaranteed to cure. Trial Bottles free at Gen. L. Hitchcock's Drug Store. Large size $1. 1y30

BORN.

At Palmer, 6th, a son to S. W. FRENCH.

MARRIED.

At Palmer, 3d by Rev. Pleasant Hunter, CHARLES D. FOSTER and Mrs. MARTHA D. JOHNSON, both of Palmer.

At Boudsville, 8th, by Rev. Geo. H. Clarke, E. F. SHAW of Three Rivers and ALICE M. HOLDES of Boudsville.

At Ludlow, 2d, by Rev. Daniel Atkins, SUMNER D. PAINE and FANNIE B. CARR, both of Palmer.

DIED.

At Monson, May 23th, CHARLES F., 21, youngest son of the late Alva W. Pasco of Thorndike.

At Brimfield, 30th ult., DAVID A. MORTON, 71.

At New Britain, Conn., 3d ult., EMILY A., 46, wife of Dr. E. B. Lyon.

MAGUIRE BROS., dealers in Fresh Fish, Oysters, and Clams in their season. Green's Block.

WANTED—A girl from 8 to 10. Apply to MARIA M. WARNER, Shearer's Corner, Palmer, Mass.

SHAWL FOUND, on the road from Palmer to Thorndike, Tuesday Evening, July 8. Can be had at J. M. CONVERSE'S, Palmer. *

FOR SALE.—5 thoroughbred English Setter Pups, very handsome, 10 weeks old. Apply quick. 4w15* F. C. HATCH, Palmer.

FOR SALE.—Millinery and Fancy Goods store on Main street, Palmer. This is a good business chance, and removal from town the only reason for owner wishing to sell. 2w15* MRS. J. M. KERRIGAN.

TAKEN UP by the undersigned Tuesday morning, July 8th, a Bay Mare, about 6 years old. Owner can have same by proving property and paying charges. WARREN R. SHAW. Monson, July 10, 1884. 1w*

THE UNDERSIGNED WILL RECEIVE bids up to Monday evening next for the standing rye on a lot of about 6 acres, late of Daniel Fosket, near the "Tilden place," in North Monson. C. L. GARDNER. Palmer, July 11, 1884. 1w

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FOR SALE!

THE BOOT AND SHOE STORE

In NASSOWANNO BLOCK, Palmer, Depot.

The owner will remove a part of the stock if desired. Address J. R. CHILDS, 3w15 Springfield, Mass.

Come to Our Store

AND GET PRICES ON

READY-MADE

CLOTHING

FOR THE

NEXT THIRTY DAYS.

YOU CAN SAVE 20 PER CENT,

AS ALL GOODS ARE MARKED DOWN, IN ORDER TO REDUCE STOCK.

READ THESE PRICES!

$10 SUITS at $8.00.
8 " " 6.00.
6 " " 4.50.

J. L. Shaw & Co.,

CLOTHIERS, HATTERS,

and FURNISHERS,

MOORE'S BLOCK,.....MONSON, MASS.

NOW READY!

L. O. EMERSON'S NEW BOOK,

CHORAL WORSHIP,

FOR CHOIRS, SINGING CLASSES AND MUSICAL CONVENTIONS.

Full Church Music Book Size. Price $1.

CHORAL WORSHIP has 320 pages.

CHORAL WORSHIP has 100 pages of Elements, Exercises, Easy and Graded Songs in one, two or more parts, Glees, &c. A good variety.

CHORAL WORSHIP has 75 pages of the best Metrical Tunes.

CHORAL WORSHIP has 110 pages of the finest Anthems, Motets, sentences, &c., for Choir use.

CHORAL WORSHIP has 35 pages of miscellaneous matter, including good material for Concert singing, and for training the voice.

On the whole, CHORAL WORSHIP is a book for the times, appearing as Chorus, Choir and Choral Singing is again coming in favor, and creating a demand for just what this book supplies—in the best way.

Send $1 for specimen copy.

SONG WORSHIP (just out) is a Sunday School Song Book of the greatest promise, by Emerson and Sherwin. Send 25 cents for one specimen copy.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

NOTICE.

I hereby give notice that I have this day given my son, Francis L. Shaw, his time during his minority, and that hereafter I shall claim none of his wages and shall not pay any bills whatever contracted by him. GEORGE L. SHAW. Greenwich Village, June 4, 1884. 3w12*

MONSON ACADEMY.

Fall term is 13 weeks. Opens Aug. 27.

GEO. J. CUMMINGS, M. A., Principal. Monson, Mass., June 30, 1884. 4w14

FOR SALE.—The fine residence corner of Thorndike and Pine streets. Inquire of GEO. W. RANDALL. Palmer, June 5th, 1884. 10tf

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FOR SALE.—My Cottage on Fox avenue, containing 10 rooms. Good barn on the place. C. E. FISH. Palmer, 16, Nov. 1883 33tf

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PIANO FOR SALE!—A Hazletou Bros. Upright good as new, cheap for cash. 10tf ALDEN THRESHER, Monson.

DR. F. W. ANDREWS' Dental Rooms 357 Main Street, Springfield. Artificial teeth $10 and upwards.

This is the only Big Railroad Show Coming this Season!

O'BRIEN'S SIX SHOWS

Handenberger's German Menagerie and Astley's London Aquariums,

HAVE JOINED HANDS WITH THE

GREAT BRAZILIAN CIRCUS

THIS SEASON ONLY. IN ALL ITS VAST ENTRY, NOW ON ITS ANNUAL TOUR, WILL VISIT AND EXHIBIT, AFTERNOON AND EVENING AT

Stafford, - - - Monday, July 14,
Palmer, - - - Tuesday, July 15,
Amherst, - Wednesday, July 16.

CANVASS 6 TIMES LARGER! Hundreds of never-before-seen Attractions. A century ahead of all. Everything new, novel, great and grand. Six first-class shows in one. Dazzling in magnificence, overwhelming in size, complete in all departments, increased to six times its former size. Brimming over with new attractions; $500,000 added in new attractions.

SIX MONSTER CIRCUSES. SIX

FIVE LADY EQUESTRIENNES, 27 GRACEFUL GYMNASTS, 6 HURRICANE MALE RIDERS, 5 GROTESQUE CLOWNS, 50 WORLD'S FAMOUS ATHLETES, RUSSIAN VOLTIGUERS, FRENCH ACROBATS,

COMANCHE INDIANS, ZULUS, CAFFRES and ARABS! More performers than any other Circus in the Universe! Great French Circus! Elephant Clowns! Hindoo Serpent Charmer! Champion Riders! French Female Charioteers! One entire English Circus Company! One French and German Circus! One American Circus Company! ALL IN ONE RING!

Spain's Greatest Rider, Mlle. LOWANDA!

MISS MOLLIE BROWN, AMERICA'S GREATEST BAREBACK RIDER! MARTINO LOWANDA, THE CHAMPION FOUR-HORSE RIDER!

The Largest Performing Elephant on Earth!

THE MASTODON

—=EMPRESS=—

12 FEET HIGH, WEIGHS 6 TONS, 131 YEARS OLD!

A MOST MAGNIFICENT MENAGERIE. A GREAT ZOOLOGICAL EXODUS!

Wild Birds, Beasts and Reptiles from Europe, Asia and Africa and the islands of the sea. A vast collection of the wonders of creation has been brought together to make up this rare exposition. Never divides. Never changes its dates. All railroads run cheap excursions. Make this a grand gala day. Come in town early and don't fail to

SEE THE GRAND AND GORGEOUS HISTORICAL STREET PARADE!

TWO BANDS OF MUSIC, WIDE OPEN DENS OF SAVAGE MONSTERS, 100 ROYALLY-ROBED PROCESSIONISTS, ALL THE WEALTH, POMP AND PAGEANTRY OF THE DISTANT INDIAS,

FIVE GRAND TABLEAU CARS, 49 GILDED DENS, JUBILEE SINGERS MARDI GRAS FESTIVAL, ETC.

Admission, 50 Cents. - - - Children, 25 Cents.

1884. 1884.

VOTERS, ATTENTION!

James Gillispie Blaine,
From the state of Maine,
For President next year,
Which now is drawing near;
Jim—he knows enough,
Is made of good stuff,
And if he wins the fight
We hope he will do right.
But to secure his election
We have some time for reflection.
Meantime we all want food—
We want that which is good;
At Palmer, Central Street,
Is what we need to eat.
Weld & Longley keep the place,
Where we hope to see your face,
And give you the right price
On Groceries really nice.
You also get full weight,
And everything is straight;
Our tastes should be cultivated
To use food unadulterated,
And thereby maintain health.
Which is better than wealth.
We did not start in 1850,
But our place is growing thrifty.
We strive to sell goods pure,
And thus your patronage secure.
So when you chance to draw near
Do not pass us with a sneer,
But step in and see our shelves,
And examine for yourselves.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS. HAMPDEN ss. July 2d, 1884.

By virtue of an execution which issued on a judgment recovered at the Police Court of Springfield, holden at Springfield, within and for said county, on the second day of June, 1884, in favor of E. J. Piper of Springfield, in said county, and against W. R. Parks of Palmer, in said county, I have taken all the right, title and interest which the within W. R. Parks had on the fourth day of January, 1883, the day when the same was attached on mesne process, in and to certain real estate situate in Palmer, in said county, bounded and described as follows, to wit: No. 1 lot, the house lot, so called, beginning at the westerly corner of the Eastern Hampden Agricultural grounds, thence north 41° east 25 rods and 2 links to land of the Boston & Albany Railroad Company, thence north 51° 30 west to land of Dora E. Parks, thence south 71° 15 west 19 to the highway, thence on said highway 46 rods and 30 links to place of beginning; No. 2 lot, beginning at the junction of Park street and the road leading to the carpet mill, thence on said Park street 60 rods and 2 links to land of William Breckenridge, thence north 38½° east 34 rods 19 links to land of the Palmer Carpet Company, thence north 79° west 8 rods, thence north 17½° east 12½ rods, thence south 81½° east 12 rods and 7 links to the highway, thence 22 rods and 8 links to said carpet mill road, thence on said road 1580 feet to the place of beginning; No. 3 lot, beginning on the northerly side of the road leading to said carpet mill at the corner of land of C. E. Dewey, thence north 35° east 68 rods in line of stone wall, thence north 20° east 44 rods to land of George Morgan, thence south 75½° east 45 rods and 19 links to the old turnpike road, thence on said road 55 rods leading to said carpet mill, thence on said carpet mill road 1578 feet to the place of beginning, and on Monday, the 4th day of August next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, in front of the Court House in Palmer, I shall offer for sale by public auction, to the highest bidder, said real estate above described, and all the right, title and interest of the said W. R. Parks therein. 3w14 J. A. PALMER, Deputy Sheriff.

SEE THAT THE CHILDREN MAINTAIN THEIR VIGOR IN THE SUMMER MONTHS.

If your child has any symptoms of dysentery, or any trouble in the bowels, commence

RIDGE'S FOOD

As a diet without delay. Unless the trouble has become chronic, requiring medical aid, it will correct a difficulty; and, as a dietetic in sickness it is invaluable. A physician of large practice says: "It has never failed me and I have never lost a child by diarrhœa or cholera infantum." In cans 35 cents and upwards. jul

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HITCHCOCK'S

Jamaica Ginger

EXTRACT.

Put up in LARGEST BOTTLE, and made from the strongest, purest and best materials. As a speedy anodyne and energetic, vigorous and effective remedy for

Colic, Diarrhœa, Flatulence, Cramps, Chills, Colds, or Sudden Pains in the Back, Stomach, Bowels or Limbs,

Or similar ailments in which immediate relief is required,

It has no Equal.

This is not a new and untried medicine, nor an experiment in any respect; on the contrary, it combines and contains all the good and well-tried medicinal properties of some of the oldest and most highly esteemed remedies of the age.

ITS IMMEDIATE EFFECT IS MARVELOUS.

BETTER, STRONGER, CHEAPER THAN ANY OTHER. TRY IT.

Hitchcock's Pile Cure

IS A NEW THING,

AND WE WARRANT IT TO CURE EVERY CASE OF PILES.

GEO. L. HITCHCOCK, Pharmacist.

PALMER, MASS.

EVERY FAMILY

Should keep the ANTALGICA in the house for ready use. It is one of the best known PAIN-KILLERS in the market for either internal or external use. Be sure and try it.

The Indian Cough Balsam

is one of the very best medicines for Lung troubles. It has been in use for over 30 years, and always gives satisfaction. Prepared by

O. P. ALLEN, Druggist, Palmer, Mass.

SHEPARD'S CELEBRATED

$60 SCREW CUTTING FOOT LATHE.

Foot and Power Lathes, Drill Presses, Scroll Saw Attachments, Chucks, Mandrels, Twist Drills, Dogs, Calipers. Send for catalogue of outfits, for amateurs or artesans. Address H. L. SHEPARD & CO., 1y27 341 and 343 West Front Street, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

STALLION DONALD,

English draft (with pedigree) will stand at the stable of G. W. Keith, Thorndike, Mass., for the season of 1884.

Donald is black, of beautiful proportions; is 17 hands high; weighs 1450. 3m3*

THE Finest Line of REFRIGERATORS IN TOWN, For Sale, Rent, or Exchange. H. A. NORTHROP. Palmer, May 23d, 1884. 8tf

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The Time Has Come

—AND—

WE Are READY.

ONE GLANCE AT

THE BARGAINS

IN OUR LARGE AND ATTRACTIVE NEW SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK

—OF—

Clothing,

Gents' Furnishings,

Hats, Caps, Trunks,

Valises, Bags,

Umbrellas, etc.,

WILL CONVINCE YOU THAT AN

ERA OF PEACE AND PROSPERITY

HAS AT LAST DAWNED UPON YOU,

—AND—

Our Low Prices

WILL ACTUALLY SET YOU WITH DELIGHT.

FOSTER & GAMWELL,

ONE PRICE CLOTHIERS,

PALMER, - - MASS.

"TRAVELLER'S"

Accident Insurance.

If you are going on a trip to the Mountain Shore, get an ACCIDENT TICKET for $3000 in case of death by accident, or $15 per week in case of injury. It costs you only 25 CENTS A DAY, or $4.50 for 30 days, at

THE PALMER FIRE, LIFE & ACCIDENT INSURANCE AGENCY.

GEO. W. ELY, Agent.

Office with C. L. GARDNER.

ASK FOR

M. A. Packard & Co's.

$2.99 Shoe

FOR GENT'S WEAR.

MADE IN THE LATEST STYLES!

BUTTON, BALS. and CONGRESS, LOW BUTTON OXFORD and STRAP.

These goods are made only from the

BEST CALF UPPER AND GLOVE KID TOPS.

THEY ARE ALL SOLID AND WARRANTED.

FOR SALE BY

H. A. CLARK, Palmer.

JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS At the JOURNAL OFFICE.

WE HAVE NOW

The Most Complete Stock

—OF—

CLOTHING

WE HAVE EVER SHOWN!

Men's Suits,
FROM $3.00 to $25.00.

Youth's Suits,
FROM $3.00 to $22.00.

Boys' Suits,
FROM $2.50 to $12.00.

Men's Pants,
FROM 75c. to $6.50.

Boys' Pants,
FROM 50c. to $2.00.

Spring Overcoats,
FROM $5.00 to $20.00.

CUSTOM SUITS

AT SHORT NOTICE.

IT PAYS TO EXAMINE GOODS AND PRICES.

S. H. HELLYAR & CO.,

CROSS'S BLOCK, PALMER.

Seasonable Goods

IN GREAT VARIETY

JUST OPENED!

LOW PRICES

PARASOLS

FROM 25 CENTS TO FIVE DOLLARS!

SUMMER UNDERWEAR

MOSQUITO NETS,

CHAMBRAYS, NEW GINGHAMS,

CAMBRICS AND PRINTS,

Which with an unusual stock of

STAPLE GOODS,

MAKES OUR STOCK FULL AND COMPLETE IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

J. B. SHAW.

Palmer, May 29, 1884.

Rustic-kate-ing.

I sat by the hearth,
With my hat on my knees—
My feet in the way,,
And my heart ill at ease,
With the dreadful new clothes,
And the crestfallen air,
That fellows in love
Sometimes happen to wear.

While saucy and piquant,
With plenty to say,
My bonny Kate knitted
And chatted away,
Till inspired by her wit—
By her mood altogether—
I ventured some novel
Remark on the weather.

The old-fashioned clock
On the stairs tinkled nine,
The blithe shadows danced
In the merry firelhue,
And nearer, and nearer,
As minutes went on,
The chairs at the hearthside
Together were drawn

Till they met with a bump.
Kate blushed scarlet, "Good lands!"
Then the gay yarn got tangled,
And so did our hands,
And somehow our lips—
But no matter; that's Kate,
My brisk little wife,
Coming in at the gate.

A BOY AGAIN.

Sometimes an old man becomes a boy again, though too smart to drop into his second childhood. An illustration of this pleasant tendency was given some months since, by an old man with several millions. He was in the habit of prowling around the office of the insurance company in which he was a director. One morning as he was thus investigating, he happened to come across the dinner pail of the office boy. His curiosity led him to take off the cover. A slice of home made bread, two doughnuts, and a slice of apple pie tempted the millionare's appetite. He became a boy again, and the dinner pail seemed the one he had carried sixty years ago. Just then the office boy came in and surprised the old man eating the pie—he had just finished the bread and the doughnuts. "That's my dinner you're eating!" exclaimed the boy indignantly. "Yes, sonny, I suspect it is; but its a first rate one for all that. I've not eaten so good a one for sixty years." "There," he added, as he finished the pie, "Take that and go out and buy yourself a dinner, but you wont get as good a one"—and he handed the boy a five dollar bill. For days after, the old man kept referring to the first-class dinner he had eaten from the boy's dinner pail.

Young man, as you lift the gleaming wine-glass to your lips in the jollity of a night's spree, will it pay? It is a gross insult to call a man a fool. Every man would resent it: but in the suffering of the next morning, with disturbed countenance, aching head, throbbing temples, racking brain, hot, fevered tongue, and all the horrible reactions that might come, does not the victim of ashes clasp his burning hands and bitterly call himself "fool! fool!" It does not pay to begin. First you tolerate it, then you touch and taste it, then you jest and laugh at it, and then revel in it. When it becomes your master, then what? What numbers have been swept down by the hurricane of temptation! In the mad power of this passion they have burst the bonds of a mother's love, trampled a father's counsels in the dust, mocked at reproof and tears.

The Bartholdi statue in New York harbor is made of copper strengthened by an inner skeleton of iron. For each piece a center or mold was made of wood, on which the copper could be worked or fitted. The sheet copper epidirmis of the figure is made of 300 pieces and weighs 178,000 pounds, while the iron frame weighs 264,000 pounds. When finally erected, the molded sheets of copper will be riveted together by copper bolts, and the iron skeleton will be secured to the masonry by twelve foundation bolts. The variations due to temperature are provided for by elasticity in every part, and corroding will be checked by painting with red led wherever iron and copper are in contact. It is reckoned that the pressure of wind upon the statue, which will be 150 feet high, may go as high as 190 pounds.

"It is a young man who is probably looking for board. Go down into the parlor and be playing a dreamy air on the piano when he comes in."

"Yes, I know; but some one must attend to the door. There goes the bell now."

"Well, I will run to the kitchen and send Jane to open the door, and while you are playing and Jane is showing him in, I will be pounding on the table with the rolling-pin."

"But what for, ma?"

"It will sound as if we had two servants, and were going to have beefsteak for lunch."

A new process of cleansing, at the same time cooling the air introduced into houses has recently been devised. According to *La Nature*, the device consists of a fan, rotating rapidly, by which air is forced into a closed box and made to pass through a horizontal diaphragm piereed with holes. over which a very thin layer of water is continually flowing: The air, as it passes through this thin film of water, is deprived of its organic particles, which remain in and are carried off by the water, while the air thus cooled and purified is carried up through a pipe to the rooms above.

Editors do not want first attempts. Men who have gained ground inch by inch, shudder when they read, "This is my first attempt." No first attempt should be offered for publication. It should be rewritten time and again, and then torn up and afterward written again. Then the writer should keep it a week or two and destroy it.—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

A good part of duty is expressed in the simple imperative, remember. In the hurry of daily life there are hundreds of things left undone which ought to be done, and in the majority of cases it is not wilful neglect but forgetful neglect, which is to blame.

To Cleanse Oil Cloth.—Never scrub an oilcloth with a brush, but after it is swept, it should be washed with a large soft cloth, and lukewarm water; never take soap or hot water, as either will remove the paint.

Elevate the working class by keeping your children in it.—*Gladstone.*

REST FOR WOMEN.

Men, as well as women, who have had charge of household matters, know that the duties of a wife and mother are very arduous. How to lessen the toil and drudgery of the average housekeeper, in this country, has been the study of philanthropists ever since the formation of our government. We find some excellent remarks on this subject in the Philadelphia *Weekly Press*, which we subjoin:

It has been said that the circumstances surrounding most of our women, especially those surrounding their waists, are entirely favorable to making them look "worn" and "dragged out." We think of one remedy, however, which may help even such. A ruddy, healthy woman, the mother of a large family, and a hard worker all her life, was asked how she succeeded in preserving her youthful looks and feelings for so many years. "Of course," returned the good lady, "of course many things have helped me to keep my health. My husband and whole family have been very kind and considerate to me always, and I have tried to be prudent and regular in all matters of diet and sleep. But there is one rule which I have made invariable, which has really, I think, had more to do with my good health than anything else. I have made it a rule to rest for from half an hour to an hour either just before or just after dinner, every day. If I had twenty men, for the haying, to feed, or a house full of company at Thanksgiving, it didn't make any difference. I found that health suffered if I neglected it, so, unless somebody else was going to suffer, or unless there were sick ones to be attended to, I took my rest."

Those women who are working for a living in school-rooms, behind counters, or in shops of any kind, will find it of the greatest benefit to them to slip away for a little rest about the middle of the day, even if they cannot remain more than ten minutes.

It really requires considerable "strength of mind," after one has come to the conclusion that a rest in the middle of the day would be a good thing, for her to carry out her convictions. There will be plenty of people to sneer at her pretended "invalidism" and make remarks such as: "Thank fortune that I can maintain a perpendicular position for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. When I can't why I'll be a bedridden thing;" or, "This habit of indolence will grow on you all the while; you will become more self-indulgent; at last you will begin to have 'symptoms,' and then pills and lotions, and doctors' bills will come in. Your husband is building up his business now, and much depends upon your fidelity to your household duties. If you get into a habit of neglecting them for a portion of every day, waste and mismanagement will follow."

The worst difficulty, however, is found in the fact that it is very hard, when one is pleasantly absorbed in one's work, to stop for anything. You won't feel very tired, and you will feel as though the time would be worth much more to you spent at your present employment than in resting. If one is subject to a chronic tired feeling, however, or to any kind of physical disability, the cheapest and most profitable remedy is a daily rest, sleeping or not, as one chooses. Nothing that one can do will so certainly and effectually preserve one's health, spirit and good looks. It should, especially, never be neglected when one is expecting to go out in the evening, or, for any reason, to be up late; and there is no doubt that in many cases hard illnesses might have been prevented, or at least diminished in virulence if this simple and easily practiced rule had been observed.

THE MAN WITHOUT A FACE.

There is to be seen at Landrecies, in the Department of the North, an invalid artillery soldier, who was wounded in the late Franco-German war, when he was horribly mutilated by the bursting of a Prussian shell. The man's face was literally blown off, including both eyes, there being left behind some scanty remnants of the osseous and muscular systems. The skull, which is well covered with hair, was left intact, so that the man had a most hideous and ghastly appearance. This disfigurement has been completely concealed by a mask. which was made for him under the direction of the principal medical officer of Val de Grace, in Paris, whither he had been transferred from the field ambulance. The mask was constructed by a surgeon-dentist named Delalain. It includes a false palate and a complete set of false teeth; and it is so perfect that the functions of respiration and mastication, which were necessarily imperfectly performed, are almost completely restored to their normal condition, and the voice, which was rather husky, has resumed its natural tone. The man speaks distinctly, the sense of smell, which had entirely disappeared, has returned, and he can even play the flute. He wears two false eyes, simply to fill up the cavities of the orbits, for the parts representing the eyes in the mask are closed. In fact, the mask is so well adapted to what remains of the real face, as to be considered one of the finest specimens of the prothetic art that could be devised.

The man himself, whose name is Moreau and who is in perfect health, is looked upon as a living curiosity, and travelers go a good deal out of their way to see him. His face or rather his mask, is, of course, without any expression, but his special senses, particularly that of touch, are extremely developed, and he goes by the sobriquet of "Thomme a la tete de cire." He wears the military Cross of Honor, and delights to talk about what he had gone through during the war. To add to his meagre pension he sells a small pamphlet containing a full description of his wounds, and of the apparatus that has been so skillfully devised as to render him at least presentable to his fellow creatures.—*London Globe.*

To Get Rid of Ants.—A strong solution of carbolic acid and water poured into holes, kills all the ants it touches, and the survivors immediately take themselves off. Quicklime is also good to destroy ants. Sprigs of wintergreen will drive away red ants, and branches of wormwood, black ants.

The great art of conversation consists in not wounding or humiliating any one; in conversing with others only on subjects which interest them.

DR. DAVID

KENNEDY'S

FAVORITE

REMEDY,

FOR THE CURE of KIDNEY and LIVER COMPLAINTS, CONSTIPATION, and all disorders arising from an impure state of the BLOOD.

To women who suffer from any of the ills peculiar to their sex it is an unfailing friend. All druggists. One dollar a bottle, or address, Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

AMONG RAILROAD MEN.

Popularity and usefulness of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy—Thrilling Letter from a Master Mechanic.

Master Mechanic's and Superintendent's Office, Lowell Repair Shops of the Boston & Lowell R.R. LOWELL, MASS., March 25, 1884.

Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

Dear Sir: I think it is due to you that I should make the following statement, and I make it voluntarily and willingly: On the 4th day of June, 1881, I was taken with what was called paralysis of the bowels. The seizure was unexpected and terrible. The stomach and other organs seemed to sympathize with it and to have lost all power of action. For a long time my life was despaired of, but at length I recovered so far as to be able to ride out. By the advice of my physician I visited Poland Springs (Vt.), hoping to benefit from the waters. But they did me no good. Neither were the best physicians of Lowell or Boston, whom I consulted, able to afford me more than transient relief. I gained no strength and my case appeared almost hopeless. In the Fall a friend advised me to try KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, and although opposed to patent medicines, I made the trial. To make a long story short—FAVORITE REMEDY, in my opinion, saved my life. I consider it the best preparation in the world for stomach difficulties, as well as of the liver and other organs. I am glad to say it is in general use among the railroad men in this vicinity. Yours, etc.,

A. J. GIFFORD.

Mr. Gifford is the Master Mechanic of the Lowell division of the Boston & Lowell Railroad, and his illness and recovery are known to many who can testify to the facts in his letter.

Use this medicine for all diseases of the blood, Kidneys, Liver, Stomach, Bowels and Skin. It may save you and yours from pain and death.

Address, if desired, Dr. David Kennedy, 1m15 Rondout, N. Y.

Vegetine.

NATURE'S REMEDY.

PURIFIES THE BLOOD.

IT WILL RESTORE YOUR HEALTH. TRY IT.

IS YOUR BLOOD IMPURE?

Get a remedy that is known to possess merit, Vegetine has been tried and not found wanting. Whatever the cause of the poisoned condition. Vegetine will restore and strengthen.

SCROFULOUS HUMORS have been, are being cured daily by the use of Vegetine. We can show testimonials or refer you to the parties in proof of this.

DYSPEPSIA and all the unpleasant effects of indigestion are at once relieved by the use of Vegetine.

SALT RHEUM and all diseases of the skin disappear when Vegetine is faithfully used.

FOR LIVER AND KIDNEY COMPLAINT you will find Vegetine a most valuable remedy.

"OH, HOW TIRED I AM," is so often heard. An impure condition of the blood will always produce this feeling, and it is sure to be relieved by the use of Vegetine.

LADIES who have used Vegetine, and the number is large, are loud in its praise as a remedy for diseases peculiar to their sex.

NERVOUS SUFFERER, you can use nothing so sure to sleep and rest as Vegetine.

Vegetine

IS SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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Summer Specialties!

CHOICE BUTTER, ON ICE.

NEW BRAINTREE CHEESE.

NEW MOLASSES.

FRUITS—NATIVE & FOREIGN.

Flour, Sugars and Teas

VERY LOW.

ALL KINDS OF

COFFEE!

GROUND TO ORDER.

CANNED MEAT, FISH AND BEANS.

FULL LINE OF

CROCKERY, AND POCKET AND TABLE CUTLERY.

&c., &c., &c.,

AT

A. E. PARK'S,

PALMER, MASS.

BUY THE BEST.

THE EASY RUNNING

Household Sewing Machine,

For Cash or Small Installments.

OLD MACHINES TAKEN IN EXCHANGE!

Oil, Attachments, and Needles for all Sewing Machines.

Machines repaired at short notice.

HOUSEHOLD S. M. CO.,

T. J. SULLIVAN, Agent.

Office at Clark's Shoe Store, Palmer. 6m49

CATARRH.

Ely's Cream Balm CURES COLD IN HEAD, CATARRH, ROSE COLD, HAY FEVER, DEAFNESS, HEADACHE. EASY TO USE

HAY FEVER.

HAY FEVER is a type of Catarrh having peculiar symptoms. It is attended by an inflamed condition of the lining membrane of the nostrils, tear-ducts and throat, affecting the lungs. An acrid mucus is secreted, the discharge is accompanied with a painful burning sensation. There are severe spasms of sneezing, frequent attacks of blinding headache, a watery and inflamed state of the eyes. ELY'S CREAM BALM is a remedy founded on a correct diagnosis of this disease and can be depended upon. 50 cents at druggists; 60 cents by mail. Sample bottle by mail 10 cents.

ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, 1y42 Owego, N. Y.

C. H. HOBBY, PIANO TUNER.

Orders for tuning may be left at D. P. Allen's Drug Store, Palmer, or may be sent to me by mail to Stafford Springs, Conn.

W. D. Kinsman.

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LARGE INVOICES

OF

NEW GOODS

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Greatly Reduced Prices.

SPECIAL ATTENTION INVITED TO THE FOLLOWING SPECIALTIES:

LAWN DRESSING SACQUES,

Entire new stock of

CHUDDAH SHAWLS, BLACK SPANISH FICHUS, BLACK SPANISH LACES,

BLACK ESCURIAL LACES,

ORIENTAL AND POMPADOUR LACES

In finest qualities and newest designs.

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A very large and attractive stock.

100 styles NECK RUFFLINGS, Black and Colored Silk Velvets, Lisle Thread, Taffeta and Pure Silk GLOVES, Black and Colored Silk MITTS, 200 new SHOPPING BAGS in real and imitation Alligator, real Calf and Grained Leather.

We offer our entire stock of

MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS

At Greatly Reduced Prices.

FLANNEL SUITS,

Full assortment of styles, colors and sizes.

GINGHAM, CAMBRIC, CHAMBRAY, and WHITE DRESSES.

Great Bargains in

INFANTS' LACES AND MUSLIN CAPS.

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COTTON UNDERWEAR.

We offer the largest and best stock of these goods ever shown to the ladies of Springfield, and guarantee the prices to be lower than the same quality of goods can be bought of any other house in this city.

W. D. KINSMAN,

Cor. Main and Bridge Sts.,

4w12 SPRINGFIELD.

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STOCK OF

Boots and Shoes

IN NASSOWANNO BLOCK,

IS

Ordered to be Closed Out

AT SOME PRICE!

Now for a Rush.

THE GOODS MUST BE SOLD THIS MONTH.

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS MORE IN GOODS WILL BE ADDED TO THIS STOCK IN THIS SALE IF THERE IS A DEMAND FOR THEM!

Ladies' $2.50 Kid Button Boots for - $1.98
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Ladies' $1.50 and $1.75 Button Boots for 89c and 75c
Ladies' Slippers, - 12c, 25c, 50c, and 75c

CALL EARLY FOR THE BEST BARGAINS AT

CHILD'S

BOSTON BRANCH SHOE STORE.

PALMER, MASS.

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Brilliant Oil!

1st. It is absolutely SAFE.

2d. Gives a powerful, brilliant white LIGHT.

3d. Does NOT SMOKE, nor SMELL, nor CRUST the wick.

4th. Is the most ECONOMICAL Oil, because it gives the most LIGHT in proportion to its price.

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WHOLESALE AGENTS,

NAPHTHA, GASOLINE, LUBRICATING OIL, and all grades of Burning Oils,

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CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY AND WAREROOMS,

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150 CARRIAGES IN STOCK.

ALL GRADES. LOWEST PRICES.

16w51

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Capillaris is a valuable compound, and cannot be beat for *Dandruff, humors of the scalp, falling of the hair*, and for the *toilet*. It stands on its own *merits, contains nothing injurious*; our sales prove its *popularity* and value.

F. M. & C. P. STRINGFIELD, *Druggists & Chemists*, 128 and 130 22nd St., Chicago.

See 96 Testimonials on Cards and Circulars. Druggists 65c. (In Pomade form only.) 1y52

The Oil Stove Season

Has arrived once more, and my business in this line is

BOOMING

AS USUAL. I OFFER

FOR SALE OR TO RENT,

The Famous "Monitor,"

which has had unparalleled success in this region for six years past.

I have also been appointed this year

AGENT FOR THE

"ADAMS & WESTLAKE WIRE GAUZE NON-EXPLOSIVE."

These are two of the most popular Oil Stoves in the market.

The advantages of a first class Oil Stove are convenience, comfort, economy. Try one and keep cool this hot weather.

Orders by mail promptly attended to.

I continue to offer a large line of Spring

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AT VERY LOW PRICES.

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TRICYCLES.

Having taken the agency for Palmer and the surrounding towns of the

POPE MANUFACTURING CO.,

OF BOSTON,

Manufacturers of Bicycles and Tricycles, I would be pleased to show and explain machines to all who are interested in them.

If you are thinking of purchasing a machine for the coming season, write to or call upon me for terms and illustrated catalogue.

Bicycle & Tricycle Parts and Sundries.

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Gent's FURNISHING Goods,

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Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, and Notions. | A full Assortment of PALMER MILL REMNANTS, SEERSUCKERS, DRESS GOODS, CHECKS, &c.

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GROCERIES of all kinds,

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DRUGS AND PATENT MEDICINES,

Among which is the Great

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The best thing out for COUGHS AND COLDS,

AT THE

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Goods as good as the best, and as low as the lowest. 1y16

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Plans and Specifications for all classes of work furnished at short notice, under supervision of G. E. Potter, Architect.

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We are prepared to furnish bill of quantities and estimates for any and all classes of building work.

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We are prepared to name prices on the above articles, or any material used in the construction of buildings, delivered at railroad points.

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We are prepared to make estimates and contracts for the construction of Buildings, Railroads, Dams, Bridges, &c. 1y45

DINNERS IN SPRINGFIELD.—Ladies and families wishing a pleasant place to take dinner while in the city will find the Blackman Dining Rooms, 27 & 29 Vernon St., centrally located, on the first floor, and always free from any noisy or rough element. Polite and competent waiters in attendance. Charges moderate. 37

BLOCKS OF BLANK PAPER,

3 by 5 inches, and containing 200 sheets, very handy for figuring or making memorandums on,

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

PRICE 5 CENTS EACH.

Furniture! 1884. Furniture! 1884.

$25,000 Worth

OF

NEW STOCK FRESH FROM THE MANUFACTURERS IN ALL THE NEW STYLES.

MAHOGANY PARLOR SUITES!
MAHOGANY CHAMBER SETS!
MAHOGANY DINING SETS!

MAHOGANY IS ALL THE RAGE THIS SEASON!

I have purchased a complete stock of all styles, and can furnish a house complete with the latest makes.

BLACK WALNUT PARLOR SUITES!
BLACK WALNUT CHAMBER AND DINING SUITES.

PARLOR SUITES IN THE NEW UPHOLSTERY OF SILK PLUSH, &c.

ASH

CHAMBER AND DINING SETS!
NEAT, TASTEFUL AND AT MODERATE PRICES.

In LAMBREQUINS, CURTAINS AND DRAPERY FURNISHINGS,

I Challenge Competition.

I have the largest stock and greatest variety in the city.

I HAVE BEEN LONGEST IN THE BUSINESS AND HAVE THE LARGEST TRADE IN THESE GOODS.

I have plenty of

PLAIN HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE

FOR SLENDER PURSES.

No young housekeeper can fail to find just what is wanted to complete a well-furnished house at my store.

REMEMBER THE PLACE:

EAST BRIDGE ST.,

The old, reliable and PERMANENT house of

C. E. MANFIELD,

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Pure Paris Green.

PURE PARIS GREEN.

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PURE

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PLANTS AND FLOWERS FOR SALE,

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DRUG AND STATIONERY STORE,

MONSON, MASS. 3

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R. H. EDDY, Esq.—Dear Sir: You procured for me, in 1840, my first patent. Since then you have acted for me and advised me in hundreds of cases, and procured many patents, re-issues and extensions. I have occasionally employed the best agencies in New York, Philadelphia and Washington, but I still give you almost the whole of my business, in your line, and advise others to employ you. Yours truly, GEORGE DRAPER.

Boston, Jan. 1, 1884. 1y41

NEW LONDON NORTHERN R. R.

ON AND AFTER JUNE 2, 1881,

Trains going South leave Palmer 8.30 a. m., 2.10 and 7.10 p. m., for New London, connecting with trains for Mystic, Stonington and Providence—New Haven and New York.

The 7.10 p. m. train connects at New London with steamer for New York, landing at pier 40, North River, making this a desirable route for passengers going South and West.

Going North—Leave Palmer 8.10 a. m., 2.08 and 7.10 p. m. The 8.10 a. m. train connects at Barrett's Junction with train on Athol branch for stations north to Athol; at South Vernon with train for Keene, and at Brattleboro for Montreal. 2.08 p. m. for Amherst, Millers' Falls, Brattleboro, Bellows Falls and White River Junction, and all points north.

C. F. SPAULDING, Supt.

Established 1852. BUY THE BEST!

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READY-MADE PAINTS,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Sample Cards furnished upon application. 6m4

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REFRIGERATORS

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DEALER IN

All kinds of LUMBER and SHINGLES, at retail and wholesale by the car-load. Windows, Doors Blinds and Mouldings. Carpenters' and Joiners Work done to order.

Yard and shop junction of the B. & A. and N. L. N. railroads, west of depot.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. 1y52

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Whitney & Adams,

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BOOKS.—A larger and finer assortment of Holiday Books can be found at the Old Corner Book Store than ever before. Standard and Poetical Works, in the richest bindings, and beautifully illustrated. Juvenile Books, Books of Travel and Adventures, Toy Books for the Youngest.

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Bound in flexible morocco, with Maps and Bible Helper. Prayer Books beautifully bound.

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In new and neat designs. We would call particular attention to our very large and full line of Albums, comprising a variety of sizes, either for Card or Cabinet Photographs.

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GOLD PENS!

We have one case, used exclusively for this line of goods, from the celebrated house of Aiken, Lambert & Co., New York.

The list comprises all nos., long or short nib Gold Pens with silver Extension Cases, Gold Pens, Gold and Ebony Holders, Gold Pens and Ivory Holders, Gold Pens and Slide or Reverse Holders, Gold Telescope Holders, Patent Screw Pencils, Magic Pencils (either Gold or Pearl,) etc., etc. *We offer ok inducements,*

GOOD GOODS. A LARGE ASSORTMENT. LOW PRICES.

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CORNER MAIN AND BRIDGE STREETS

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Remember that this is the largest

AND FINEST GALLERY IN THE CITY.

Appointments all first-class. Also,

LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTMENT OF VELVET FRAMES AND CASES,

To be found in the city!

COME IN. 9tf

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IRON FOUNDRY

And Machine Shop.

AT THE JUNCTION OF B. & A. and N. L. N. RAILROADS, WEST OF DEPOT.

MACHINERY CASTINGS MADE AND GENERAL JOBBING DONE

AT SHORT NOTICE & REASONABLE PRICES.

We are prepared to furnish

SHAFTING, HANGERS AND PULLEYS.

We make the Mott Stove and Kettle, Farmers' Boilers, Boiler Mouths and Ash Mouths, Iron Lamp Posts, Window Weights, Iron Steps, Sewer Grates, Furnace Grates, Stall Collars and Stack Iron.

We keep a good supply of IRON SINKS, PLOWS, and PLOW CASTINGS.

WE PAY CASH FOR OLD IRON. 1yH

THE CELEBRATED

TROTTING STALLION,

MORRILL BOY,

Will make the season of 1884

AT THE

MONSON HOUSE STABLES

For further particulars call on the subscriber.

J. T. STEVENS.

Monson, May 16, 1884. 7tf

THE STALLION HAMBLETONIAN COLT will stand at the farm of John Curley for service for the season of 1884.

Rich deep bay, black points, 15½ hands high; weighs 1050 lbs.; 3 years old.

TERMS TO WARRANT, - - - - - $15.

Mares from a distance will be kept in good pasture at $1 per week, but no responsibilities will be assumed for accidents or escapes.

JOHN CURLEY.

West Brimfield, May 23d, 1884. 2m9

The Palmer Journal.

VOLUME XXXV. PALMER, MASS., FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 18, 1884. NUMBER 16.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY EVENING
—BY—
CHARLES B. FISK.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—Two dollars a year. A discount of 25 cents to those who pay in advance. SIX months, $1.00; three months, 50 cents; single copies, 5 cents.

ADVERTISING RATES.—One inch (or 12 lines of this type solid) one week, $1; each subsequent insertion, 25 cents. One inch one year, $10; One-half inch one week, 75 cents; each additional week, 15 cents. Short advertisements, "Wanted," "To Let," etc., 15 cents per line, *cash;* no charge less than 30 cents. Notices in local column, 25 cents per line. Liberal rates to yearly advertisers.

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[Entered at Post Office as second class matter.]

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ANCHOR OF HOPE LODGE, I. O. G. T. No. 128. Meets Thursday evenings in Allen's Block.

BAKER, C. H., Mason and Contractor. Residence on Maple Street.

BARTON, F. D., dealer in Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, Main Street.

BROWN, S. H., Trucking and Light Jobbing. Headquarters at Smith's store.

CLARK, H. A., dealer in fine Boots and Shoes. Converse House Block.

CLARK & HASTINGS, wholesale and retail Butchers, Thorndike. Slaughter at Whipple's Station.

CROSS, F. W., Dentist, Lawrence Block.

DAVIS, E. L., dealer in Fancy Goods, Yankee Notions, Laces, Hosiery, etc., French's Block.

DAVIS, MRS. E. L., Stamping done. Embroidery Materials for sale. Stitches taught.

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EDGERTON & DAVIS, Iron Foundry and Machine Shop.

FISK, CHAS. B., Publisher PALMER JOURNAL and WARE STANDARD. Steam Job Printer and Bookbinder.

GARDNER, CHAS. L., Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Church Street.

GRAY, H. L., Dining-room and Restaurant, New London Northern Railroad Depot.

HAYNES, J. H., dealer in Ranges, Furnaces, Kitchen Furnishing Goods, etc., Church Street.

HOLDEN, C. L., Dry Goods, Groceries, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, etc., Bondsville.

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LOOMIS BROTHERS, dealers in all kinds of House Furniture, Collins and Burial Caskets.

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MARCY, OSCAR C., Livery and Feed Stable, rear of Converse House.

MILLIGAN, W. R., dealer in Boots, Shoes and Rubbers. Low prices guaranteed.

MOYNAHAN, J. H., Undertaker and dealer in Coffins and Burial Caskets, South Main Street.

MUNGER, H. W., Merchant Tailor and Manufacturer of Custom Clothing, South Main Street.

NASSOWANNO HOUSE, C. P. Stone, Proprietor. Newly furnished, centrally located.

PARK, A. E., dealer in Crockery, Groceries and Provisions, 51 Main Street.

RANDALL, GEO. W., Auctioneer.

ROBINSON & BROOKS, dealers in Hardware, Iron, Steel, Paints, Oils and Glass, Central St.

SAUNDERS, C. L., Harnesses, Whips, Brushes, Combs, and everything pertaining to horse wear.

SHAW, J. B., dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, etc., opposite the depot.

SHUMWAY, CHARLES E., Carriage and Sleigh Manufacturer, Bondsville.

TAFT & KENEFICK, Attorneys at Law. Office in Allen's Block, Church Street.

THOMPSON, JOSEPH, wholesale and retail dealer in Groceries, Crockery, Flour, Feed, etc.

WEEKS HOUSE, by J. W. Weeks, east of the railroad bridge.

WELD & LONGLEY, Central St., dealers in choice Groceries, Crockery, Glass, Stone & Wooden Ware.

WHITMAN, MRS. S., dealer in Fancy Goods, Dress Trimmings, Worsteds, Laces, Corsets etc.

WING, S. & L. D., Brick and Plastering Masons.

WOOD, E. J., Decorative Paper Hanger, dealer in Wall Paper, Crockery, etc., Church Street.

WOOLRICH & CO., manufacturers of Ridge's Food, Thorndike Street.

WARE.

AINSWORTH, D. W., Dentist, over P. H. Sagendorph's Jewelry Store.

BLOOD, C. E., Druggist. The best of goods at low prices.

BULLARD & RUGG, dealers in Meats and Vegetables, Hampshire House Block.

CUTLER, G. K., Bookseller and Stationer, and dealer in Paper Hangings, Musical Instruments and Sheet Music.

DEXTER, A. C., Photographer. Picture Frames to order. Opposite the Hampshire House.

EDDY, the Printer. Job Work of all kinds.

GLEASON, FRANK, Photographer. Frames of any size made to order. Opposite the Bank.

GLEASON, T. C., Harness Maker. Whips, Blankets, etc., North Street. Repairing promptly done.

GREEN, J. B., Dealer in Ranges, Furnaces, House Furnishing Goods, etc., Main Street.

HOSMER, F. N., Clothier. Hats, Caps, Gents' Furnishing Goods, etc., Hampshire House Block.

LATHROP, F. O., dealer in Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

JUDD & SAWTELLE, dealers in Dry Goods, Fancy Goods and Millinery.

McMAHON, P., Marble and Granite Works, West Street. Good work at low prices.

PRENDIVILLE, HARRY, Pianos, Organs, Violins, Sheet Music and General Musical Merchandise.

QUIRK, J. E., M. D., Office, Sagendorph's Block, opposite the Post Office.

RICHARDSON, A. F., dealer in Boots, Shoes and Rubbers of all kinds, Sagendorph's Block.

ROBINSON, JOHN W., Furniture, Hardware, Tools, Fertilizers, Paints, Oils and Glass.

SAGENDORPH, P. H. All kinds American and Swiss watches, etc. Repairing promptly done.

SAVAGE, JAMES F., Attorney at Law, Insurance Agent, Bank Building.

MONSON.

CALKINS & EDSON, Painters, Grainers and Paper Hangers. Shop, Washington Street, Monson.

GROUT, GEO. E., dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc., Towne's Block.

MAHURE BROS., dealers in Fresh Fish, Oysters, and Clams in their season. Green's Block.

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"Don't Give It Away."

From the simplest flowers by the wayside,
Fair Wisdom may cull a bouquet;
A street phrase may oft point a moral;
There's sense in—"Don't Give it Away."

If you hear of a choice bit of scandal,
Be it "spicy" or true as it may,
Don't eagerly hurry to spread it,
Do better—"Don't Give it Away."

When a gossip persistently bores you,
Your fellows or friends to betray,
Be polite as you can, but remember
Be firm, and—"Don't Give it Away."

When a confidence rests in your keeping—
When a friend to your ear doth convey
Some secret he trusts to your honor,
Take care you—"Don't Give it Away."

LITTLE JANET.

Why Janet Dean was called little, I doubt if any one has exactly told. It was not because she was small, for she was quite up to the average height of womanhood. Perhaps it may have been on account of the child-like innocence, which seemed to cling to her, although she had passed her twenty-fifth birthday, and was what is termed an old maid—a something that never seemed to trouble her in the least.

One or two well-to-do farmers of the neighborhood had offered themselves in marriage; but Janet, with a faculty peculiarly her own, managed to dismiss the lovers while retaining the friends. Other thoughts were stirring within her mind. Thoughts of a broader, nobler life, that perhaps might be hers, if she knew how to reach it. Not that she was discontented. She knew she ought to be very happy; and she was; for hers was a sunny nature.

For fifteen years she had dwelt under the old gable-roof farm house, the home of her uncle and aunt, and had been to them as a daughter. They had taken the orphan one not only into their home but into their hearts, and the little Scotch lassie grew up among these simple village folk as pure and as bonnie as the wild flowers that nestled their wee heads in the heather around the mountain home of Janet's early childhood.

She never forgot that home, or the words of the father who was so loving and wise, and taught his "wee bit lassie" as he used often to call Janet, many things far beyond her years.

For some three months Janet had shown unusual interest in the mail, and had even paid frequent visits to the village post-office herself.

It was one of the warmest afternoons they had had that summer that Janet presented herself once more at the little window where the postmaster dealt out the letters, the rest of the store being devoted to jars of lollipops, jaw-breakers, peppermint sticks, castor oil, gingerbread, cookies, pipes, tobacco, etc.

"No-a, I guess theer bean't nothin', Miss Janet," slowly drawled old Mr. Steel, adding more briskly: "Why, yes, theer be. It's from New York, tew. Yer bean't got a bean ont theer, have yer now, Miss Janet? That Sam must ha' took it out when I was over to Bingley's. Miss Janet Dean," continued the old man, as he turned the letter slowly round, eyeing it from all quarters, "that be you an' no mistake. Guess you got a bean after all."

At last, almost reluctantly, the letter was handed to its owner, and old Mr. Steel looked rather disappointed as Janet, with—

"Thank you, Mr. Steel," turned away, the letter still unopened in her hand.

Janet's feet seemed to fly over the ground until safe within the shelter of the woods which skirted the village. There, throwing herself down under the shade of a venerable oak, she hastily broke the seal; as she did so, something fluttered to the ground.

With a little cry of delight, Janet picked it up. It was a ten dollar bill. Ten dollars all her own, and best of all earned by her own hands! and at the thought a ripple of laughter escaped from beneath Janet's pretty teeth. Then bethinking herself of the letter, she opened and read that the editor of *Sprightley's Magazine* was pleased to accept her poem, entitled "Dinna Greet," for which he enclosed ten dollars. Would like to hear from her again, etc.

Over and over again Janet read the words that had brought her so much pleasure. At last one of her poems had been accepted.

When would it be published, she wondered, and how would it look in print? Was its acceptance a mere accidental piece of good luck, like the finding of a coin in the highway, which might never occur again?—or might she indeed hope hereafter to make a living by her pen?

How pretty the woods looked this afternoon, and how cool they were after the hot, dusty road.

Some one else thought so, too, as he turned into their shady depths.

What was that? And Janet started to her feet, as the clear, rich tones of a man's voice was borne toward her, singing the words:

"An ell-lang wee thing then I ran
Wi' the ither neebor bairns,
To pu' the hazel's shining nuts,
An' to wander 'mang the ferns;
An' to feast on the bramble-berries brown
An' gather the glossy slaes
By the burnie's side; an' aye sinsyne
I ha'e loved sweet Orde Braes."

With lips apart and the color coming and going in her cheeks, Janet listened. Back rolled the curtain of the past and she saw again her bairnhood's home as if it were but yesterday.

Nearer and nearer drew the voice, but Janet had forgotten the singer in the words which she was listening to so eagerly.

"Now if I were only an artist," thought the gentleman, as he in rounding a bend came suddenly upon Janet, "what a picture she would make!"

Janet's graceful head was bent slightly forward, while a stray ray of sunshine kissing the fair hair turned it into threads of gold; here and there it had slipped from its fastenings and curled in soft tendrils about neck and brow. A tender, wistful expression was in the deep blue eyes, which changed to a look of surprise as they fell upon the gentleman, while she exclaimed:

"Oh! was that you, sir, singing Orde Braes?"

Raising his hat, the gentleman answered simply:

"Yes; do you know it?"

"Oh, yes. Would you very much mind singing it again?" And Janet's eyes were bent pleadingly upon the stranger this time.

"Not at all." So saying, Robert Graham, leaning carelessly against a tree, sang the poem through from beginning to end. As the last note dropped from his lips, Janet said warmly:

"Thank you, ever so much. I have not heard it since I was a child, and it seemed to take me right back to it all. I am Scotch," she added proudly.

"So am I," quickly responded Mr. Graham.

"Are you? I'm so—" Janet paused, while the color deepened in her cheeks.

"I hope you were not going to say you were sorry," here observed her companion, half smiling, as he glanced down at the sweet face beside him.

"No—I think I am glad. It is nice to meet a countryman, you know," answered Janet frankly.

"So it is, but I don't think I was ever so forcibly struck by it before," said Mr. Graham gravely, continuing with: "Perhaps you could tell me whereabouts the Madison farm is? I have arrived a day earlier than expected, so of course no one was at the depot to meet me."

Raising her clear eyes to his, Janet asked, smiling a little:

"Are you the sick gentleman who is coming to stay at the farm a while?"

"Yes, I have been rather out of sorts, and thought I would try a dose of country air for a bit. I believe I feel better already," and Robert Graham returned Janet's smile with interest, as she said:

"I am Janet Dean, Farmer Madison's niece. If you like, I will show you the way." Which offer was immediately accepted.

As they slowly passed through the wood, Janet talked of her peaceful life among the village folk, and a little of those days of her bairnhood. She saw no reason why she should not talk freely to this gentleman. Was he not to occupy her aunt's best, spare room, and had he not been highly recommended to her uncle, who had no objections to taking a boarder for the summer, provided he was of the right sort?

Mr. Graham had hardly been an inmate of the farm for more than two weeks, before motherly Mrs. Madison informed Janet that:

"It seemed as natrel to see Mr. Graham round as it did old Towser."

And Janet. Her whole soul was attune with new life that had dawned for her. As her deft fingers performed their many duties about the farm house these days, little bursts of song thrilled up for very gladness from out her happy heart.

Her friend—in her heart she always called him that—how good and noble he was, and so talented, yet making so little of it all. And he, this man of the world, who had been flattered and made much of for years, found himself watching Janet with new interest every hour.

It was rest to gaze upon her pure, sweet face, to come in contact with a nature so utterly without guile. The women he had known—ah! well, they had not made him the better.

One evening toward the end of the summer and the last night of Mr. Graham's stay among them, Janet and he stood watching the sunset. Both had been busy with their own thoughts for some minutes, when Mr. Graham broke the silence with:

"Miss Janet, suppose you had once made a mistake which, for a time, only injured yourself, but afterwards threatened to involve another in its meshes, what would you do?"

Lifting her truthful eyes to his, Janet answered, a little puzzled:

"I think I would try to undo it. It would not be right to let it injure another."

"Child!" and Robert Graham's voice grew husky as he added, "but suppose it was impossible to undo the mistake, if he were ever so willing? Don't look so puzzled, little friend. I will make my meaning clearer. Years ago a friend of mine fell in love—that is the stereotyped phrase, is it not?"

There was a bitterness to Robert Graham's tone that Janet had never heard before, which made her glance up quickly; he nothing it hurriedly went on:

"The girl was pretty—and he married her, to learn too late that he had taken unto himself for wife, a vain, frivolous creature, who soon developed into a woman of fashion. A love built on so frail a structure soon died. They lived together as thousands of such couples do, she going her way, he his. The only solace this man had was his pen, which brought him fame, and that which he perhaps cared for less—wealth. No money he thought could undo the mistake he had made. One day there came into this man's life a woman, as pure and innocent as a little child. He had not believed there existed such a one. His faith in woman was weak. To this world and himself this pure nature was as the sparkling bubble of a little brook would be to one parched with thirst. He drank eagerly of the words that fell from her innocent lips and felt refreshed thereby. What might his life have been with such a woman at his side, came the wild thought. He knew his folly and tried to flee from it, but something stronger than himself held him to the spot. Even if he were free, could he ever expect to win the love of such as she? And yet, sometimes he believed she was not wholly indifferent. She knew nothing of him, but somehow he knew that she trusted and believed in him. After a while the idea came to him that he might be able with money to get a separation from his wife, and then—Janet! little Janet! say you were the woman my friend loved. Would you become his wife, if he did this?" As Robert Graham spoke, the pretty flush that had trembled in Janet's cheeks died slowly away and the far-off, wistful look crept into her eyes. Raising them to the pale, earnest face, every mark and line of which was dear to her, she said slowly, as if counting the cost of her words:

"What God has joined together, let no man put asunder."

Bowing his head Robert Graham reverently lifted the little hand that trembled slightly as it touched his and pressed it to his lips with the words:

"I am answered, little Janet, truest and best of womankind. I thank God that I have known thee."

Then he turned and left her. And with him all the brightness of Janet's life seemed to depart, and her heart cried out:

"Robert! my king! how can I live without you?" Yet her own hand had shut out this glory from her life; but she had been right. To do otherwise would have been untrue to him, to herself.

The next day Mr. Graham departed, much to Farmer Madison's and his wife's regret.

To Janet fell the task of picking up the odds and ends that Mr. Graham had left scattered about his room. Something she lifted tenderly from the table and pressed to her lips. It was the veriest stump of a lead pencil, but it had been his, his hands had touched it, making it precious in Janet's eyes.

As she turned to leave the room, a small package attracted Janet's attention. It was addressed to herself. Hastily undoing it, she brought to view a handsomely bound volume of poems, on the first page of which was written in the hand she knew so well:

"For little Janet, from her sincere friend, the author. BERT INGLISS.

He, Mr. Graham, was the famous poet, Bert Ingliss, whose poems she had read with such delight; and he had never told her. Then in crept the thought in spite of herself:

"And he loves me, Janet Dean." How she had shown him her poor little verses and had asked his opinion of them. What rubbish he must have thought them; yet how kindly he had listened and advised her.

The weeks slipped by, and months took their place. Janet grew perhaps a trifle thinner, and the wistful look deepened in her eyes. The song was not so ready to fall from her lips as heretofore, but her simple duties were performed just the same: nothing was slighted.

Her uncle and aunt were very proud of her literary ability, Uncle Madison being heard to remark:

"Well, now, I'm not a bit surprised; a lass that can make bread and pies like our little Janet—and her apple sauce isn't to be beat anyhow—can do almost anything. Anyhow, she came by it natrel enough; her father, my sister Mary's husband was uncommon smart wi' the larnin', I have heern tell."

As a writer, Janet was succeeding beyond her most sanguine expectations. She often wondered if *he* saw her poems, and what he thought of them. She never knew how much of her first success was due to the influence Robert Graham wielded in her behalf.

Another summer was drawing to a close, when one afternoon Janet sought the cool depths of the woods. All day there had been a strange longing upon her to visit the place where she had first met the man who had been so much to her, and was still, despite all. Back her thoughts traveled over the past, as she sat 'neath the shade of the same old oak tree where she had read her first editor's letter.

Was she dreaming or what? A voice was singing Orde Braes.

White as the dress she wore, Janet stood, her hand pressed against her fast-beating heart, gazing with an intense, yearning look in the direction from which the voice came.

Another moment, and Robert Graham slowly emerged from behind the trees. With an exclamation of delight, he hastened toward Janet and took her in his arms. For an instant she rested passively within his embrace, then slowly but firmly, she put him from her.

"Janet, do you know I hoped you would be here, and something whispered to me to sing Orde Braes? Oh, my darling! come to me," and Robert Graham held out his arms entreatingly.

"Don't!" and Janet turned away with an imploring gesture. Her strength was giving way, she feared.

"Don't!" he repeated; "why, Janet, have you forgotten me?"

"No; I never could do that," came the earnest reply.

"Child, there is no reason in the world why you should not come to me, if you love me. You do not understand. *She* is dead. In all honor I can now woo you for my wife. I know that I am many years your elder, but I thought—oh! my darling! was I wrong? For God's sake don't tell me that."

Still Janet did not move; the words "she is dead" kept ringing in her ears. His wife he meant. Somehow she could not quite grasp it at once.

"Janet, I love you so well that if I thought you did not care for me, that the sight of me gave pain to your gentle heart, I would go away, and never trouble you again,"

"Go away!"—the words repeated themselves over and over in Janet's mind. No, she could not bear that now, and one of Janet's little hands was laid detainingly upon Mr. Graham's arm.

Clasping it within his own, he said:

"Shall I stay, Janet?"

Then the love that Janet had held so long in check burst its bounds, and reaching up her arms, she drew her lover's head down upon her breast, exclaiming passionately as his lips sought hers:

"Robert! my king! I love you! I love you!"

Her woman's heart had spoken, and Robert Graham knew that he had found rest at last.

Then, the rich color dyeing her cheeks, Janet loosened her clasp, only to find herself pressed close in her lover's arms. This time she did not resist, but nestled in the safe shelter with a little sigh of contentment.

For a moment neither spoke, when, somewhat shyly, Janet said:

"Do you know I was so frightened when I found out what a famous poet you were! And to think I had let you read my poor little verses!"

Drawing her still closer to him, he answered:

"Do you think there is a line of your poems I do not know by heart, my Janet? And I am proud of you and them."

A happy light sparkled in Janet's eyes at the praise of the man she loved, as he continued with:

"My wife will always let me see her work first, will she not?"

For answer, Janet raised her lips to his, and as he bent to receive the seal of her promise, he murmured caressingly:

"Little Janet! little Janet!"

THE "PLUMED KNIGHT."

For the benefit of the curious we publish the part of Robert G. Ingersoll's speech nominating Mr. Blaine in the Cincinnati convention of 1876, in which the words were first uttered:

Our country, crowded with the vast and marvelous achievements of its first century, asks for a man worthy of the past and prophetic of her future; asks for a man who has the audacity of genius; asks for a man who is the grandest combination of heart, conscience and brain beneath the flag. That man is James G. Blaine. For the Republican host led by this intrepid man there can be no such thing as defeat. This is a grand year—a year filled with the recollection of the Revolution, filled with proud and tender memories of the sacred past; filled with the legends of liberty—a year in which the sons of freedom will drink from the fountain of enthusiasm, a year in which the people call for a man who has preserved in Congress what our soldiers won upon the field; a year in which we call for the man who has torn from the throat of treason the tongue of slander; a man that has snatched the mask of democracy from the hideous face of rebellion; a man who, like an intellectual athlete, stood in the arena of debate, challenged all comers, and who up to the present moment is a total stranger to defeat. Like an armed warrior, like a plumed knight, James G. Blaine marched down the halls of the American Congress and threw his shining lance full and fair against the brazen forehead of every defamer of this country and maligner of its honor. For the Republican party to desert that gallant man now is as though an army should desert their general upon the field of battle. James G. Blaine is now and has been for years the bearer of the sacred standard of the Republic. I call it sacred because no human being can stand beneath its folds without becoming and without remaining free.

Gentlemen of the convention, in the name of the Great Republic, the only republic that ever existed upon this earth; and in the name of all her defenders and of all her supporters; in the name of all her soldiers living; in the name of all her soldiers who have died upon the field of battle, and in the name of those that perished in the skeleton clutches of famine at Andersonville and Libby, whose suffering he so eloquently remembers, Illinois nominates for the next President of this country that prince of parliamentarians, that leader of leaders, James G. Blaine.

HEALTH RULES.

A great deal is written about the laws of hygiene nowadays, but here are a few simple rules for keeping healthy that contain more substance than a volume of learned advice:

Never begin a dinner with pie.

Never sleep in your overshoes.

Never ride a thin horse bareback.

Never walk fifteen miles before breakfast.

Never carry a barrel of potatoes on your head.

Never put your feet in the fire to warm them.

Never swallow your food before you chew it.

Never jump out of the window for a short-cut.

Never drink more than you can carry comfortably.

Never give a tramp your summer clothing in the winter.

Never jump more than two feet to catch a ferry boat.

Never leave the gas turned on when you retire at night.

Never sit by a red-hot stove with a sealskin cap or ulster on.

Never thrust your knife more than half-way down your throat.

Never kick an infuriated bull-dog when you have slippers on.

Never let your clothes dry on you when you are caught in the rain.

Never walk into a parlor at a reception and put your feet on a mantelpiece. It will cause the blood to rush to your head.

They were sitting in a front parlor, and he observed that he really ought to go, as it was getting quite late. "No, wait a few minutes longer," she pleaded; "I want you to see the funny little man that brings around the morning papers." He passes the house now without looking up at the windows.

"My daughter ought to have some aim in life," said a Burlington farmer to his thoughtless sixteen-years-old. "Oh, I am going to, papa," was the enthusiastic reply. "I have got my beau already!"

A great waste of effort—The child that cries for an hour never gets it.

A Common History.

"It is time to be born," God said, and there came
Into the world, without a name,
A mortal of duy frame.

"It is time to think, to look, and to grow;
To waken and walk, fair babe of snow,"
Said a grandma, soft and low.

"It is time to lean on a tender breast,
Little one, in thy dream-robes drest,"
Said a mother; "come and rest."

"It is time to study, and cease to play,"
Said the father grave to the boy one day,
"If thou wouldst be wise when gray."

"It is time to struggle for manly place;
To enter the list for the great life race,"
Said a youth with a sunny face.

"It is time to sin!" 'Twas a demon thought,
Sinister—dark—with danger fraught,
But it haply came to naught.

"It is time to love," said a lover bold,
As he kissed sweet lips of a melting mold.
And rehearsed the "story old."

"It is time for joy," with an air of pride,
Said a bridegroom fond, "I have won a bride
To be ever at my side."

"It is time to toil for daily bread,
For a wife and family must be fed,"
By a busy man was said.

"It is time to part," said the children grown,
"Sons and daughters need homes of their own;
Farewell!" and the birds had flown.

"It is time to be lonely, the house is still,"
Said a care-scarred couple, "it seemeth ill!"
And they wept against their will.

"It is time to mourn; it has come to pass,"
Said a quivering voice, "that beneath the grass,
I must hide my love, alas!"

"There's a time to die," so the preacher saith,
"And I gently call thee now," said Death,
As he stilled an old man's breath.

—*Cleveland Leader.*

HE SAW HIMSELF.

We wish that every intemperate, unworthy father could see himself represented exactly as his wife and children see him. The habit of drink is rarely so dominant, even in the worst man, that he could resist such a vision, once set before him—and most of the vices bad people indulge in are due to their self-blindness, which prevents wholesome shame. How it affects a transgressor to have his eyes opened is told in this vivid passage from a drunkard's experience. Such incidents have been the turning point in the fortunes of more than one family:

"You must excuse me gentlemen, for I cannot drink anything," said a man who was known to the entire town as a drunkard.

"That is the first time you ever refused a drink," said an acquaintance. "The other day you was hustling around after a cocktail, and in fact you even asked me to set 'em up."

"That's very true, but I am a different man now."

"Preachers had a hold of you?"

"No, sir; no one has said anything to me."

"Well, what has caused the change?"

"I'll tell you. After leaving you the other day, I kept on hustling after a cocktail, as you term it, until I met a party of friends. When I left them I was about half drunk. To a man of my temperament a half drunk is a miserable condition, for the desire for more is so strong that he forgets his self respect in his effort to get more drink. I remembered that there was a half pint of whiskey at home which had been purchased for medicinal purposes.

"Just before reaching the gate I heard voices in the garden and looking over the fence I saw my little son and daughter playing.

"'No, you be ma,' said the boy, 'and I'll be pa. Now you sit here an' I'll come in drunk. Wait now till I fill my bottle.'

"He took a bottle, ran away, and filled it with water. Pretty soon he returned and entering the play-house nodded idiotically at the girl and sat down without saying anything. Then the girl looked up from her work and said:

"'James, why will you do this way?'

"'Whizzer way?' he replied.

"'Gettin' drunk.'

"'Who's drunk?'

"'You are, an' you promised when the baby died that you wouldn't drink any more. The children are almost ragged, an' we haven't anything to eat, hardly, but you still throw your money away. Don't you know you are breaking my heart?'

"I hurried away. The acting was too life-like. I could think of nothing during the day but those little children playing in the garden, and I vowed I would never take another drink, and I will not, so help me God."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

BURDETTE'S ROMANCE

Carrie Burdette, wife of Robbert J. Burdette, died at Ardmore, Pa. recently. She was an invalid from her marriage, and the great humorist cared for her as you would a babe, giving her every possible comfort. Mrs. Burdette was the daughter of Auren Garrett of Peoria, and was married to Burdette some fifteen years ago. Her father was opposed to Bob, and he made the course of true love of the young couple anything but smooth. Bob was a clerk in the post office at that time, and Carrie was a beautiful young lady, but with a will of her own that more than matched that of her father.

One day the old man ordered her to discard Bob. She refused, and a violent altercation ensued. Carrie had an undefined trouble with her heart that this precipitated. She was stricken down with a spasm. They sent for Bob, and he found her pale and lifeless on the sofa. Here she managed to express a wish that they might be married before she died, and a clergyman was sent for. The marriage of the great humorist was celebrated amid tears and sighs, the orange blossoms absent, and only the pallor of the dying face looking out from the heap of pillows. Strange to say, she immediately began to recover, and she soon regained her former strength. With it, however, was an unaccountable malady.

"Of what did you say they convicted the doctor?" "Well, I don't know exactly, but I suppose it was purgery."

THE MAN ON THE FENCE.

A stubby chunk of a boy was ploughing in a field a few days ago. The sun was blistering hot. A lean man sat on the fence, in the shade of a maple tree, looking at the boy. His trousers were in his boots, and his chip hat was turned up behind.

"That must be hot and tiresome work," said a man passing by, referring to the ploughing.

"Yes," and the man, "but the boy don't know it. They're all alike, for that matter."

"Who are all alike?"

"Farm hands," said the man on the fence. "And it's a good thing for the farmer that they are all alike."

The man watched the ploughboy as he jerked the heavy plough around at the end of the furrow, and started back across the field to make another one.

"It's a good thing, I tell you," the man went on; "it's a good thing for the independent farmer that his hired help has never got into the habit of stopping to think."

"Ah! How's that?"

"How's that?" replied the man on the fence. "It's something like this: Take that boy, for instance. He'll answer for 'em all. He left a farmer, by the way, that he was working for last week, because the farmer asked him to walk five miles to do an errand. The boy said he wouldn't work for any man that wanted him to do the work that'd tire out a horse. So he came to work for the man who owns this farm. Now, for instance, he went to work ploughing in that field early this morning. By to-night at six, if the harness holds out and the plough don't break, he'll have close on to an acre and a half of ground turned over. Yes, just about, for he's cutting a nine-inch furrow slice.

"Well, now, he's working along there like a machine, and just as like as not is wondering how any man could be so hard on a boy as to ask him to walk five miles on a hot summer day. Now, suppose he should by some sudden inspiration look back over the space of ground he has ploughed, and should stop to think a minute. And then suppose he got to counting those furrows, and then to pacing out the length of 'em. What would he learn? Why he'd learn that each one of those furrows was 210 feet long, and that before he got his day's work done he would have to go back and forth across that field 420 times. When the fact had worked its way in under his hat, suppose he should be moved to pick up a flat stone and do a little ciphering on it, admitting that he knows how to cipher, for the sake of the argument. Then what would he find? He would set before him in figures that won't lie the rather astounding fact that, in slouching along after the plough across the field those 420 times, he would walk about as near to sixteen miles and a half as the multiplication and division could bring it, with the sun cutting into him for all it was worth, just like it's doing now, to say nothing of the wear and tear on his lungs howling at the horses, as you hear him now, and the not altogether moderate exercise he gets by working that plough around 840 separate and distinct times.

"Now, then, if he should by any miracle be led to unravel the mystery of a real honest day's ploughing, as above, do you suppose that when he quit work at night he'd jog along home as chipper as a cricket, put up and care for his horses, milk half a dozen cows and do a lot of other chores about the house, all for $5 a month and board, and go to bed feeling thankful that he had such a nice, easy place, and wasn't working for a man who expected him to walk five miles in the blazing sun? Do you suppose he would? Not much, he wouldn't. Not much.

"Consequently, I say that's a good thing for the independent farmer that his hired help haven't the habit of stopping to think. If they had, their number would have to be doubled, and wages would go up. It's funny that someone don't give the hired help a hint or two, ain't it? I'm sure that boy yonder would be thankful for a little figuring on his ease."

The man on the fence took off his hat and fanned himself, and looked sorry for the boy.

"Why don't you quietly give him the tip on it yourself?" was asked.

The man on the fence put on his hat and felt for his tobacco box.

"Well," said he, "to be consistent, I can't. I'm the independent farmer he's working for."—*Terre Haute Mail.*

BOSTON ENGLISH.

Boston maid—No, my paternal progenitor is not in.

Caller—I am one of the depositors in his bank, which I find has suspended payment. Can you tell where your father is?

Boston maid—The authorities became cognizant of considerable rehypothecation on his part and conveyed him to a protoplasm.

Caller—A what?

Boston maid—A protoplasm.

Caller—What in the name of Webster is that?

Boston maid—If you will glance at Worcester you will find that protoplasm signifies a cell.—*Phila. Call.*

Yes, my son, you look very funny with your head sandpapered. You look just like a monkey, which is very funny. No, I was not going to say that you knew just about as much as you look. Because I don't think you do, son; oh, no, I don't think you do. Not just yet.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A Michigan man has trained his cat to visit a grocery and steal mackerel for him. And yet writers on natural history claim that Michigan men have no intelligence.

If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.—*Longfellow.*

The Journal.

FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 18, 1884.

WALTHAM has voted to accept its city charter, and Brother Barry of the *Record* is just boiling over with delight at the prospect of aldermanic honors.

GEN. BUTLER was approached by a Washington reporter, a day or two ago, but gently declined to be interviewed by any "d—d infernal reporter" as to his political position or intentions.

THE census of 1880 is not yet completed, and has already cost, probably, nearly double the $2,000,000 first appropriated for the work. It is a "big thing"—indeed, quite too big, it would seem.

BOSTON had a big Republican rally Tuesday evening, with Gov. Robinson, Senators Dawes and Hoar, Congressman Long and others for speakers. New York also had a rally the same evening. This will do for the cities, but it is altogether too early in the campaign for the country at large to "enthuse" much.

GEN. BUTLER went to Chicago in the flush of conscious strength, prepared to scoop in the whole convention; but he got scooped himself, instead. He didn't venture even to have his name presented as a candidate, and he came home with the boots of the whole convention close behind him. Poor, deluded, delightful old man!

GOV. ROBINSON has displayed his usual good judgment in naming the members of the civil service commission created by the last Legislature, having nominated Robert R. Bishop of Newton, the Republican nominee for governor in 1882, James M. Bugbee of Boston, Independent, and Charles Theodore Russell, Jr., of Cambridge, Democrat. All have been identified for years with the work of reform in the civil service.

THERE are charges of jobbery in the ballot-box law passed by the last Legislature, the law being so worded that the state authorities could accept but one box, the Standard, that being the only one of the designated pattern made. These boxes cost $50 apiece, while it is claimed that others exactly as good could have been bought for $20 each. The boxes will cost $35,000, and if there is a cat under the meal we hope it may brought to the light.

JOHN C. EXO, the defaulting New York bank president who skipped over the line several weeks ago and was arrested just as he was about to sail for England, has been set at liberty, the Quebec judge deciding that his extradition is not warranted by the Canadian laws. It is high time that our extradition treaty with Great Britain was amended, so that such large fish cannot slip through its meshes so easily. The Canadian border is too conveniently near for these rascals.

These records are annoying things to have around, sometimes. Take, for instance, the case of Henry Cabot Lodge, chairman of the Republican state committee. Four years ago he was a delegate to the national convention, and stood out resolutely against earnest attempts to bring him to Blaine's support, because he believed him to be "a dishonest and corrupt man." This year he supports Mr. Blaine, but has not given any public explanation of his change in views. Is it because of the loaves and fishes?

GROVER CLEVELAND'S nomination was brought about in spite of the desperate opposition of Boss Kelly, Butler, and the Democratic party. This speaks volumes in his favor. He has not acquired a national reputation, to be sure. Neither had Lincoln. But Gov. Cleveland has proved a faithful and conscientious public servant in the positions he has occupied thus far, and we gladly acknowledge that the Democrats have a most worthy candidate. We wish we could say as honestly that the candidate has a worthy party behind him.

THE Democratic national convention, after its nomination of Grover Cleveland for president, last Friday afternoon, completed its work quickly in the evening by unanimously nominating Thomas A. Hendricks of Indiana, for vice president. Hendricks was on the "old ticket" with Tilden in 1876, and his claims to the honor were presented so successfully that all the other candidates withdrew in his favor. His nomination does not give malloyed joy in his own state, however, the friends of McDonald, who wanted the second place, feeling very sore over what they consider Hendrick's treachery.

IN his speech in the recent Republican national convention, George William Curtis described the Democratic party in these pointed words:

> We are confronted with the Democratic party, very hungry, and, as you may believe, very thirsty; a party without a single definite principle; a party without any distinct National policy which it dares to present to the country; a party which fell from power as a conspiracy against human rights, and now attempts to sneak back to power as a conspiracy for plunder and spoils.

Mr. Curtis does not like the party, but admires its candidates. A good many Republicans would favor the candidates if it were not for the party behind them.

THE Pennsylvania Independent Republicans who bolted the Republican state ticket two years ago and elected a Democratic governor, have issued an address to the Independent Republicans of Massachusetts, New York and other states. It is signed by all the members of the Independent Republican state committee and all the prominent Independents of the state. They appeal for support for Blaine. They say that the greatest wrong complained of in the past was machine rule. By the overthrow of the unit rule and the establishment of district representation it was possible to hold a national convention that was representative in the true sense. This was largely due to the Independents. "Blaine," they say, "was the choice of the masses. To oppose his election would then seem to be an attack upon the result of Independent work. It would seem to be an acceptance of the theory against which we have been contending, that the few are more entitled to consideration than the many." They think that civil service reform has more to hope for from the Republican party than from the Democrats.

THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER.

Now the city people taketh a vacation into the country, boardeth as long as possible with their farmer relatives, and in the winter the countryman returneth the compliment and visiteth his city cousins, and vieweth the elephant in the metropolis.

Jay Gould's household expenses are said to be $50,000 per annum, while August Belmont expends $100,000 in that line, Vanderbilt $250,000 and the editor of the JOURNAL—but we won't say it, though if it were not for the plaguey assessors getting hold of it we would waive our modesty and reveal our princely outlay, forever silencing these so-called millionaires who are parading their petty expenses before the public.

We hope our exchanges will generously refrain from "taking us up" for locating Augusta on the banks of the Penobscot, in our account of the press excursion. The fact is, we had been laboring with some of Maine's musical names, and after getting safely around those lovely sheets of water, the Cupsuptic, Mollychunkamunk, Welokennebacook, Mooselucmaguntic, and Wallahgosmeganook lakes, we couldn't perceive any difference worth mentioning between two such simple names as Penobscot and Kennebec.

It is said that the state of Maine was never so badly pun-ished as it was during the recent visit of Sylvester, of the Middleboro *News*. He news all about it and couldn't Ryder along for five minutes at a time without Eddyfying the party with some barberous joke.—*Waltham Record.*

Oh, now, for-Barry bit, and don't be too hard on the young man. He nose all about it, of course, for they were a well-red couple, and if he t-Ryder pun now and then we don't blame him, especially as there was only one Salem tunnel on the whole route where those other little smacking jokes could be perpetrated.

We have known of newspaper editors before now who have made puerile and silly flings at the Massachusetts Press Association on the occasion of its annual excursions, because the members saw fit, in their reports of the same, to say a good word for hotels, railroads, etc., on their route. We have also known such to finally go on one of these excursions themselves, and in their report gush a gallon in the way of "free puffs" for hotels, railroads, etc., etc., while those who recall their previous virtuous protestations against "deadhead puffery" stand around and giggle.—*Milford Journal.*

Who is it, Brother Cook?

A boy who did not know the nature of the weapon he was handling, pulled the trigger of a self-cocking revolver in A. A. Mann's show case the other day. As was to be expected the pistol went off. The bullet broke the glass in the show case and went out through the front window, but fortunately struck no one.—*Easthampton News.*

When the proprietor of a store gets so that he keeps firearms which are on exhibition in his show case loaded, and allows them to be handled promiscuously by boys, there is a place at Northampton waiting for him, and the sooner he occupies it the better. He is worse than the didn't-know-it-was-loaded fool.

THE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES.

GROVER CLEVELAND.

The Democratic candidate for president, Grover Cleveland, was born March 18th, 1837, at Caldwell, N. J. His father was a native of Norwich, Conn., and a Congregational minister first ordained and settled at Haddam. He died in 1852. His mother was Miss Neal of Baltimore, and she died in 1882, after the nomination of her son for governor of New York and before his election. Grover Cleveland's education was not extended. He attended an academy at Clinton, N. Y., then taught school for a time, studied law, and entered law practice at Buffalo in 1859. In 1862 he was appointed assistant district attorney, and in 1875 was defeated as a Democratic candidate for district attorney. In 1870 he was elected sheriff, which position he held for three years and then resumed his law practice. In 1881 he was elected on a citizen's ticket mayor of Buffalo, and in this capacity did excellent service and succeeded in overthrowing a corrupt ring that had control of the city. His success in this position marked him as a suitable candidate for governor of New York. He received the nomination at a time when the Republicans were divided and fighting among themselves, and was elected by nearly 200,000 majority. It was a "tidal wave" which swept him into office, for he was hardly known out of his own county. Since January, 1883, Cleveland has been governor of New York, and has made a clean and very creditable record.

THOMAS A. HENDRICKS.

Thomas A. Hendricks, the Democratic candidate for vice president, was born in Muskingum county, Ohio, Sept. 7th, 1819, graduated at a small Indiana college, studied law and became a successful practitioner, served in the Indiana Legislature and in the Thirty-second and Thirty-third Congresses, and in the United States Senate from 1863 to 1866. During the war he was an Indiana copperhead, and did what he could to oppose and embarrass the Lincoln administration in the conduct of the war. During the reconstruction period he declared that it was the Democratic doctrine that this should be a white man's government. On the currency question Mr. Hendricks was a pronounced inflationist, and he was nominated for vice president in 1876 to please the soft money men. Mr. Hendricks has a wife but no children, and Mrs. Hendricks is no less devoted to her husband's political fortunes than is Mrs. Logan to those of her husband. He is a member of the Episcopal church at Indianapolis.

THE joyful news was received, yesterday, that Lieut. Greeley, commander of the last polar expedition, had been rescued by the relief expedition recently sent out from New York, with six of his companions: but seventeen of the party had died of starvation, one was drowned and one died after the rescue from the amputation of both hands and feet, made necessary by frost bites. The survivors were found at 9 p. m., June 22, in Smith's Sound, five miles from Cape Sabine, where they had been in camp since the 21st of last October. Upon the arrival of the rescuers all the survivors were on the brink of death from hunger, having been forced for some time to subsist on the boiled shreds of their sealskin clothing and the scanty lichen and minute shrimps native to the locality. The meeting of the survivors and their rescuers was most pathetic. The weak, emaciated men who had watched one after another of their companions succumb to death, and who saw at the most only a few more hours of life before them, when, at last, the longed-for faces of their kind were seen, fell to weeping like little children, and so frantically embraced Commander Schley and his men that it was at first believed that they had been crazed by their sufferings.

The Amherst students who created such a disturbance on the morning of June 29th, were brought before the district court on Wednesday and fined $10 and costs each for the riot, and $1 and costs each for drunkenness.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Children's Shoes for 40 cents a pair at Childs' Boston Shoe Store in Palmer.

It will pay the Palmer shoe dealers to buy more goods at Childs' Boston Branch Shoe store.

Great clearing-out and discount sale of boots and shoes at Milligan's. For 30 days we will offer goods at unheard of prices. During this sale, in order to reduce our large stock, you will find blacking 2c., children's shoes 7c., ladies' slippers 11c., ladies' shoes 50c., boys' shoes 49c., 61c. and 75c., men's shoes 74c., $1 and $1.17. Call early for best bargains at Milligan's.

PALMER AND VICINITY.

F. L. Brooks spent last Sunday at Block Island.

The loose stones have been removed from Main street this week.

Miss Maud Madison of Cleveland, O., is visiting relatives in town.

Miss Martha Hurlburt of Springfield is the guest of Miss Ellie Shaw.

D. F. Holden has the frame up for his new house on West Main street.

The Congregational Sunday school are contemplating a picnic for the near future.

When will the campaign flag be flung to the breeze? Or shall Palmer go without one?

Miss Edith Bradshaw of Norwich, Ct., has been the guest of Miss Rose Potter this week.

Prof. Gill of Wilbraham will preach at the Methodist church next Sunday at 1 o'clock p. m.

Wallie Potter and Norman Chandler are camping out for a couple of weeks at Newell's Pond.

S. S. Taft and wife and Dr. W. H. Stowe have gone on the Raymond excursion to the White Mountains.

As long as this kind of weather continues no one need go to the seashore for fresh air and cooler weather.

The Congregational society netted about $10 from the sale of ice cream at its social last Friday evening.

It is said that the Boston & Albany road is soon to put the Mann bondoir cars upon its New York trains again.

St. Paul's parish attends a picnic at State Line pond next Thursday, as the guests of the Monson Universalist society.

Rufus Taplin lost the end of a finger in a picket sharpener at the factory of the Betts Fencing Co. a few days ago.

The ladies of the Universalist society held a pleasant social at the church parlors Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Dr. G. H. Wilkins has returned from a vacation trip of a week. Dr. J. P. Rand of Monson has attended to his patients in his absence.

Those who wish to attend the Spiritualist camp-meeting at Niantic, Ct., can get round trip tickets, good until September 15th, for $2.30.

The track on the agricultural grounds has been put in excellent condition this week, and owners of steppers are invited to speed their horses thereon as much as they please.

Woolrich & Co., are manufacturing 2000 tin spoons per day, with an advertisement of Ridge's Food on the handle, and scattering them broadcast throughout the country.

The children at the State Primary School were all down to see the circus parade Tuesday forenoon, and enjoyed it immensely. In the afternoon some fifty of them were taken to see the show, which event will long be remembered by them.

The annual readjustment of the salaries of postmasters of first, second and third class offices has been completed, based upon the gross receipts of the offices for the past year, and Postmaster Knox of this office has his salary increased $100.

Those scholars who failed to pass the recent examination for admission to the high school, will be given another trial on August 23d. The average necessary for promotion is 50 in each branch, and those who do not reach this figure cannot enter the school.

The engine which has been pulling the modoc between Springfield and Boston, broke down the other day, after having run 375 consecutive trips, seven days in a week, or 75,000 miles, and has gone into the shop for a few repairs, but will soon be on the road again.

Although laboring under the disadvantage of being issued only once in seven days, the weekly paper is not always behind-hand in noting the important events of the day. We gave our readers the result of both Chicago conventions before the daily papers were out.

W. H. Hellyar, James Fenton, and one or two more of the "boys" have gone to Newell's pond this week for a couple of weeks of camp life. They intend to hold a grand reception next Wednesday, with a clam bake, clam chowder, etc., and a display of fireworks in the evening.

A late law prohibits the maintainance of a barbed wire fence along any public sidewalk under penalty of $20 to $50. We do not know of any immediately in the village, but hope it will be attended to if there should be. It is the most wicked and barberous fence ever invented. No joke attempted.

The circus has come and gone. As a whole it was not a very "heavy" show, though some features were good. The riders labored under the disadvantage of having to ride horses comparatvely new to the business, as the best trained ones were burned in a car a short time ago. Only a small audience was present in the afternoon but in the evening the tent was full.

John S. Bogan of Monson was before the district court on Monday, charged with illegal liquor keeping. He was fined $50 and costs which were paid. Thomas Costello was also fined the same sum for a like offense and appealed. Yesterday Thomas Callahan was up on the same old complaint—drunkenness. A fine of $1 and costs was paid and he was discharged.

A balky horse generally has things pretty much his own way, and those who are riding usually have to wait his pleasure, be the time short or long. A party of picnicers found this out last Wednesday, when on the return trip, having stopped to pick some ferns, they were obliged to picnic for some time in the middle of the road, until the horse took it into his head to go on.

The railroad boys are having considerable fun just at present at the expense of a freight house clerk. A young lady left the depot a few days since and started for Main street via the Commercial street path, and in his eagerness to overtake her on the way he made a misstep and went down the railroad banking in a very unceremonious manner. He says he will go a little slower next time, and save a tumble.

Two of our local shoe dealers got up a run on blacking last Monday. One started it at five cents a box, whereupon the other marked his at four. No. 1 then came down to one, and No. 2 to two cents. No. 2 sent out and bought a lot of the other house for one cent, and after a time, when No. 1's supply had run out, sold some of it back again for two cents. There's nothing like a little competition once in a while.

In the rush and hurry occasioned by going to press a day earlier than usual, and the extra work connected therewith, a laughable mistake occurred in our columns, in the issue of July 4th, occasioned by the last two lines of one item becoming misplaced and attached to the foot of a probate court item, causing it to read: "License was given to sell real estate of Lemuel R. Moore, late of Palmer; our citizens can fully appreciate the poor man's feelings."

We claim for Palmer the champion liar on the hen question. He tackled us yesterday on the subject, and this is what he had to offer: "Got couple hens my house. Most cur'us hens y' ever see. Tell y' 'bout 'em. Put this in paper, now. White Leghorns, both on 'em. Mighty cur'us hens. Lay dozen eggs a week apiece. Won't lay Sundays. No, sir. Not one. Mighty cur'us hens." When you beat the Judge much on a story you have got to be around early in the morning.

It would seem that O'Brien's circus is attended by a gang of swindlers who carry on their business at all times and places. At Stafford, Monday, a man was swindled out of about $30, and an attempt was made to beat an Amherst man at that place Wednesday, by a game of chance. At this place on Tuesday evening no doubt the same game was prevented by a JOURNAL reporter. He saw two men apparently endeavoring to work some racket on a third, and watched them closely. Finding themselves observed, they at once made themselves scarce, and could not be found when an officer's attention was called to the matter.

A POINTER OR TWO.

Much of the talk about the fence enclosing the depot and grounds has died out, but there is some left yet. Those who look at the matter in a sensible way have very little to say about it, being content to wait for developments, but those who do not know what they want or what they are talking about, stand around on the street corners and call the railroad corporation all the hard names they can think of, and do all they can to make themselves and others as uncomfortable as possible. It is needless to say that these individuals all belong to the class which does little traveling, and has the fewest calls to get on the depot side of the fence. All their talk only makes the thing worse. One of the "powers that be" in this matter has said that if it were not for this "street corner" talk our citizens would have had a passageway to the depot by this time, but that the road does not propose to be dictated to in this matter nor bullied into it. The depot was not built merely for an ornament, to be looked on from afar, but for the use of the public, and the corporation has endeavored to make the approaches free from danger to human life. When the surroundings of the depot are fully completed and arranged as they are to remain permanently, a safe way will doubtless be provided whereby foot passengers from the west end of the town can reach it without going around by the Weeks House, as the Boston & Albany road aims to accommodate, and not inconvenience its patrons. Those who look at the matter fairly understand this, and wait patiently, while the habitual growlers keep up a storm of abuse, and only delay the granting of that which affects themselves the least of all.

THORNDIKE.

The stock of groceries of George D. Keith is being disposed of at auction.

THREE RIVERS.

L. S. Rogers is soon to start a weekly paper at North Adams, and promises a Sunday edition.

BONDSVILLE.

The tie game between the Enfields and Reserves will be played off Saturday on the latter's grounds.

The next lawn party will be held with Mrs. F. A. Packard next Wednesday afternoon and evening.

WILBRAHAM.

Dr. Foster will start August 11th on his Western trip.

Rev. M. S. Howard exchanged pulpits with Rev. Mr. Mansfield last Sabbath.

Johnson, the liquor dealer who had several appealed cases to come before the September court at Springfield, has left town.

Work on the foundation for the new dam between Wilbraham and Ludlow on the Chicopee river has been delayed on account of the high water.

The brown stone quarries recently opened on the farm of Cornelius White are doing well, several car-loads of the stone being taken out each week.

BRIMFIELD.

John F. Converse and George A. Webster left on Saturday for a few days sojourn at Bullock's Point, R. I.

John O. Sherman and family of New York arrived on Wednesday for a short visit to his brother, E. T. Sherman.

The farmers are all busy securing their hay crop, which, owing to the late copious rains, is much better than hoped for a few weeks ago, but is still far below the usual average.

Rev. Charles H. Eaton, formerly of Palmer, now pastor of the Fourth Universalist church, New York City, preached for Rev. W. H. Pierce at the town hall on Sunday evening to a full house. Mr. Eaton and family, who have been guests of his parishioner, E. T. Sherman, for a few days, left on Tuesday.

PALMER CENTER.

Mr. Greenleaf took two state paupers to Tewksbury last week.

The residence of Samuel Brown has been treated to a fresh coat of paint the past week.

Mrs. J. B. Naylor is entertaining quite a number of summer boarders at her residence.

Mrs. Bacon has returned home from Boston where she has been visiting the past few weeks.

Mr. Greenleaf while taking out the knives from his mowing machine, accidentally caught one of his fingers, cutting it quite badly.

The standing grass, rye and also the farming tools upon the estate of the late Lemuel Moore, were sold at auction last week Thursday.

WEST WARREN.

Buxton's new building is rapidly progressing toward completion under the supervision of an able architect.

Marcus M. Hennebry has added largely to his drug stock, and appears to confine himself strictly to articles in said line.

E. Peltier has commenced the underground preparations for a commodious dwelling which he intends to have completed and ready for use by November.

What might have been a fatal accident happened to S. R. Collins Thursday morning. In driving down Water street his horse ran and in his attempt to stop the animal the bit gave out, and but for the timely appearance of a clerk in Herbert Loisell's establishment, who succeeded in turning the runaway against the railing in front of Benway's block, Mr. Collins would no doubt have been seriously injured.

WALES.

The hay crop is proving much better than was even hoped for two weeks ago.

There was a sociable at the vestry of the Methodist church Wednesday evening.

A few days since one of our retired millionaires together with a prominent business man decided to angle for the speckled beauties. The millionaire found a place that looked decidedly trouty, but in order to secure the best position it seemed necessary to reach a large stone in mid stream. He landed on the stone when his lower extremities disappeared beneath the surface. He called loudly for help and the business man hearing his cries, hastened to his assistance. But in crossing a stone wall he fell and received a compound fracture of the knee which caused him to faint. On regaining consciousness he crawled to the bank of the stream and found his companion digging sand out of his rubber boots. Moral—Never trust to stones in mid stream, nor old stone walls in a time of emergency.

BELCHERTOWN.

Malcolm Bridgman is home for his summer vacation.

Charles Southwick has taken a position with J. R. Gould.

Rev. Mr. Hastings is spending his vacation at Sullield, Ct.

The new library building is to be finished by December 1st, 1885.

Miss Sarah Alden is visiting friends in Framingham and Boston.

As no purchaser appeared, the "Lawrence place" was not sold at auction last Saturday.

Mrs. Dr. Minturn, son and daughter, have arrived at the Belcher House for the summer season.

Mrs. Emily W. Hall, wife of Rev. Benj. T. Hall, returned to her home in Newcastle, N. Y., last Thursday.

A large elm tree in the yard of Edwin Smith was struck by lightning during the storm a week ago Thursday.

Dwight Walker caught a pickerel in what is known as Root's Pond weighing four pounds and three ounces. Who can beat this?

Rev. S. G. Hastings has gone to his home in West Suffield, Conn., for a three-weeks' vacation. Rev. Mr. Joy of Three Rivers supplied last Sunday.

MONSON.

J. L. Shaw and wife are away for a two-weeks' vacation.

Postmaster Norcross has his salary reduced $100 by the recent readjustment.

The Sunday school of the M. E. church are preparing for a picnic in the near future.

Rev. Albert Hammatt will preach in Central Hall next Sunday morning, followed by communion.

Next Sunday at 5 p. m. there will be preaching at the Munn school house by Rev. Alex. Dight.

There will be preaching in the M. E. church next Sunday morning and evening by the pastor. Morning subject:—"Assurance."

She said she was not afraid of being poisoned and he took the hint and went directly to Barton's block when Squire gives a good square lot of ice cream to a lot of grateful customers.

The proposed excursion of the Spare Minute Course to Wilbraham mountain Monday evening, was given up at the last moment. The next meeting of the circle will be next Monday evening.

The Universalist Sunday school observes its annual picnic at Evergreen Park next Thursday. Cars leave Monson at 8.30, stopping directly opposite the grove. The Palmer and Stafford societies will be present as guests. Free return tickets.

The case of J. S. Bogan for illegal liquor keeping came up for trial at Palmer on Monday. He retracted his former plea of not guilty and entered one of guilty. A statement was made by his counsel that he had closed up his business and was to leave town, and a request for a light fine was complied with, only $50 and costs being imposed.

WARREN.

As usual, a good number of city boarders are in town.

Robert W. Hastings will enter Amherst college this fall.

Dea. S. P. Robbins died last night after an illness of some four weeks.

The Boston & Albany R. R. Co. are putting in a new bridge at the lower village.

Politics are not raging very fiercely, nor do the Democrats seem greatly elated over their nominee.

A. W. Lincoln has quite a gang of men employed in haying and others making sundry repairs about his residence.

The children belonging to the primary department in the Congregational Sabbath school had a very enjoyable picnic on the grounds of Mr. Fairbanks last week.

Another cross walk has been laid across Main street from the town hall. The town will soon be as well supplied with cross and sidewalks as many larger places.

The recent showers have helped the gardens and mowing lots very much, and the prospects are that the second crop of hay will be larger than the first on some of the fields.

The Knowles steam pump company have just completed and shipped a large duplex and vacuum steam pump, for a sugar refinery in Brooklyn, N. Y., on trial of which others were ordered for similar purposes.

Rev. Mr. Forbes went to Maine on his vacation last Tuesday, intending to be gone four weeks. His pulpit will be filled by Rev. Mr. Heywood of Globe Village and Rev. Mr. Danielson of Southbridge during his absence.

Mr. Pratt, for three years school superintendent and principal has an appointment at Chicopee as superintendent of schools at a salary of sixteen hundred dollars. He has done much to elevate the schools here, and it will not be easy to fill his place.

WARE AND VICINITY.

C. W. Eddy has joined the Raymond excursion to the White Mountains.

Rev. Mr. Hunter of Des Moines, Ia., preached at the Unitarian church last Sunday.

Joseph Jeffries of Nottingham, Eng., formerly a resident of Ware, is visiting his son for a short time.

A flag bearing the names of the Democratic presidential candidates, floats to the breeze across Main street.

The Methodist Sunday school held a picnic in Eaton's grove on Tuesday evening which was enjoyed greatly by all who attended.

The members of the Ware Lyceum, with ladies went by 'bus to King's grove, Hardwick pond, on Thursday, where they spent a very pleasant afternoon.

George Wheet has been engaged to play with the Springfields for the rest of the season. He is a good player and the Clippers will miss their best baseman.

There is to be a game of base ball on the Clippers' grounds on Saturday between the North Brookfields and Clippers. The Clippers have engaged a pitcher and an interesting game is expected.

Fires are getting to be quite a common occurrence, there being three inside of ten days. The last one was on Monday night at about 11.15 o'clock, and started in the barn belonging to Calvin Hitchcock, on Park avenue, which was entirely consumed with about four tons of hay. The horses and carriages were safely gotten out before the fire got fairly under headway. The barn adjacent to this, belonging to V. Guild was also consumed. The tenement house of Mrs. Sturtevant, and barn of D. P. Billings caught fire but were extinguished before doing much damage. The roof of the high school building and the spire of the Congregational church were fired by sparks, and had they not been put out before getting under way, the loss would have been great. The loss on all was about $1250, which was covered by insurance. The fire departments was on hand in good time, and did excellent work.

A resident of Troy, N. Y., Pedro Llames, went to Cuba about five months ago to look after some property left him by his father. To pay his expenses he acted as agent for a Troy firm in the sale of a patent lubricator. On arriving at Havana, he was arrested and imprisoned as a spy, and was sentenced to be shot. His wife, hearing nothing from him, sailed for Cuba, and finally found him and secured his release.

A man in New York found a cat in his back yard with its head stuck fast in a milk pitcher and making such a racket he could take no comfort in his breakfast. He therefore tossed the feline over the fence into the next yard, which happened to be Mr. Bergh's, who had him arrested for cruelty to animals, and it cost him a nice little sum for securing that morning's quiet.

One of Connecticut's many mysteries has been solved at last. A New Jersey man has written that the skeleton found at Trumbull, Ct., no doubt belongs to him, as he owned part of one while practicing medicine there, which was thrown away when he left.

W. T. Bailey, postmaster of Camden, N. J., was arrested on Monday for the embezzlement of $1129 of government funds, and for the illegal disposition of postage stamps. A warrant was also issued for the arrest of Jesse R. Mines, his assistant.

A four-story tenement house in New York was burned on Sunday, and a number of the inmates fatally, and others seriously hurt by jumping from the windows, as there were no fire escapes on the building.

The national executive committee of the prohibtion party is to meet at Pittsburg, Pa., next Tuesday, the 22d, to make arrangements for the convention, which meets the next day. Fully 500 delegates are expected.

There is in Philadelphia a man who buys all the old rubber overshoes, overcoats, belts, hose, etc., he can find at half a cent a pound, and makes a good share of them into chewing gum for the girls.

Bell Man, a respected citizen of Chicago, has been arrested for defrauding the government out of some thousands of dollars by fraudulent vouchers for medical supplies furnished the navy department.

Professor Packard of Bowdoin college, for 62 years professor of Latin and Greek, died of heart disease last Sunday at Squirrel Island, off Bath harbor, Me., where he had gone to spend the Sabbath.

The steamer State of Maine of the International line went ashore 20 miles southwest of St. John, N. B., last Saturday, and is a total wreck. The passengers and baggage were all saved.

A 14-years-old girl at Norwich, Ct., tried to get the powder out of a small cannon last week by driving a nail through the wadding. One ear and a part of her face are gone in consequence.

A stalwart Englishman, with a wife and four children, who were utterly destitute, and had been "assisted" here by the government, were shipped back this week.

A bad accident occurred on the Coney Island road this week. A coal train and a passenger train met on a curve, the engineer of the coal train reversed his engine and jumped, but the collision did not throw his engine from the track, and it commenced to back away from the other train. Running back to the depot it met another passenger train, and both were wrecked, a number of persons being severely hurt.

There is considerable political excitement in Springfield first and last, and it is not to be wondered at that a good church member referred to the contribution box last Sunday as the ballot box.

Two negro women in Louisiana fought a duel the other day, one having a revolver and the other a shotgun. Like their white sisters, both shut their eyes when they fired and neither was hurt.

A workman who was repairing the electric light wires at Boston last Saturday accidently touched both wires, and received a shock which knocked him down and severely injured him.

A dime museum keeper at New York was bitten on the back of the hand last Sunday by a huge diamond-back rattlesnake whicl he was carelessly handling, and has since died.

A brave jailer at Owensboro, Ky., last Monday morning, held a gang of 70 men at bay who desired to lynch a prisoner, and was fatally shot before they secured their man.

A German shoemaker at Conshohoken Pa., stabbed his 16-years-old daughter 17 times with a knife last Saturday, and then killed himself with 15 wounds.

The 70th birthday of Benjamin P. Shillaber (Mrs. Partington) was observed at his Chelsea residence last Saturday, many of his friends making him a call.

The horse "Sour Mash," owned by William Flanaghan, of Springfield, was driven 20 miles in 77 minutes and 35 seconds on Hampden park last Monday.

Two negroes on a boat between Bangor and Boston had a fight with a razor and a chair last Saturday, and the one with the chair killed his assailant.

Frederick Salmon of New Bedford died on Sunday from the effects of a wound in the hand caused by a blank cartridge on the Fourth.

Mrs. W. N. French of Somerville, who was poisoned by eating oatmeal and milk a couple of weeks ago, died from the effects on Sunday.

Middletown, Ct., celebrated its centennial on Monday with a big trade and military procession, speeches, and fireworks in the evening.

Jay-Eye-See made an attempt to lower his record of $2.10\frac{1}{4}$ at Chicago the other day, but only succeeded in making $2.11\frac{1}{4}$.

Two young fellows fought a duel with revolvers in a Texas hotel last Saturday, and both were killed at the first fire.

W. J. Heathcote, a man 34 years old, was drowned in the river at Chicopee Sunday morning while bathing.

A man during a lifetime of 50 years, according to a paper recently read before the Academy of Sciences, Paris, sleeps away an aggregate of 6000 days, works away the same period, eats away 2000 days, walks away 800 days, is ill during 500 days, and amuses himself with the remainder of his half century on earth.

The most successful counterfeit of the dime is said to be made of glass mixed with some base metal by a process unknown to ordinary workers in metal and glass. The counterfeit looks exactly like the genuine ten-cent-piece, but on being struck with a hammer it is crushed to pieces.

A Philadelphia girl of nineteen, who for eight years has slept every night with a piece of raw beef on each cheek, expects to create a sensation at Long Branch this season by the extraordinary beauty of her complexion, which she has secured by that means.

The Mayor of Oakland, Cal., has ordered the revival of the old custom of ringing the curfew bell every evening at 9 o'clock, with responses from the bells on the engine houses, and the police are to arrest all boys under 15 in the streets after that hour.

A negro farmer of Fredericksburg, Va., set fire to his stubble a few days ago, and was almost frightened to death at a number of terrific explosions which followed. Eleven old bombshells which had lain there for twenty years had exploded.

A missive sent to the dead letter office bore an anxious superscription thus: "P. M. Please forward to the physician who was looking for a house-keeper in St. Louis last week; is a widower with two children; don't know his name."

The town of Heath has no resident physician, no lawyer, no runseller, and no saloon of any kind among a farming population of 600. There are two well organized religious societies, eight schools, a store and post office.

The wealth of the United States is estimated at $50,000,000,000, that of Great Britain at $40,000,000,000. The wealth per inhabitant in the United States is $900 and in Great Britain it is $1000.

A missive recently received at the dead letter office was directed thus: "Please send this letter to my son, who drives a team of red oxen, and the railroad runs through his place."

Mr. H. O. Houghton, the publisher, will give the 500 employes of the Riverside Press establishment a half holiday on full pay every Saturday afternoon from now until September.

A Laurens county, S. C., farmer has a grape vine that covers a quarter of an acre of land and has made 75 gallons of wine in one year, besides the grapes consumed in other ways.

Miss Rachel Ewing has just resigned her place as teacher in the Pittsburg public schools at the age of 76. She began teaching there when a young girl, and has never stopped.

The Boston & Albany received from the New York Central at Albany 13,373 freight cars last month and 10,741 cars were dispatched from Boston during the same month.

There are over 4500 women and girls employed in the Yorkshire collieries, and 3700 boys under 13 years of age work underground from one year's end to another.

Henry Bergh, the well-known philanthropist, has a reputation in New York of being a "first nighter" at every theater on the production of a new play.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

Paris is having a horticultural show of orchids.

Goat Island is valued at from $300,000 to $400,000.

Maine's blueberry crop is likely to be a good one.

Gen. Butler has opened a law office in New York.

California produces figs eight inches in circumference.

There is a boom of counterfeit silver dollars in New York.

The most fashionable ladies now wear scarcely any jewelry.

The rice fields of southern Georgia promise an abundant harvest.

The public debt was reduced nearly nine and a half millions in June.

A New York damsel has lost her betrothed because she smokes cigarettes.

The births in Spain during 1883 numbered 453,000 and the deaths 418,000.

Gen. Booth is coming to this country to look after the Salvation Army.

The rents of French flats are on the diminuendo scale in New York.

There are 138,065 masonic lodges in the world, with 14,150,543 members.

The exodus from Marseilles on account of the cholera has reached 20,000.

New York marketmen say the crop of potatoes will be very short this year.

The confectionery trade of the United States amounts to $32,000,000 yearly.

Queen Victoria says there will not be any drawing rooms or levees this year.

A ticket nominated in Lucas county, O., is composed wholly of red-headed men.

The wholesale cost of the oysters consumed in New York yearly is $3,000,000.

A statue of Robert Burns is to be erected on the Thames embankment in London.

King John of Abyssinia has sent Queen Victoria an elephant as a token of amity.

Virginia will contribute 1,100,000 bushels of peanuts to human happiness this year.

Boston's 1884 directory contains 164,544 names, an increase of 3342 over last year.

One bee raiser has taken from his apiary six thousand pounds of honey this season.

California exports 120,000 boxes of oranges, and grapes without end this year.

A Chinaman was baptized into the Methodist church at White Plains, N. Y., recently.

At a free ice water tank in New York over 1200 pounds of ice were used in one day.

Texas has a county called Tom Green, and the county has a town called Dansight.

A cock-fight took place on a steamer in Dublin Bay to escape interruption by the police.

The late Roger Bey, the great Egyptologist left a collection of Arab coins valued at $30,000.

There is now about 100,000 miles of railroad in the United States. The cost was $500,000,000.

There were 1104 miles of railroad built in this country the first six months of the present year.

The Pall Mall *Gazette* thinks there is more trash written in English than in any other language.

A live-oak tree at Indian River, Fla., is 23 feet 10 inches in circumference six feet from the ground.

A woman at Erie, Pa., fell dead from over-exertion while whipping her daughter the other evening.

Two hundred head of cattle and horses were killed recently by a terrific hailstorm at Jalisco, Mexico.

The European steamships are bringing back an unusually large number of passengers for the season.

English farmers now offer 3d. per dozen for sparrows' heads and the same price per dozen for their eggs.

A young husband in Philadelphia has gone crazy because neither of his newly-born children is a boy.

Louis Durmuched's son died Sunday at Webster from lockjaw, caused by a wound from a toy pistol July 4.

Arizona taxes drummers $100 a year and Montana $100 a year for each county, with $25 extra for Butler City.

At a recent sale in London a white butterfly from the Hebrides brought $65, and others from $15 to $20 each.

Gen. Sheridan has been designated by the President to act as secretary of war in Secretary Lincoln's absence.

The number of married American women in Paris without their husbands excites the astonishment of the natives.

The New Haven liquor dealers, who think they are being persecuted, will publish a local organ, the *Protest*.

Mollie, the daughter of the late President Garfield, is to enter Miss Porter's school at Farmington next fall.

The largest zinc producing locality in the world is the district around Galena, Kansas. Last year 70,000 tons were mined.

James Smith of Kosciusko, Miss., has been married forty-seven years, and death has never yet visited his household.

A railroad in which the cars run astride a single rail has been so successful in Africa that one like it is to be built in France.

Gov. Robinson is expected to deliver the address at the September fair of the Berkshire Agricultural Society at Pittsfield.

It is said that the skull of Cardinal Richelieu has been discovered among the curiosities of the late Edouard Denter in Paris.

The electric light will be tried in the evening high school of New York next winter, as being steadier and better than gas.

Southern planters have great hopes of the operation this year of the cotton-picker invented by Mr. Mason of South Carolina.

A Mormon missionary named Smoot has been working so successfully in Bavaria that the government has ordered him away.

A rosebush at Chambersburg, Pa., has yielded over 16,000 buds in the past three years, which have been sold at $15 per hundred.

The business men of Leavenworth, Kansas, are talking of building a bridge across the Missouri river there, at a cost of $500,000.

Mud baths, in which the victim is submerged in a clayey substance nearly up to his ears, are given at Richfield Springs for rheumatism.

The Empress of China has sanctioned a railway from Tientsin to Peking. The materials have been constructed in Germany and shipped.

A commission has been appointed to inquire into the causes of the alarming increase in the number of suicides in the German army.

Buffalo is to have a crematory, modeled after the famous one at Milan. No flame, but intense heat, will be used to reduce the bodies to ashes.

A medical authority of Paris says that cholera should be treated with opium, and that morphine would be the great remedy for an epidemic.

The comptroller of the currency has authorized the Merchants' National Bank of Gardiner, Me., to begin business with a capital of $100,000.

Additional hot springs are being developed at Hot Springs, Ark., by digging in the side of the mountain, out of which the other hot springs issue.

It is said that actual tests in English lighthouses demonstrate that gas possesses a greater penetrative power in foggy weather than the electric light.

Joel Vaughn, who lives near Seneca City, S. C., is one of the greatest family men in the United States. He is eighty years of age, has been married four times and now has an infant child. His last three wives were widows, all of whom had children by previous husbands, respectively eight, seven and four, a total of nineteen. These four wives bore Mr. Vaughn twenty-seven children, which, added to the nineteen step children, gave Mr. Vaughn control of forty-six children. There are thus seven different sets of children.

The town of Walla Walla, W. T., is a highly moral place. No boy or girl under fourteen years of age is allowed to be out alone after dark. All minors sent for a physician must have a permit to do so. No tobacconist can sell anything to children under fourteen years of age, and no liquor is sold on Sunday.

The largest organ in the world has just been completed by Walck of Ludwigsburg and placed in the cathedral church of Riga. The collosal instrument measures 36 feet in width, 32 feet from back to front, and 65 feet high. It contains no less than 6826 pipes, distributed among 124 sounding stops.

It has recently been proposed to prevent petroleum fires by placing a bottle of ammonia in each barrel of the oil; on ignition, by accident or otherwise, the bottle would break, and the effect of the ammoniacal vapors would be to extinguish the fires.

Young New York girls are said to spend their pocket money in buying jeweled garter buckles at $200 and upwards; smelling bottles at $350, gold-headed silk umbrellas for $150, hair pins at $50, and jeweled opera glasses at $500.

G. W. Russell of Philadelphia thinks he has the biggest gold nugget ever found in the eastern states. It came from North Carolina, weighs over four pounds, is over 99 per cent pure gold and is worth not less than $1000.

New York receives 300 barrels a week of a white mineral from Mount Mitchell, in western North Carolina, which is called "deception rock" because it can be crushed into a powder and safely used to adulterate sugar.

The Florida ostrich farm, about which such large stories were told, is, in fact, a dismal failure. The six birds which were imported at a cost of $10,000 have all died but one, and there never was an egg laid after they landed.

There are 3985 paper mills in the world, which turn out annually 1,904,000,000 pounds of paper. Half of this is used in printing generally, while 600,000,000 pounds are used for newspapers.

The latest wrinkle in carpets is to have the name of the person for whose room they are designed wrought in the centre. Some thus marked were lately made for a country house on the Hudson.

A tract of 4400 acres of land in Houston county, Ga., has been purchased by two Massachusetts capitalists, upon which they will establish a colony of New Englanders and a chair factory.

It is reported that two large deposits of hard coal have been found in northern Mexico, and the region to the northward as far as San Francisco has great manufacturing hopes.

The Carlisle Indian school has recently received a donation of $6428 from different friends interested in paying off the mortgage of a farm recently purchased.

In Connecticut towns the female warriors of the Salvation Army now appear clad in Jerseys, on the front of which is woven the inscription, "Dead to the world."

Wisconsin has 500,000 cows and 1000 creameries and cheese factories. The dairy products last year were worth $17,500,000, the largest figure for any state.

A window has been put in the church at Howarth, Eng., with the inscription: "To the glory of God. In memory of Charlotte Bronte, by an American citizen."

The four corners of Pine and Third streets, Philadelphia, are occupied respectively by a saloon, a drug store, an undertaker and a cemetery company.

A cat the other day rode on the fly-wheel of an engine in Montreal for nearly 20,000 revolutions, and yet beyond being a little dazed was in no way injured.

The Spanish government is just now having very large cannon made at a great rate —32 in England, 16 in Germany, 39 in France and 10 at home.

Lieut. Schwatka, who explored endless Arctic regions and returned unharmed, fell over a chair in his own parlor the other day and broke his arm.

Forbes and Wallace, Springfield, are clearing out ginghams at half price. Renfew and Canton ginghams in dress styles reduced from 12½c. to 6¼c.

Forbes & Wallace, Springfield, are clearing out all their best ginghams, dress styles, at 6¼c, down from 12½. All best prints for 5 cts. down from 8c.

Lambrequins and Lace Curtains are furnished and put up or materials and designs at short notice of the very best, at Paine's Importing and Manufacturing Establishment on Canal St., Boston.

It is a wonder how Haynes & Co., Springfield, sell clothing so cheap, viz: $20 suits for $10, and $16 suits for $8, and warrant the goods or refund the money. $5 purchases win the electrical inspector and $10 ditto, an alarm clock.

Smith & Murray, Springfield, offer six hundred and twenty-six dozen napkins, just purchased by their Mr. Murray in Belfast, Ireland. They offer lot 1, 99c, worth $1.50 per dozen. Lot 2, $1, worth $1.75. Lot 3, $1.12½, worth $2. Lot 4, $1.25, worth $2. Lot 5, $1.37½, worth $2.25. Lot 6, $1.50, worth $2.50. To protect them from the encroachments of neighboring merchants, they desire to know where every dozen goes. This is the greatest bargain in napkins they ever offered.

HAY FEVER.

I have been a great sufferer from Hay Fever for fifteen years. I read of the many wondrous cures of Ely's Cream Balm and thought I would try once more. In fifteen minutes after one application I was wonderfully helped. Two weeks ago I commenced using it and now I feel entirely cured. It is the greatest discovery ever known—Hubamel Clark, Farmer, Lee, Mass. Price fifty cents. 2w16

TRY RICE & CO'S ECLECTIC PILLS.—Purely vegetable, cathartic and cholagogue. No griping. Sure cure for liver, stomach, and all malarial diseases. Price 25 cts. For sale by GEO. L. HITCHCOCK, Palmer. 3

O. P. Allen and O. J. Winslow will refund the price paid if Acker's Blood Elixir does not relieve any skin or blood disorder. A new, but thoroughly tested discovery. cow 1y 1

A FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED.—This is an old and well-tried saying, and Rice & Co's Electic Liniment and Pills have been a friend to relieve all pain. Motto—No cure, no pay. For sale by G. L. KEENEY, Druggist and Stationer, Monson. 3

O. P. Allen and O. J. Winslow state that indigestion prepares every one for disease, but guarantee Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets to cure all forms of indigestion. cow 1y 1

IT IS BUT A MERE INVESTMENT OF FIFTY CENTS.—If it cures you are willing to pay it; if not, you have but to say so and have your money refunded. Rice & Co's Electic Liniment cures cramps in the stomach and bowels, inflammation, burns, diphtheria, etc. For sale at C. E. BLOOD'S Drug Store, Ware. 3

O. P. Allen and O. J. Winslow distinctly state that Acker's English Remedy has and does cure contracted consumption. Ask for circular. An entirely new medicine guaranteed. cow 1y 1

Fact—but, as the newspapers say, "nobody will believe it," Fontaine's cure for Consumption is guaranteed to cure diseases of the lungs. Sold by Z. F. Beverly. cow1y12

Pimples, blotches, eruptions of the skin, indicate that you need a few doses of Fontaine's Great Discovery. Sold by Z. F. Beverly. cow1y12

Oh, how beautiful it makes the complexion! For eruptions, Lady Camelia's Secret of Beauty is superior to soap or liniments. Price 50 cents. At Allen's Pharmacy. (3) 4w37

Thousands are daily having freckles removed by a trial of Lady Camelia's Secret of Beauty. Price 50 cents, at Allen's Pharmacy. 1 4w y29

"ROUGH ON RATS"

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers; 15c; druggists.

HEART PAINS.

Palpitation, Dropsical Swellings, Dizziness, Indigestion, Headache, Sleeplessness cured by "Wells' Health Renewer."

"ROUGH ON CORNS."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns;" 15c; quick, complete cure; hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

"ROUGH ON COUGHS."

Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for coughs, colds, sore throat, hoarseness. Troches, 15c; Liquid, 50c.

"ROUGH ON DENTIST" TOOTH POWDER.

Smooth, refreshing, harmless, elegant, cleansing, preservative and fragrant; druggists; 15c.

THIN PEOPLE.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Headache, Nervousness, Debility; $1.

BED-BUGS, FLIES.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

MOTHERS.

If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use Wells' Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.

LIFE PRESERVER.

If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to the spot.

"ROUGH ON TOOTHACHE."

Instant relief for neuralgia, toothache, faceache. Ask for "Rough on Toothache;" 15 and 25 cents.

PRETTY WOMEN.

Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity don't fail to try "Wells's Health Renewer."

"ROUGH ON ITCH."

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

NIGHT SWEATS.

Headache, fever, chills, malaria, dyspepsia, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.

THE HOPE OF THE NATION.

Children, slow in development, puny, scrawny, and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."

"ROUGH ON PAIN."

Cures colic, cramps, diarrhœa; externally for aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. For man or beast. 25 and 50 cents.

"ROUGH ON PAIN" PLASTER."

Porous and strengthening, improved, the best for backache, pains in chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia; 25c; druggists or mail. 1y12

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The greatest medical wonder of the world. Warranted to speedily cure Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Cancers, Piles Chilblains, Corns, Tetter, Chapped Hands, and all skin eruptions, guaranteed to cure in every instance or money refunded. 25 cents per box. For sale by G. L. Hitchcock. 1y52

THE HOMEOPATHIC MEDICINES that will enable you to treat ailments of almost any kind without the aid of a physician are sold at Palmer by O. P. Allen, and at Monson by G. L. Keeney, apothecaries. The guide slips attached to each bottle enables you to be your own physician. 3m12*

MURE, the new remedy, is acknowledged by leading physicians to cure *Headache, Neuralgia* and *Malaria* when everything else fails. For sale at Palmer by O. P. Allen, and at Monson by G. L. Keeney, druggists. 3m12*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she was a Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.
1y11

A Great Surprise

Is in store for all who use Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs, the great guaranteed remedy. Would you believe that it is sold on its merits, and that each druggist is authorized to refund your money by the proprietor of this wonderful remedy if it fails to cure you? O. P. Allen has scarred the agency for it. Price 50 cents and $1. Trial size free. 1y16cow

A Sensible Man Would Use

Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. It is curing more cases of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and all throat and lung troubles, than any other medicine. The proprietor has authorized O. P. Allen to refund your money, if, after taking three-fourths of a bottle, relief is not obtained. Price 50 cents and One Dollar. Trial size free. 1y16cow

Cause and Effect.

At times symptoms of indigestion are present, uneasiness of the stomach, &c., a moisture like perspiration, producing itching at night, or when one is warm, cause the Piles. The effect is immediate relief upon the application of Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, 50 cents, sold by G. L. Hitchcock, Palmer, G. L. Keeney, Monson, and C. E. Blood, Ware. cow16

Want of Faith.

If G. L. Hitchcock, Palmer, G. L. Keeney, Monson, and C. E. Blood, Ware, the druggists, do not succeed it is not for want of faith. They have such faith in Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup as a remedy for coughs, colds, consumption and lung affections, that they will give a bottle free to each and every one who is in need of a medicine of this kind. cow16

Excited Thousands

All over the land are going into ecstacy over Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Their unlooked for recovery by the timely use of this great life-saving remedy, causes them to go nearly wild in its praise. It is guaranteed to positively cure Severe Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Hay Fever, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Loss of Voice, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs. Trial Bottles free at Geo. L. Hitchcock's Drug Store. Large size $1. 2

BORN.

At Palmer, 1st, a daughter (12½ pounds) to PETER HERBERT.
At Ware, 16th, a son to F. C. BLOOD.
At Ludlow, 4th, a son to EDWIN E. CLARK, and grandson to Wm. P. Pratt.

MARRIED.

At Three Rivers, 17th, by Rev. C. L. Ayer, FRANK H. UPHAM and MAGGIE KENYON, both of Three Rivers.
At Wilbraham, 16th, by Rev. M. S. Howard, CHARLES M. PEASE and LAURETTE GODFREY.
At Belchertown, 14th, EUGENE C. LAMSON and EVA MAY, daughter of Charles Scott, both of Enfield.

DIED.

At Palmer, 13th, CHARLES HASTINGS, 57.
At Ware, 13th, Mrs. JOANNA JOSLYN, 80.
At Ware, 7th, SUSIE U., 28, daughter of the late Barnabas Snow.
At Belchertown, 16th, JOANNA ALDEN, 77.

FOR SALE!

A GOOD DOUBLE-BARREL, BREECH-LOADING

REMINGTON SHOT GUN.

JAMES COWLES, Palmer.

NOTICE.—By vote of the Directors, a special meeting of the Stockholders of the Palmer National Bank will be held at its Banking Rooms on Wednesday, July 30th, 1884, at 3 o'clock p. m., to vote upon the question of increasing the Capital Stock of said Bank from $150,000 to $200,000; and to transact any other business that may legally come before said meeting.

CHAS. B. FISK, Cashier.
Palmer, Mass., July 16, 1884. 2w16

NOTICE!

The Assessors of Palmer give notice that they have placed in the hands of H. A. Northrop, for collection, the taxes assessed on the polls and estates of said town for the year 1884; and all persons paying their taxes on or before August 20th of this present year, 1884, will be allowed six per cent discount on their taxes.

DAVID KNOX,
DAVIS B. BISHOP,
GEO. W. RANDALL,
} Assessors of Palmer.

Palmer, July 15th, 1884. 2w16

C. B. BIGELOW'S

LOAN AGENCY,

AMHERST, - - - - MASS.

We can furnish the

SAFEST OF ALL INVESTMENTS,

GUARANTEED

WESTERN FARM MORTGAGE BONDS,

Netting lender from SIX to NINE PER CENT.

Eight years' experience without delay or loss of a dollar.
Investigation solicited.
Choice of four companies.
Send for circulars and references before investing elsewhere. 2m16cow*

16 HORSES FOR SALE, CHEAP!

Including 2 pairs Team Horses, Single Team Horses, Driving Horses and Colts. Also, 1 yoke of Oxen. Inquire of Dr. G. E. Fuller or at Green's Hotel.

Monson, Mass., July 17th, 1884. 2w16

THE STOCK OF

Boots and Shoes

IN THE

CHILD'S

BOSTON BRANCH SHOE STORE,

Must be Closed Out this Month.

Ladies'	$5.00	French Kid	Button	Boots,	$4.35
"	4.50	"	"	"	3.90
"	4.00	Curacoa	"	"	3.40
"	3.00	"	"	"	2.60
"	2.50	American	"	"	1.98

We also have Ladies' Button Boots at 98c. and $1.25, that are worth $1.25 and $1.50.

Ladies' Slippers 12c., 37c., 40c., 70c., &c.

Ladies' 25c. Shoe Dressing 14c. and 20c.

OUR STOCK OF MEN'S GOODS IS VERY LARGE, AND WE WILL MAKE THE SAME PROPORTIONATE DISCOUNT ON THEM, AND ON EVERYTHING WE HAVE in the STORE.

BOSTON SHOE STORE,

NASSOWANNO BLOCK, PALMER, MASS.

P. S.—NOTICE THE PRICES ON THE GOODS IN THE WINDOW AND OUTSIDE THE DOOR.

GET YOUR

LETTER HEADS,

BILL HEADS,

NOTE HEADS,

STATEMENTS,

Or anything of that kind printed at the

JOURNAL OFFICE,

And have them put up in

NEAT BLOCKS OF 100 EACH,

Thus preventing them becoming scattered and wasted.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS. HAMPDEN SS. July 2d, 1884.

By virtue of an execution which issued on a judgment recovered at the Police Court of Springfield, holden at Springfield, within and for said county, on the second day of June, 1884, in favor of E. J. Piper of Springfield, in said county, and against W. R. Parks of Palmer, in said county, I have taken all the right, title and interest which the within W. R. Parks had on the fourth day of January, 1883, the day when the same was attached on mesne process, in and to certain real estate situate in Palmer, in said county, bounded and described as follows, to wit: No. 1 lot, the house lot, so called, beginning at the westerly corner of the Eastern Hampden Agricultural grounds, thence north 41° east 25 rods and 2 links to land of the Boston & Albany Railroad Company, thence north 51° 30 west to land of Dora E. Parks, thence south 71° 15 west 19 to the highway, thence on said highway 46 rods and 30 links to place of beginning; No. 2 lot, beginning at the junction of Park street and the road leading to the carpet mill, thence on said Park street 50 rods and 2 links to land of William Breckenridge, thence north 38½° east 34 rods 19 links to land of the Palmer Carpet Company, thence north 70° west 8 rods, thence north 17½° east 12½ rods, thence south 81½° east 12 rods and 7 links to the highway, thence 22 rods and 8 links to said carpet mill road, thence on said road 1580 feet to the place of beginning; No. 3 lot, beginning on the northerly side of the road leading to said carpet mill at the corner of land of C. E. Dewey, thence north 35° east 68 rods in line of stone wall, thence north 20° east 44 rods to land of George Morgan, thence south 73½° east 45 rods and 19 links to the old turnpike road, thence on said road 55 rods leading to said carpet mill, thence on said carpet mill road 1578 feet to the place of beginning, and on Monday, the 4th day of August next, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, in front of the Court House in Palmer, I shall offer for sale by public auction, to the highest bidder, said real estate above described, and all the right, title and interest of the said W. R. Parks therein.

3w14 J. A. PALMER, Deputy Sheriff.

NOW READY!

L. O. EMERSON'S NEW BOOK,

CHORAL WORSHIP,

FOR CHOIRS, SINGING CLASSES AND MUSICAL CONVENTIONS.

Full Church Music Book Size. Price $1.

CHORAL WORSHIP has 320 pages.

CHORAL WORSHIP has 160 pages of Elements, Exercises, Easy and Graded Songs in one, two or more parts, Glees, &c. A good variety.

CHORAL WORSHIP has 75 pages of the best Metrical Tunes.

CHORAL WORSHIP has 110 pages of the finest Anthems, Motets, Sentences, &c., for Choir use.

CHORAL WORSHIP has 35 pages of miscellaneous matter, including good material for Concert Singing, and for training the voice.

On the whole, CHORAL WORSHIP is a book for the times, appearing as Chorus, Choir and Choral Singing is again coming in favor, and creating a demand for just what this book supplies—in the best way.

Send $1 for specimen copy.

SONG WORSHIP (just out) is a Sunday School Song Book of the greatest promise, by Emerson and Sherwin. Send 25 cents for one specimen copy.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

SEE THAT THE CHILDREN MAINTAIN THEIR VIGOR

IN THE SUMMER MONTHS.

If your child has any symptoms of dysentery, or any trouble in the bowels, commence

RIDGE'S FOOD

As a diet without delay. Unless the trouble has become chronic, requiring medical aid, it will correct a difficulty; and, as a dietetic in sickness it is invaluable. A physician of large practice says: "It has never failed me and I have never lost a child by diarrhœa or cholera infantum." In cans 35 cents and upwards. jul

FOR SALE!

THE BOOT AND SHOE STORE

In NASSOWANNO BLOCK, Palmer, Depot.

The owner will remove a part of the stock if desired. Address

J. R. CHILDS,
3w15 Springfield, Mass.

FOR SALE.—Millinery and Fancy Goods store on Main street, Palmer. This is a good business chance, and removal from town the only reason for owner wishing to sell.

2w15* MRS. J. M. KERIGAN.

MONSON ACADEMY.

Fall term is 13 weeks. Opens Aug. 27.

GEO. J. CUMMINGS, M. A., Principal.
Monson, Mass., June 30, 1884. 4w14

C. H. HOBBY, PIANO TUNER.

Orders for tuning may be left at O. P. Allen's Drug Store, Palmer, or may be sent to me by mail to Stafford Springs, Conn.

FOR SALE.—The fine residence corner of Thorndike and Pine streets. Inquire of

GEO. W. RANDALL.
Palmer, June 5th, 1884. 10tf

FOR SALE.—My Cottage on Fox avenue, containing 10 rooms. Good barn on the place.

C. E. FISH.
Palmer, 16, Nov. 1883 33tf

FOR SALE.—5 thoroughbred English Setter Pups, very handsome, 10 weeks old. Apply quick.

4w15* F. C. HATCH, Palmer.

Come to Our Store

AND GET PRICES ON

READY-MADE

CLOTHING

FOR THE

NEXT THIRTY DAYS.

YOU CAN SAVE 20 PER CENT,

AS ALL GOODS ARE MARKED DOWN, IN ORDER TO REDUCE STOCK.

READ THESE PRICES!

$10 SUITS at $8.00.
8 " " 6.00.
6 " " 4.50.

J. L. Shaw & Co.,

CLOTHIERS, HATTERS,

and FURNISHERS,

MOORE'S BLOCK,.....MONSON, MASS.

HITCHCOCK'S

Jamaica Ginger

EXTRACT.

Put up in LARGEST BOTTLE, and made from the strongest, purest and best materials. As a speedy anodyne and energetic, vigorous and effective remedy for

Colic, Diarrhœa, Flatulence, Cramps, Chills, Colds, or Sudden Pains in the Back, Stomach, Bowels or Limbs,

Or similar ailments in which immediate relief is required,

It has no Equal.

This is not a new and untried medicine, nor an experiment in any respect; on the contrary, it combines and contains all the good and well-tried medicinal properties of some of the oldest and most highly esteemed remedies of the age.

ITS IMMEDIATE EFFECT IS MARVELOUS.

BETTER, STRONGER, CHEAPER THAN ANY OTHER. TRY IT.

Hitchcock's Pile Cure

IS A NEW THING,

AND WE WARRANT IT TO CURE EVERY CASE OF PILES.

GEO. L. HITCHCOCK, Pharmacist,

PALMER, MASS.

EVERY FAMILY

Should keep the ANTALGICA in the house for ready use. It is one of the best known PAIN-KILLERS in the market for either internal or external use. Be sure and try it.

The Indian Cough Balsam

is one of the very best medicines for Lung troubles. It has been in use for over 30 years, and always gives satisfaction. Prepared by

O. P. ALLEN, Druggist,
Palmer, Mass.

SHEPARD'S CELEBRATED

$60 SCREW CUTTING FOOT LATHE.

Foot and Power Lathes, Drill Presses, Scroll Saw Attachments, Chucks, Mandrels, Twist Drills, Dogs, Calipers. Send for catalogue of outfits, for amateurs or artesans. Address

H. L. SHEPARD & CO.,
341 and 343 West Front Street,
1y27 CINCINNATI, OHIO.

STALLION DONALD,

English draft (with pedigree) will stand at the stable of G. W. Keith, Thorndike, Mass., for the season of 1884.

Donald is black, of beautiful proportions; is 17 hands high; weighs 1450. 3m3*

DR. A. B. COWAN, DENTAL ROOMS, Over JOURNAL Office, every Thursday.

33tf PALMER, MASS.

PIANO FOR SALE!—A Huzleton Bros. Upright good as new, cheap for cash.

8w10 ALDEN THRESHER, Monson.

The Time Has Come

—AND—

WE Are READY.

ONE GLANCE AT

THE BARGAINS

IN OUR LARGE AND ATTRACTIVE NEW SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK

—OF—

Clothing,

Gents' Furnishings,

Hats, Caps, Trunks,

Valises, Bags,

Umbrellas, etc.,

WILL CONVINCE YOU THAT AN

ERA OF PEACE AND PROSPERITY

HAS AT LAST DAWNED UPON YOU,

—AND—

Our Low Prices

WILL ACTUALLY SET YOU WITH DELIGHT.

FOSTER & GAMWELL,

ONE PRICE CLOTHIERS,

PALMER, - - MASS.

1884. 1884.

VOTERS, ATTENTION!

James Gillispie Blaine,
From the state of Maine,
For President next year,
Which now is drawing near:
Jim—he knows enough,
Is made of good stuff,
And if he wins the fight
We hope he will do right.
But to secure his election
We have some time for reflection.
Meantime we all want food—
We want that which is good;
At Palmer, Central Street,
Is what we need to eat.
Weld & Longley keep the place.
Where we hope to see your face.
And give you the right price
On Groceries really nice.
You also get full weight,
And everything is straight;
Our tastes should be cultivated
To use food unadulterated,
And thereby maintain health,
Which is better than wealth.
We did not start in 1850,
But our place is growing thrifty.
We strive to sell goods pure,
And thus your patronage secure.
So when you chance to draw near
Do not pass us with a sneer,
But step in and see our shelves.
And examine for yourselves.

ASK FOR

M. A. Packard & Co's.

$2.99 Shoe

FOR GENT'S WEAR.

MADE IN THE LATEST STYLES!

BUTTON, BALS. and CONGRESS, LOW BUTTON OXFORD and STRAP.

These goods are made only from the

BEST CALF UPPER AND GLOVE KID TOPS.

THEY ARE ALL SOLID AND WARRANTED.

FOR SALE BY

H. A. CLARK, Palmer.

JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS At the JOURNAL OFFICE.

WE HAVE NOW

The Most Complete Stock

—OF—

CLOTHING

WE HAVE EVER SHOWN!

Men's Suits,
FROM $3.00 to $25.00.

Youth's Suits,
FROM $3.00 to $22.00.

Boys' Suits,
FROM $2.50 to $12.00.

Men's Pants,
FROM 75c. to $6.50.

Boys' Pants,
FROM 50c. to $2.00.

Spring Overcoats,
FROM $5.00 to $20.00.

CUSTOM SUITS

AT SHORT NOTICE.

IT PAYS TO EXAMINE GOODS AND PRICES.

S. H. HELLYAR & CO.,

CROSS'S BLOCK, PALMER.

Seasonable Goods

IN GREAT VARIETY

—AND—

LOW PRICES

JUST OPENED!

PARASOLS

FROM 25 CENTS TO FIVE DOLLARS!

SUMMER UNDERWEAR

MOSQUITO NETS,

CHAMBRAYS, NEW GINGHAMS,

CAMBRICS AND PRINTS,

Which with an unusual stock of

STAPLE GOODS,

MAKES OUR STOCK FULL AND COMPLETE IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

J. B. SHAW.

Palmer, May 29, 1884.

Some Stole Writes:

Man that is married to a woman is of many days
and full of trouble.
In the morning he draws his salary, and in the
evening,
Behold, it is gone!
It is a tale that is told;
It is vanished, and no man knows whither it goeth.
He rises up clothed in the chilly garments
Of the night
And seeketh the somnolent paregoric,
Wherewith to soothe his infant posterity.
He cometh as a horse or ox,
And draweth the chariot of his offspring.
He spendeth the shekels in the purchase of fine
linen
To cover the bosom of his
Family;
Yet himself is seen at the gates of the city
With one suspender.
Yea, he is altogether wretched.

SUMMER READING.

It is a great mistake for any except habitual and hard brain workers to give their minds a complete rest during the summer vacation. The leisure season may be employed to advantage in doing some of the helpful reading, for which the leaders of business and fashion find "no time" during the winter season. A few good books should be a part of the summer outfit of every person who is "here for" any higher purpose than mere money-getting or mere money-spending. The time wasted in inane talk, which it would be a libel to dignify with the name of conversation, or in sports which do not recreate and entertainments that fail to entertain, would enable one to renew acquaintance with favorite authors, or to become familiar with the best current thought of the times. Our pleasure seekers are too apt to confound repose with stagnation, and to mistake laziness for rest. The mind is often most receptive during a state of repose, but stagnation is fatal to growth. It is only those who become healthfully tired who can truly rest. A new line of thought is often a source of refreshment. Even a brain worker, whose mind is fretted and worn with steady attention to each day's happenings as recorded by the press, frequently finds relief in turning to his favorite philosopher, novelist or poet. Indeed, no one needs more the mental jog and inspiration of the men who wrote "for all time" than do those who write only for each day or week. A sound body will maintain a sound mind, under normal conditions of work and reading, for a much longer period than the apostles of rest seem to think. It is a mistake to make the summer reading too light. It is a greater mistake to omit it altogether.—*Boston Herald.*

ADVERTISING.

A millionaire, who has made every dollar of his fortune by advertising, offers, on retiring from busines, this bit of advice gratis to those he leaves struggling behind, while he departs for Europe to enjoy life: "The fault of the ordinary advertiser is this: he goes in for a spurt, and while the fit is on him he will pay money to any journal he may fall across. By-and-by, the bills come in; the advertiser finds he has spent three times as many dollars as he meant to; and as there are no replies to his advertising, he thinks the specialty he has been trying to introduce has fallen flat on the public taste, or business has become dull, and he fancies buyers are few and little likely to pay attention to his announcements. He stops short, accordingly, and loses nearly all the benefit of his previous expenditure. The success reaped by those whose advertisements appear every year should teach men of business first to be careful in the selection of the medium they choose, and next, when satisfied on this point, to persevere, disregarding apparent failure, and never retrenching expenditure when business is dull, as that is the time when advertising is most necessary."

In a village in a district crowded with inhabitants in the same latitude but in a different longitude from those hitherto spoken of, and wherein the introduction of manufacturers has produced a change in the habits of the people, a friend of the writer's once spent a Sunday. He dined at a farm house on a hillside where the good things of this life were both abundant and good. The after-dinner conversation between him and the heads of the household was interrupted by the ingress of a young woman, who began to rummage a chest of drawers in an impatient style. After a while, seeing that she did not find the object of her search, the mother asked aloud, "What at ta lateing?" [Seeking.]

"I's lateing me shift," was the girl's reply, snappishly.

"Ugh! that needn't late it any langer," said the mother, with perfect composure; "for seein' nowt else, aw tuck th' lap on't ta boil t' puddin' in."

"I could not refrain from laughing outright," said my informant; "and felt glad that the task of eating the pudding had already been an accomplished fact."

He had just returned from his wedding trip, and was going down town in a horse-car with his bride, who, in all the pride of her new garments and her new husband, was disposed to look down on humanity generally, and on a poor old man in particular who sat opposite. "What is that dreadful looking creature, Horatio?" she said. "I'm sure I don't know," replied the apple of her eye, with a slight blush and stammer; "some tramp, I suppose, who has begged his passage." Just then the aged person alluded to awoke from his reverie, and adjusting his spectacles, quavered: "Why, bless me, if that isn't my grandson, Horatio! and that must be his wife! Don't color up so, boy; she's a right pretty girl, and you have no cause to be ashamed of her." There was an audible smile in that vehicle, which the happy pair did not stop to hear the last of.—*Boston Courier.*

THE BLACK KNOT ON PLUM TREES.—The New York *Sun* says: The black warts or knots on plum trees are caused by fungus, and they should be cut away as soon as discovered, and the trees stimulated to make a vigorous growth. A quart or two of salt scattered over the surface of the ground about the tree will be beneficial, and aid in checking the disease. This we know from our own experience to be the remedy. Cut off and burn the affected branches, and you will save your trees and fruit.

"I'd hate to be in your shoes," said a woman, as she was quarreling with a neighbor. "You couldn't get into them," sarcastically replied the neighbor.

HER CROWNING GLORY.

"Yes," said a prominent hair dealer to a Detroit reporter, "you would be surprised at the quantity of gray hair sold. There is a lady in this town who has a switch that is worth $150, and a fine one it is, too. But then it is long and of that peculiar shade of gray that is hardest to get. It retails at from $10 to $50 per ounce, depending nearly altogether upon the length. It don't match the hair longer than three or four years, when it is about worn out anyway. The common kinds, such as are worn by the poorer classes, come from combings, and are brought here from New York. Some of them can be bought as low as 75 cents, and a nice one, though short, can be bought for $2.75. Yes, there are lots of that kind sold, but generally the cheaper kind have a stuffing in them, and when a lady wants to show that she has a $15 switch on she puts it into a French coil, and only the best kind of switches can stand that. The stuffing proclaims the cheap article. I don't know that it does require a skilled man to detect the difference. Why, do you know that a woman is about the best judge to be found. She can tell the value in a single glance, and, by the by, do you know that a woman thinks a great deal of the opinion of one of her own sex on this point especially? Not one man in fifty, perhaps, could distinguish the difference. It is the general effect that takes the masculine eye; the thing in detail the woman's. We import all the longer kinds of hair from Europe in straight lengths and make it up ourselves. Bleached hair? Why, that's gone out, as it deserved to do, almost as soon as it came in. They are now, and will continue to be, an eyesore to the owners and those around them, for a long time to come, if, indeed, it ever recovers from the treatment at all. If they leave nostrum alone, and treat the hair in a common-sense way, the majority of cases, in which the evil has not been too long persevered in, may eventually recover. We sold the bleach ourselves, but never willingly. We never failed to point out to them its possible injury, but women are blind, anyway, when fashion holds her sway."

THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

The danger of buying a boy an amateur printing press is well illustrated in the story of a lad, who, a short time ago, overheard his mother and eldest sister talking about the young lady's approaching marriage and who they should invite. The mother insisted that the McFadden tribe should not be invited, while the marriageable daughter was positive she did not want old Mr. Wilkinson.

So it was finally settled that all friends of the family should receive an invitation (of course they would bring flowers, the mother said,) with the exception of the McFadden tribe and old Mr. Wilkinson.

The boy, who was the happy possessor of an amateur printing press, and imagined he had the head of a Benjamin Franklin, thought this was the time for him to get his work in. He listened to the conversation of his mother and sister with more than ordinary attention. Then he went down into the cellar, to his mammoth printing establishment, and was not seen about the house for the remainder of the day. The next morning the neighbors were surprised to see the goats licking off the paste on the following "poster" which adorned every fence and bill-board for blocks around:

Miss Susan Brown announces that she will
marry Mr. James Travers
at the church next Thursday at 7.30 sharp.
All the Friends of the Family
with the exception of
the McFadden tribe and old Mr. Wilkinson
are invited.
Come early and bring
lots of flowers.

The wedding was postponed, the boy sent off to a boarding school, and the printing press and types were sold for old junk.

THOROUGHLY CONVINCED.

"I have been told," said Mr. Dubious, watching the great steam hammer in the rolling mill, "that a good hammerman can break the crystal of a watch with that thirty-ton hammer." "Yes, sir," said the hammerman, "it can be done." I should like to see it," said Mr. Dubious, eagerly, feeling for his watch pocket. "I can do it, sir," replied the man. "And will you?" replied Mr. Dubious, drawing out his watch. "Come, I am anxious to see it tried." He laid his watch on the great anvil plate. The hammer rose up to its full height, and the next instant all its ponderous weight, with a crushing force that shook the ground for an acre round, came down on the watch. "There, sir," said the hammerman, quietly, "if you don't believe that crystal is broken, just stoop down and you can see it sticking to the hammer." Mr. Dubious swallowed a whole procession of lumps and gasps before he could speak. "But I forgot to say," he exclaimed, "that it was to break the crystal without injuring the watch." "Oh, yes," said the hammerman, "yes, I know; I have heard that rubbish myself, but it's all gammon. I don't believe it can be done. But you can break the crystal every time."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

READY FOR THE SEASON.

Mrs. Shabby Genteel—"Jane has the flour come?"

Jane—"Yes, mum, eight barrels."

"And the potattoes?"

"Yes, mum, 20 bushels."

"And the canned meats?"

"Yes, mum, six dozen cans; that's all was ordered, mum."

"And how is the stock of other provisions, including groceries of all kinds?"

"Got enough, mum, to last three months easy, and the ice and milkmen promised to come every night after dark."

"Very well, Jane. Board up the front shutters."—*Phila. Call.*

One reason why the girls like the seashore during the summer is because they can squat down on the sand without feeling dreadfully frightened that they'll get a pinching bug or a grasshopper down their backs.

A merchant who died suddenly not long ago left on his desk a letter he had intended mailing to a correspondent. An Irish clerk finding it sent it off after adding the postscript, "Since writing the above I have died."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Combines, in a manner peculiar to itself, the best blood purifying and strengthening remedies of the vegetable kingdom. You will find this wonderful remedy effective where other medicines have failed. Try it this spring. It will purify your blood, regulate the digestion, and give new life and vigor to the entire body.

PURIFIES THE BLOOD.

"I suffered three years from blood poison. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and think I am cured."—Mrs. M. J. DAVIS, Brockport, N. Y.

"Appetite poor, bowels all out of order, scrofulous sores on my face and back. I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and with three bottles my sores healed, and I am at business again."—J. AMBERT, Chicago, Ill.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR.

1 1y16eowrm

DR. DAVID

KENNEDY'S

FAVORITE

REMEDY,

FOR THE CURE of KIDNEY and LIVER COMPLAINTS, CONSTIPATION, and all disorders arising from an impure state of the BLOOD.

To women who suffer from any of the ills peculiar to their sex it is an unfailing friend. All druggists. One dollar a bottle, or address, Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

AMONG RAILROAD MEN.

Popularity and usefulness of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy—Thrilling Letter from a Master Mechanic.

Master Mechanic's and Superintendent's Office, Lowell Repair Shops of the Boston & Lowell R.R. LOWELL, MASS., March 25, 1881.

Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

Dear Sir: I think it is due to you that I should make the following statement, and I make it voluntarily and willingly: On the 4th day of June, 1881, I was taken with what was called paralysis of the bowels. The seizure was unexpected and terrible. The stomach and other organs seemed to sympathize with it and to have lost all power of action. For a long time my life was despaired of, but at length I recovered so far as to be able to ride out. By the advice of my physician I visited Poland Springs (Vt.), hoping to benefit from the waters. But they did me no good. Neither were the best physicians of Lowell or Boston, whom I consulted, able to afford me more than transient relief. I gained no strength and my case appeared almost hopeless. In the Fall a friend advised me to try KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, and although opposed to patent medicines, I made the trial. To make a long story short—FAVORITE REMEDY, in my opinion, saved my life. I consider it the best preparation in the world for stomach difficulties, as well as of the liver and other organs. I am glad to say it is in general use among the railroad men in this vicinity. Yours, etc.,

A. J. GIFFORD.

Mr. Gifford is the Master Mechanic of the Lowell division of the Boston & Lowell Railroad, and his illness and recovery are known to many who can testify to the facts in his letter.

Use this medicine for all diseases of the blood, Kidneys, Liver, Stomach, Bowels and Skin. It may save you and yours from pain and death.

Address, if desired, Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.
1m15

Summer Specialties!

CHOICE BUTTER, ON ICE.

NEW BRAINTREE CHEESE.

NEW MOLASSES.

FRUITS—NATIVE & FOREIGN.

Flour, Sugars and Teas

VERY LOW.

ALL KINDS OF

COFFEE!

GROUND TO ORDER.

CANNED MEAT, FISH AND BEANS.

FULL LINE OF

CROCKERY, AND POCKET AND TABLE CUTLERY,

&c., &c., &c.,

— AT —

A. E. PARK'S,

PALMER, MASS.

"TRAVELLER'S"

Accident Insurance.

If you are going on a trip to the Mountain Shore, get an ACCIDENT TICKET for $3000 in case of death by accident, or $15 per week in case of injury. It costs you only 25 CENTS A DAY, or $1.50 for 30 days, at

THE PALMER

FIRE, LIFE & ACCIDENT INSURANCE AGENCY.

GEO. W. ELY, Agent.

Office with C. L. GARDNER.

BUY THE BEST.

THE EASY RUNNING

Household Sewing Machine,

For Cash or Small Installments.

OLD MACHINES TAKEN IN EXCHANGE!

Oil, Attachments, and Needles for all Sewing Machines.

Machines repaired at short notice.

HOUSEHOLD S. M. CO.,

T. J. SULLIVAN, Agent.

Office at Clark's Shoe Store, Palmer. 6m49

W. D. Kinsman.

WE ARE NOW OPENING

LARGE INVOICES

— OF —

NEW GOODS

— AT —

Greatly Reduced Prices.

SPECIAL ATTENTION INVITED TO THE FOLLOWING SPECIALTIES:

LAWN DRESSING SACQUES,

Entire new stock of

CHUDDAH SHAWLS, BLACK SPANISH FICHUS, BLACK SPANISH LACES,

BLACK ESCURIAL LACES,

ORIENTAL AND POMPADOUR LACES

In finest qualities and newest designs.

NEW PARASOLS.

A very large and attractive stock.

100 styles NECK RUFFLINGS, Black and Colored Silk Velvets, Lisle Thread, Taffeta and Pure Silk GLOVES, Black and Colored Silk MITTS, 200 new SHOPPING BAGS in real and imitation Alligator, real Calf and Grained Leather.

We offer our entire stock of

MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS

At Greatly Reduced Prices.

FLANNEL SUITS,

Full assortment of styles, colors and sizes.

GINGHAM, CAMBRIC, CHAMBRAY, and WHITE DRESSES.

Great Bargains in

INFANTS' LACES AND MUSLIN CAPS.

LADIES' AND MISSES'

COTTON UNDERWEAR.

We offer the largest and best stock of these goods ever shown to the ladies of Springfield, and guarantee the prices to be lower than the same quality of goods can be bought of any other house in this city.

W. D. KINSMAN,

Cor. Main and Bridge St.,

4w12 SPRINGFIELD.

THE CHILD'S

STOCK OF

Boots and Shoes

IN NASSOWANNO BLOCK,

— IS —

Ordered to be Closed Out

AT SOME PRICE!

Now for a Rush.

THE GOODS MUST BE SOLD THIS MONTH.

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS MORE IN GOODS WILL BE ADDED TO THIS STOCK IN THIS SALE IF THERE IS A DEMAND FOR THEM!

Ladies' $2.50 Kid Button Boots for - $1.98
Ladies' $2.00 Kid Fox Button Boots for - 1.25
Ladies' $1.50 and $1.75 Button Boots for 98c and 75c
Ladies' Slippers, - 12c, 25c, 50c, and 75c

CALL EARLY FOR THE BEST BARGAINS AT

CHILD'S

BOSTON BRANCH SHOE STORE,

PALMER, MASS.

DEVOE'S Brilliant Oil!

1st. It is absolutely SAFE.

2d. Gives a powerful, brilliant white LIGHT.

3d. Does NOT SMOKE, nor SMELL, nor CRUST the wick.

4th. Is the most ECONOMICAL Oil, because it gives the most LIGHT in proportion to its price.

FOR SALE BY

HOLDEN & ELLIS.....Palmer
NORCROSS BROS.....Monson
W. N. FLYNT & CO..... "
J. S. O'BRIEN..... "
JOHN F. HEERY & BRO.....North Monson
JACKSON & CUTLER.....Amherst
F. H. HOWES..... "
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J. B. BROWN.....North Amherst
G. E. COGGSWELL..... " "
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J. E. HOLDEN.....Barre Plains
D. L. RICHARDS.....North Dana
CHENEY NEWTON.....Brimfield

E. A. BUCK & CO.,

WHOLESALE AGENTS,

NAPHTHA, GASOLINE, LUBRICATING OIL, and all grades of Burning Oils,

PALMER, MASS. 1y33

CATARRH.

Ely's Cream Balm CURES COLD IN HEAD, CATARRH, ROSE COLD, HAY FEVER, DEAFNESS, HEADACHE. EASY TO USE

HAY FEVER.

HAY FEVER

Is a type of Catarrh having peculiar symptoms. It is attended by an inflamed condition of the lining membrane of the nostrils, tear-ducts and throat, affecting the lungs. An acrid mucus is secreted, the discharge is accompanied with a painful burning sensation. There are severe spasms of sneezing, frequent attacks of blinding headache, a watery and inflamed state of the eyes. ELY'S CREAM BALM is a remedy founded on a correct diagnosis of this disease and can be depended upon. 50 cents at druggists; 60 cents by mail. Sample bottle by mail 10 cents.

ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

1y42

T. HILL MANSFIELD'S CAPILLARIS.

Chicago, May 11, 1881.

Capillaris is a valuable compound, and cannot be beat for *Dandruff, humors of the scalp, falling of the hair,* and for the *toilet.* It stands on its own *merits, contains nothing injurious;* our sales prove its *popularity* and value.

F. M. & C. P. SPRINGFIELD, *Druggists & Chemists,* 128 and 130 22nd St., Chicago.

See 96 Testimonials on Cards and Circulars.

Druggists 65c. (In Pomade form only.) 1y52

The Oil Stove Season

Has arrived once more, and my business in this line is

BOOMING

AS USUAL. I OFFER

FOR SALE OR TO RENT,

The Famous "Monitor,"

which has had unparalleled success in this region for six years past.

I have also been appointed this year

AGENT FOR THE

"ADAMS & WESTLAKE WIRE GAUZE NON-EXPLOSIVE."

These are two of the most popular Oil Stoves in the market.

The advantages of a first class Oil Stove are convenience, comfort, economy. Try one and keep cool this hot weather.

Orders by mail promptly attended to.

I continue to offer a large line of Spring

Paper Hangings

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

E. J. WOOD.

Bank Block, Palmer.

BICYCLES

— AND —

TRICYCLES.

Having taken the agency for Palmer and the surrounding towns of the

POPE MANUFACTURING CO.,

OF BOSTON,

Manufacturers of Bicycles and Tricycles, I would be pleased to show and explain machines to all who are interested in them.

If you are thinking of purchasing a machine for the coming season, write to or call upon me for terms and illustrated catalogue.

Bicycle & Tricycle Parts and Sundries.

LOUIS E. CHANDLER,

P. O. Box 36. Journal Office, Palmer, Mass.

CLOTHING

— AND —

Gent's FURNISHING Goods,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

TRUNKS AND TRAVELING BAGS.

Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, and Notions. | A full Assortment of PALMER MILL REMNANTS, SEERSUCKERS, DRESS GOODS, CHECKS, &c.

FURNITURE,

SPRING BEDS AND MATTRESSES.

CROCKERY,

STONE AND WOODEN WARE.

GROCERIES of all kinds,

FLOUR AND PROVISIONS.

—ALSO—

DRUGS AND PATENT MEDICINES,

Among which is the Great

Turkish Cough Syrup,

The best thing out for COUGHS AND COLDS,

AT THE

NEW STORE

— OF —

J. H. THAYER,

THREE RIVERS.

Goods as good as the best, and as low as the lowest. 1y16

FLYNT

Building & Construction Co.

GENERAL OFFICE, PALMER, MASS.

ARCHITECTURE.

Plans and Specifications for all classes of work furnished at short notice, under supervision of G. E. POTTER, Architect.

BILL OF QUANTITIES AND ESTIMATES.

We are prepared to furnish bill of quantities and estimates for any and all classes of building work.

BUILDING MATERIAL.

GRANITE, BROWN STONE, LUMBER, BRICK, LIME, CEMENT,

We are prepared to name prices on the above articles, or any material used in the construction of buildings, delivered at railroad points.

CONTRACTING.

We are prepared to make estimates and contracts for the construction of Buildings, Railroads, Dams, Bridges, &c. 1y45

DINNERS IN SPRINGFIELD.—Ladies and families wishing a pleasant place to take dinner while in the city will find the Blackman Dining Rooms, 27 & 29 Vernon St., centrally located, on the first floor, and always free from any noisy or rough element. Polite and competent waiters in attendance. Charges moderate. 37

BLOCKS OF BLANK PAPER,

3 by 5 inches, and containing 200 sheets, very handy for figuring or making memorandums on,

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

PRICE 5 CENTS EACH.

Furniture! 1884. Furniture! 1884.

$25,000 Worth

— OF —

NEW STOCK FRESH FROM THE MANUFACTURERS IN ALL THE NEW STYLES.

MAHOGANY PARLOR SUITES!
MAHOGANY CHAMBER SETS!
MAHOGANY DINING SETS!

MAHOGANY IS ALL THE RAGE THIS SEASON!

I have purchased a complete stock of all styles, and can furnish a house complete with the latest makes.

BLACK WALNUT PARLOR SUITES!
BLACK WALNUT CHAMBER AND DINING SUITES.

PARLOR SUITES IN THE NEW UPHOLSTERY OF SILK PLUSH, &c.

ASH CHAMBER AND DINING SETS!

NEAT, TASTEFUL, AND AT MODERATE PRICES.

In LAMBREQUINS, CURTAINS AND DRAPERY FURNISHINGS,

I Challenge Competition.

I have the largest stock and greatest variety in the city.

I HAVE BEEN LONGEST IN THE BUSINESS AND HAVE THE LARGEST TRADE IN THESE GOODS.

I have plenty of

PLAIN HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE FOR SLENDER PURSES.

No young housekeeper can fail to find just what is wanted to complete a well-furnished house at my store.

REMEMBER THE PLACE:

EAST BRIDGE ST.,

The old, reliable and PERMANENT house of

C. E. MANFIELD,

9w10 SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Pure Paris Green.

PURE PARIS GREEN.

PURE

Dalmation Insect Powder.

PURE

DALMATION INSECT POWDER.

PLANTS AND FLOWERS FOR SALE,

— AT —

G. L. KEENEY'S

DRUG AND STATIONERY STORE.

MONSON, MASS.

PATENTS.

R. H. EDDY,

No. 76 STATE ST., OPPOSITE KILBY, BOSTON,

Secures patents in the United States; also in Great Britain, France and other foreign countries. Copies of the claims of any Patent furnished by remitting one dollar. Assignments recorded at Washington. NO AGENCY IN THE UNITED STATES POSSESSES SUPERIOR FACILITIES FOR OBTAINING PATENTS OR ASCERTAINING THE PATENTABILITY OF INVENTIONS.

R. H. EDDY, Solicitor of Patents.

TESTIMONIALS.

"I regard Mr. Eddy as one of the MOST CAPABLE AND SUCCESSFUL practitioners with whom I have had official intercourse. CHAS. MASON, Commissioner of Patents."

"Inventors cannot employ a person more trustworthy or more capable of securing for them an early and favorable consideration at the Patent Office. EDMUND BURKE, Late Commissioner of Patents."

Boston, October 15, 1870.

R. H. EDDY, Esq.—Dear Sir: You procured for me, in 1849, my first patent. Since then you have acted for me and advised me in hundreds of cases, and procured many patents, re-issues and extensions. I have occasionally employed the best agencies in New York, Philadelphia and Washington, but I still give you almost the whole of my business, in your line, and advise others to employ you. Yours truly, GEORGE DRAPER.

Boston, Jan. 1, 1884. 1y41

NEW LONDON NORTHERN R. R.

ON AND AFTER JULY 14, 1884,

Trains going South leave Palmer 7 and 8.30 a. m., 2.10 and 7.10 p. m., for New London, connecting with trains for Mystic, Stonington and Providence—New Haven and New York.

The 7.10 p. m. train connects at New London with steamer for New York, landing at pier 40, North River, making this a desirable route for passengers going South and West.

Going North—Leave Palmer 8.10 a. m., 2.08 and 8.50 p. m. The 8.10 a. m. train connects at Barrett's Junction with train on Athol branch for stations north to Athol; at South Vernon with train for Keene, and at Brattleboro for Montreal. 2.08 p. m. for Amherst, Millers' Falls, Brattleboro, Bellows Falls and White River Junction, and all points north.

C. F. SPAULDING, Supt.

Established 1852. BUY THE BEST!

HAMPDEN PAINT & COLOR CO'S.

READY-MADE PAINTS,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Sample Cards furnished upon application. 6m4

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL THE "LIFE OF WENDELL PHILLIPS," the only authorized edition. Also, for our "Home Doctor," pronounced by the press to be the best and cheapest medical work published. Send for circulars. 4w15 WILSON BROS., 81 Kilby St., Boston, Mass.

WANTED MEN AND WOMEN, to sell the most elegantly printed and handsomely bound campaign book. Eldpath's BLAINE AND LOGAN contains many valuable new features not in other competing books. Outselling all others combined. Beats them all! Act promptly! Save time! Send 50 cents for complete outfit, and name territory wanted.

MARTIN GARRISON & CO.,

4w15 79 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

COLD BLAST REFRIGERATORS

Are the best in the world. The principle upon which they are made is the only true principle of refrigeration. Every one is made as well as though it were made to order. They are air-tight, and maintain a low temperature, with an internal circulation of dry air which is constantly passing over the ice at the rate of from three to seven miles per hour.

COLD BLAST REFRIGERATOR CO.,

11 Change Avenue and 13 Faneuil Hall Square, BOSTON, MASS. 4w15

WANTED AGENTS for Lives of BLAINE & LOGAN, by Col. Conwell. "Augusta Edition," Steel Portraits, leads all others, also Campaign badges, charts, pictures, etc. B. B. RUSSELL, Boston, Mass. 4w13

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE LIVES OF BLAINE AND LOGAN,

By Col. Thos. W. Knox. Outsell all others 10 to 1. Authentic, Complete, the *Best* and *Cheapest.* 500 pages, $1.50. *Sells like wildfire.* 50 per cent to Agents. Outfit *free. Freights paid.* Address at *once.* The Hartford Publishing Co., Hartford, Conn.

NEW LUMBER YARD!

F. F. MARCY, PALMER, MASS.,

DEALER IN

All kinds of LUMBER and SHINGLES, at retail and wholesale by the car-load. Windows, Doors Blinds and Mouldings. Carpenters' and Joiners Work done to order.

Yard and shop junction of the B. & A. and N. L. N. railroads, west of depot.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. 1y52

OLD CORNER BOOK-STORE

Whitney & Adams,

Booksellers and Stationers,

COR. MAIN AND STATE STS.

BOOKS.—A larger and finer assortment of Holiday Books can be found at the Old Corner Book Store than ever before. Standard and Poetical Works, in the richest bindings, and beautifully illustrated. Juvenile Books, Books of Travel and Adventures, Toy Books for the Youngest.

Family Bibles,

Concordance, Index, etc., etc.

Pocket Bibles

Bound in flexible morocco, with Maps and Bible Helper. Prayer Books beautifully bound.

STATIONERY.—An elegant line of Ladies Fine Writing Papers, Envelopes, Cards, etc.

ALBUMS, PHOTOGRAPH AND AUTOGRAPH ALBUMS,

In new and neat designs. We would call particular attention to our very large and full line of Albums, comprising a variety of sizes, either for Card or Cabinet Photographs.

CARD CASES, SCRAP BOOKS,

Pocket Books,

Bill Books, Portemonnaies.

GOLD PENS!

We have one case, used exclusively for this line of goods, from the celebrated house of Aiken, Lambert & Co., New York.

The list comprises all nos., long or short nib Gold Pens with Silver Extension Cases, Gold Pens, Gold and Ebony Holders, Gold Pens and Ivory Holders, Gold Pens and Slide or Reverse Holders, Gold Telescope Holders, Patent Screw Pencils, Magic Pencils (either Gold or Pearl,) etc., etc. *We offer as inducements,*

GOOD GOODS, A LARGE ASSORTMENT, LOW PRICES.

Whitney & Adams,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

WE ARE MAKING

Regular New York Style

PICTURES

— AT —

Moore's New and Elegant

PHOTOGRAPHIC

PARLORS,

Gill's Art Building,

CORNER MAIN AND BRIDGE STREETS,

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

Remember that this is the largest

AND FINEST GALLERY IN THE CITY.

Appointments all first-class. Also,

LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTMENT OF VELVET FRAMES AND CASES,

To be found in the city!

COME IN. 3tf

PALMER

IRON FOUNDRY

And Machine Shop.

AT THE JUNCTION OF B. & A. and N. L. N. RAILROADS, WEST OF DEPOT.

MACHINERY CASTINGS MADE AND GENERAL JOBBING DONE

AT SHORT NOTICE & REASONABLE PRICES.

We are prepared to furnish

SHAFTING, HANGERS AND PULLEYS.

We make the Mott Stove and Kettle, Farmers' Boilers, Boiler Mouths and Ash Mouths, Iron Lamp Posts, Window Weights, Iron Steps, Sewer Grates, Furnace Grates, Stall Collars and Stack Iron.

We keep a good supply of IRON SINKS, PLOWS, and PLOW CASTINGS.

WE PAY CASH FOR OLD IRON. 1y14

THE CELEBRATED

TROTTING STALLION,

MORRILL BOY,

Will make the season of 1884

— AT THE —

MONSON HOUSE STABLES.

For further particulars call on the subscriber.

J. T. STEVENS.

Monson, May 16, 1884. 7tf

THE STALLION HAMBLETONIAN COLT will stand at the farm of John Curley for service for the season of 1884.

Rich deep bay, black points, 15½ hands high; weighs 1050 lbs.; 3 years old.

TERMS TO WARRANT, - - - - - $15.

Mares from a distance will be kept in good pasture at $1 per week, but no responsibilities will be assumed for accidents or escapes.

JOHN CURLEY.

West Brimfield, May 23d, 1884. 2m9*

The Palmer Journal.

VOLUME XXXV. PALMER, MASS., FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 25, 1884. NUMBER 17.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY EVENING
—BY—
CHARLES B. FISK.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—Two dollars a year. A discount of 25 cents to those who pay in advance. SIX months, $1.00; three months, 50 cents; single copies, 5 cents.

ADVERTISING RATES.—One inch (or 12 lines of this type solid) one week, $1; each subsequent insertion, 25 cents. One inch one year, $10; One-half inch one week, 75 cents; each additional week, 15 cents. Short advertisements, "Wanted," "To Let," etc., 15 cents per line, *cash*; no charge less than 30 cents. Notices in local column, 25 cents per line. Liberal rates to yearly advertisers.

JOB PRINTING of all kinds executed in the best styles, promptly, and at reasonable rates.

[Entered at Post Office as second class matter.]

LOCAL BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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ALLEN, O. P., wholesale and retail Druggist and Bookseller.

ANCHOR OF HOPE LODGE, I. O. G. T. No. 128. Meets Thursday evenings in Allen's Block.

BAKER, C. H., Mason and Contractor. Residence on Maple Street.

BARTON, F. D., dealer in Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, Main Street.

BROWN, S. H., Tracking and Light Jobbing. Headquarters at Smith's store.

CLARK, H. A., dealer in fine Boots and Shoes. Converse House Block.

CLARK & HASTINGS, wholesale and retail Butchers, Thorndike. Slaughter at Whipple's Station.

CROSS, C. W., Dentist, Lawrence Block.

DAVIS, E. L., dealer in Fancy Goods, Yankee Notions, Laces, Hosiery, etc., French's Block.

DAVIS, MRS. E. L., Stamping done. Embroidery Materials for sale. Stitches taught.

DAWNING, DR. A. C., Residence and Office corner Park and Thorndike Streets. Office hours 7 to 8 a. m., 12 to 2 and 7 to 9 p. m.

EAGER, F. M. Boot and Shoe Manufacturer to order, and dealer in Leather and Findings.

EDGERTON & DAVIS, Iron Foundry and Machine Shop.

FISK, CHAS. B., Publisher PALMER JOURNAL and WARE STANDARD. Steam Job Printer and Book binder.

GARDNER, CHAS. L., Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Church Street.

GRAY, H. L., Dining room and Restaurant, New London Northern railroad Depot.

HAYNES, A. H., dealer in Ranges, Furnaces, Kitchen Furnishing Goods, etc., Church Street.

HOLDEN, C. L., Dry Goods, Groceries, Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, etc., Bondsville.

HOLBROOK, J. F., dealer in all kinds of Coal. Agent for National and White Star line of steamers. Drafts on Foreign Banks at lowest rates.

HUNTINGTON, H. T., Painter. Orders can be left with George Robinson, Central Street.

KEITZ, WILLIAM, Harness Maker and Carriage Trimmer, South Main Street.

LOOMIS BROTHERS, dealers in all kinds of House Furniture, Coffins and Burial Caskets.

MARCY, F. F., dealer in Lumber, Shingles, etc., wholesale and retail. West of B. & A. R. R. depot.

MARCY, OSCAR C., Livery and Feed Stable, rear of Converse House.

MILLIGAN, W. B., dealer in Boots, Shoes and Rubbers. Low prices guaranteed.

MOYNAHAN, J. H., Undertaker and dealer in Coffins and Burial Caskets, South Main Street.

MUNGER, H. W., Merchant Tailor and Manufacturer of Custom Clothing, South Main Street.

NASSIWANNO HOUSE, C. P. Stone, Proprietor. Newly furnished, centrally located.

PARK, A. E., dealer in Crockery, Groceries and Provisions, 31 Main Street.

RANDALL, GEO. W., Auctioneer.

ROBINSON & BROOKS, dealers in Hardware, Iron, Steel, Paints, Oils and Glass, Central St.

SAUNDERS, C. L., Harnesses, Whips, Brushes, Combs, and everything pertaining to horse wear.

SHAW, J. B., dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, etc., opposite the depot.

SHUMWAY, CHARLES E., Carriage and Sleigh Manufacturer, Bondsville.

TAFT & KENEFICK, Attorneys at Law. Office in Allen's Block, Church Street.

THOMPSON, JOSEPH, wholesale and retail dealer in Groceries, Crockery, Flour, Feed, etc.

WEEKS HOUSE, by J. W. Weeks, east of the railroad bridge.

WELD & LONGLEY, Central St., dealers in choice Groceries, Crockery, Glass, Stone & Wooden Ware.

WHITMAN, MRS. S., dealer in Fancy Goods, Dress Trimmings, Worsteds, Laces, Corsets etc.

WING, S. & L. D., Brick and Plastering Masons.

WOOD, E. L., Decorative Paper Hanger, dealer in Wall Paper, Crockery, etc., Church Street.

WOOLRICH & CO., manufacturers of Ridge's Food, Thorndike Street.

WARE.

AINSWORTH, H. W., Dentist, over P. H. Sagendorph's Jewelry Store.

BLOOD, C. E., Druggist. The best of goods at low prices.

BULLARD & RUGG, dealers in Meats and Vegetables, Hampshire House Block.

CUTLER, G. K., Bookseller and Stationer, and dealer in Paper Hangings, Musical Instruments and Sheet Music.

DEXTER, J. C., Photographer. Picture Frames to order. Opposite the Hampshire House.

EDDY, the Printer. Job Work of all kinds.

GLEASON, FRANK, Photographer. Frames of any size made to order. Opposite the Bank.

GLEASON, T. C., Harness Maker. Whips, Blankets, etc., North Street. Repairing promptly done.

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HOSMER, F. N., Clothier. Hats, Caps, Gents' Furnishing Goods, etc., Hampshire House Block.

LATHROP, F. O., dealer in Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

JUDD & SAWTELLE, dealers in Dry Goods, Fancy Goods and Millinery.

McMAHON, P., Marble and Granite Works, West Street. Good work at low prices.

PRENDIVILLE, HARRY, Pianos, Organs, Violins, Sheet Music and General Musical Merchandise.

QUIRK, J. E., M. D., Office, Sagendorph's Block, opposite the Post Office.

RICHARDSON, A. F., dealer in Boots, Shoes and Rubbers of all kinds, Sagendorph's Block.

ROBINSON, JOHN W., Furniture, Hardware, Tools, Fertilizers, Paints, Oils and Glass.

SAGENDORPH, P. H. All kinds American and Swiss watches, etc. Repairing promptly done.

SAVAGE, JAMES F., Attorney at Law, Insurance Agent, Bank Building.

MONSON.

CALKINS & EDSON, Painters, Grainers and Paper Hangers. Shop, Washington Street, Monson.

GROUT, GEO. E., dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, etc., Towne's Block.

MAGUIRE BROS., dealers in Fresh Fish, Oysters, and Clams in their season. Green's Block.

MORRIS & FARRINGTON, Insurance Agency. Office at Monson National Bank.

NEWTON, GEO. H., Law Office, Notary Public, Insurance, etc., near Gage's Store.

SQUIER, MRS. A., Lumber Yard. Contractor and Builder; Sawgles, Building Material, etc.

STANTON, H. W., Dentist. Office in Central Block.

PALMER SAVINGS BANK,
PALMER, MASS.
HOURS—FROM 9 A. M. TO 3 P. M.

CHARLES L. GARDNER, - PRESIDENT.

PHILIP P. POTTER, of Wilbraham, } Vice
LYMAN DIMOCK, of Palmer, } Presidents.
GARDINER TUFTS, of Monson, }
Secretary, S. S. TAFT.

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Ira G. Potter, George Moores, J. S. Holden,
R. L. Goddard, John Clough, H. G. Loomis,
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THE LATEST OF ALL DISCOVERIES.
—THE—
CANILLA TONIC BITTERS,

A positive cure for DISORDERED STOMACH, such as BILIOUSNESS, HEADACHE NERVENESS, INDIGESTION, FEVER AND AGUE, MENTAL DEPRESSION AND KIDNEY COMPLAINT,

In fact, the Laboring Class' friend; the most honest medicine in the market; the greatest blood making medicine sold. It will cure

THE WORST CASE OF DYSPEPSIA.

One trial will convince any person that they cannot go without them. Buy them, try them and be happy.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. 3m5*

DR. F. W. ANDREWS' Dental Rooms 357 Main Street, Springfield. Artificial teeth $10

The Kitchen Clock.

Knitting is the maid o' the kitchen, Milly,
Doing nothing, sits the chore-boy, Billy;
"Seconds reckoned,
Seconds reckoned;
Every minute,
Sixty in it.
Milly, Billy,
Billy, Milly,
Tick-tock, tock-tick,
Nick-knock, knock-nick,
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"—
Goes the kitchen clock.

Closer to the fire is rosy Milly,
Every whit as close and cozy, Billy;
"Time's a-flying,
Worth your trying;
Pretty Milly—
Kiss her, Billy!
Milly, Billy,
Billy, Milly,
Tick-tock, tock-tick,
Now—now, quick—quick!
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"
Goes the kitchen clock.

Something's happened; very red is Milly,
Billy boy is looking very silly;
"Pretty misses,
Plenty kisses,
Make it twenty,
Take a plenty.
Billy, Milly,
Milly, Billy,
Right-left, left-right,
That's right, all right,
Skippety-nick, rippety-knock,"—
Jumps the kitchen clock.

Night to night they're sitting, Milly, Billy;
Oh, the winter winds are wondrous chilly!
"Winter weather,
Close together,
Wouldn't tarry,
Better marry.
Milly, Billy,
Billy, Milly,
Two-one, one-two,
Don't wait, 'twon't do,
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock,"—
Goes the kitchen clock.

Winters two have gone, and where is Milly?
Spring has come again and where is Billy?
"Give me credit,
For I did it;
Treat me kindly,
Mind you wind me.
Mr. Billy,
Mistress Milly.
My—Oh, Oh—my,
By-by, by-by,
Nickety-knock, cradle rock,"
Goes the kitchen clock.

—*The Century.*

AN UMBRELLA STORY.

"Can that be Annie Shepherd?"

The speaker half rose to his feet and looked eagerly out of the window. The expression that settled upon his face left no doubt that it was Miss Shepherd.

"She has less common sense than any woman I ever knew," he said with impatience.

The day was quite unfit for action, though eminently favorable for reverie and reflection. So all people of regulated habits would agree, but Miss Shepherd had seen fit to transpose the very evident intention of the weather managers, and had chosen to act rather than dawdle and dream. And Mr. Manchester, who was more orthodox and who had done nothing all day but build air-castles, had denounced her accordingly.

Such a rain as it was! Nowhere can more triumphant deluges come out of high skies than in the Traverse region. The bucketfuls that were poured into the great swashing streets came from such an altitude that one's breath was fairly dashed out of one's body if caught in a sudden gust round a corner.

Summering! Pleasuring! And here at Harbor Springs it was as cold as Siberia. A north wind that had come over all the ice of the poles had met a tremendous thundergust from the equator, and the two together were having it out. And of course, as a part of an idle man's luck, this contest must occur on the very day he had set to take Miss Shepherd with him to a romantic dell he had discovered somewhere in the neighborhood.

"Is it possible?" he exclaimed again, as he worried about in his chair, evidently too much nettled with disgust to be able to keep still.

Now, Mr. Manchester had been hard hit. He, a typical Chicagoan—blonde of course, rotund, mediumly bold, not very young—had been so well grieved, so armed cap-a-pie, as it were, that the hit had literally stunned him, and everybody else, with surprise.

A well delivered blow it must have been, sent by a cool hand and practiced eye. Whether it was heel or heart that was struck, time alone could show; if the former, probably, like Achilles, he would die of it; if the latter, the danger was not appreciable.

Seated in the comfortable hotel office, he had done nothing all this day but watch through the streaming windows the pelting rain that drenched the street. The bulk of the tourist guests had gone on a steamer excursion the night before.

He had been invited to join this party to the island, but after the adroit discovery that Annie Shepherd had declined going, he also had declined. His reasons for so doing were patent to every one but himself.

Then had followed that little episode of his invitation to her to join him in a walk next day. This had been hastily whispered in the hall on passing at night, and accepted with a nod and a smile. It was to be to a wood near by, where a free, clear spring gushed and roared down a black-earthed declivity. It was one of the dampest, mossiest spots in the whole region. He had once found a bear's fresh track on the moss, and had christened it, therefore, "Board of Trade Glen."

But the rain had put a provoking stop to this plan. And Miss Shepherd had capped the peak of his disgust by pleading "headache" as a reason for keeping out of sight all day, he having called very early in the forenoon.

Yet there she went, or his eyes had lost their cunning.

It is true there was a lull in the rain, but none in the wind. And with a headache what could tempt her out? Too ill to see him, and yet well enough to brave this tempest.

She went down the steps clad in a gossamer and with her umbrella up—an umbrella big enough for two. She must have had the limbs of an Atalanta to move with such equable grace and strength, for the wind tried its wickedest to puff out that ugly, ulster-shaped thing, and to make her fine, slender outline look fat. He caught a glimpse of a good stout boot, seeming all the daintier for its stoutness. And watching and mentally taking in all the fine points, he kept up a scattering fire of ejaculations: "She'll get her death-cold!" "Was there ever such an unreasonable, unprognosticable creature as she?"

She disappeared, fluttering like a loose-sailed pirate craft around the corner.

He knew just about her course when he saw her turn to the right and bend herself to meet the blast, which was directly in her face.

He rallied his senses as he lost sight of her. Bang into his chair went the book he had not even pretended to read; up the stairs, two steps at a time, he sprang, and presently returned arrayed in Edinburgh great-coat and leisurely puffing a newly-lighted cigar.

A good observer would have noted an hour before that the weather was likely to clear. There was a pale yellow streak in the north, and a tendency to lift and take flight on the part of the clouds. These signs were at the bottom of Miss Shepherd's venture, but Mr. Manchester's perceptions had been too long dulled by his native smokes for him to have detected the imminent change.

Consequently he was greatly astonished when, upon stepping along the veranda and spreading his umbrella, he found the rain had entirely ceased. As his friends well knew, foremost among the things he hated—there was a long list of foremosts—was an umbrella. So finding that he did not need one, he recklessly set his down in the rack in the hall and sauntered indifferently out.

He did not directly follow Miss Shepherd's route, but struck off into a street that was sure to intercept her. After much readjusting of hat and coat he finally settled down to genuine hard work in meeting and resisting the wind.

It was a gusty gale. It smelled of the white-caps that were tearing along the shore, and of the Norway pines, black with wet, but unrumpled, that clothed the land.

He gave up his cigar at once as impracticable and flung it away. He was in sight of his will-o'-the wisp, for she, not offering as great a bulk of resistance as himself, had not got on famously against the opposing force.

She had shut up her umbrella, but as she could not keep her gossamer within any decorous limits, she looked very much like a pedestrian balloon, and Manchester laughed to himself at the way the elements dared to trifle with her grace. A little refrain burst out in his head:

I should call her—I should name her
Hamadryad of the—Caoutchouc!

It was inglorious as to time or measure, but utilitarian as to quality, as befitted a commercial man.

Now he put forth his muscle. He left off walking—he strode. She was flapping along the beach in advance, with a streaming blue veil out for a pennon. But she did keep her feet admirably. Diana could not have done better if she had been forced into petticoats.

Still he gained upon her sensibly. He found superabundant zest in something. Ozone? Lung expansion? Or was it the tantalizing, never-twice-alike woman, who eluded while she led—the woman with "less common sense than any he had ever known?"

Zest there was, at any rate, that brought a ruddy color to his face and cleared away the discontent of the morning from his spirits.

He had quite overtaken her before she knew of the pursuit.

"Let me carry that umbrella," he said, without preface.

"If you please—it holds several pounds of water and I am tired of it."

"I did not start till the rain was over—" an accent of self-righteous complacence on the personal pronoun.

"I was out in time for the final dash," and she delivered over to him her water-soaked burden.

He shook it out, refolded it, twisted it into as close compass as possible, buttoned it, and then used it as a cane.

"Is this the way to the Board of Trade glen?" she asked with mischievous glance.

"Quite the opposite—entirely opposite. But—shall we go there?" halting and half eager to carry out his first purpose.

"Oh, no—I think I prefer the open beach. It would be like a stroll under a street sprinkler to walk in the woods now."

"How is the headache now, Miss Shepherd?" moving along gravely after this rebuff.

A sudden expression swept over her face that looked to him like guilt. He directly felt a suspicion, half angry, half helpless, that he had been put off all day from seeing her by a mere hackneyed plea—a sort of feminine professional escape.

Before she could answer he added: "Oh, it has served its purpose, probably, and died, like any other ephemera."

To have him crabbed usually amused Miss Shepherd; to have him ironical froze her into indifference; but this direct assumption that she had been shamming gave her an unwonted sense of pain.

The truth was, she had waked in the morning with the headache, and sent him a message to that effect when he had desired to see her at an unreasonably early hour. But it had passed off and she had quite forgotten that it had ever been.

"Do you think that a headache is a part of my stock in trade?" she asked with a high color.

"Oh, no; forgive me; of course I don't. If I did think that, it would be to class you with all other women in that particular. And in no particular are you like any other woman."

That was making amends with a vengeance. Silence followed the speech.

"Isn't this too much effort for you, Miss Shepherd—this battle with the wind?" after a pause.

"Oh, no; I like it."

"But if you were to take my arm I am sure that it would steady you until we get in the lee of that wood; then it will be very much easier."

"I do very well alone, thank you."

"H'm-m!"

"Is this a favorite promenade, Miss Shepherd? I should think it might be fine exercise to walk here when the sand is deep and dry. It must come over one's shoe tops, and is unstable as—woman's temper."

"Is that your strongest simile, Mr. Manchester?"

"I do not think of anything at present that would strengthen it."

"I do walk here frequently. Now and then I meet a stray Indian woman. You have noticed the grace of these squaws? It comes from their preference for the sand as a promenade. But they generally carry a basket of fish or pappose on their shoulders, to effect a proper balance."

"They are hideous. They don't walk—they plow."

"Try the beach some day yourself, Mr. Manchester, and see how easy it is to be graceful."

"It is easy now, at least," he said, significantly glancing at her, really brimming over with compliment and anxious to get below the tart crust of her mood into the lurking places of her sweetest humility.

She ignored him.

She halted now, tracing the faint ridges in the sand, where each outgoing wave left the record of its journey.

"They are all-aspiring," she said, "but one washes out the trace of the other with just as little mercy as men show to the wave of their fellow-men."

"If the shore lines were always the same this fresh buoyant lake would be a stagnant pool. We should all die of it. Better the stirring and rubbing out than the standing still. Aren't the new wave marks as the old?"

"Perhaps."

This half-satirical sparring was one of their customs. She seemed specially to delight in it. He was always glancing off into personalities—her personality—but she liked to reflect and say perverse things.

Just then a longer-reaching swash came boldly up and crawled all about her feet. Thanks to the stout boots, she got away with little wetting. But Manchester was distressed.

"Your feet are wet, Miss Shepherd."

"On the outside—yes."

"Be reasonable. The water must have crept inside. I am sure; and it is a great risk."

"I get them wet every day. I never suffer from it."

"I have a suspicion that in order to keep you out of the water one must command you to go into it. I am sure you would go dry shod all your life if some one should plead with you to wade."

Oh, how she tantalized and vexed him!

"Really," in a half injured tone, "they are thoroughly dry. I run no risk."

Manchester deliberated before he made any further advance. Then, lifting up the umbrella and scanning its entire length, he said with some exasperation:

"How does it happen that for merely one asking I am in possession of this article? I should suppose that because I wanted to carry it I couldn't have had it on any terms."

"Oh, that is easily explained. You did not want to carry it; it was merely a stress of politeness that impelled you to ask to do it. If you had really craved the pleasure, of course you couldn't have had it."

"I hate an umbrella!" he answered with vehemence. "You can have it back, Miss Shepherd. It will serve as a support instead of my arm."

"I get on very well without either, she replied.

No sooner was this uttered than a sudden whim on the part of the storm sent the rain pouring down upon them. It was a retiring salaam—an evasive au revoir.

There was a moment's grim satisfaction to Manchester in seeing the water dashed into her defenceless face. He would have felt thoroughly satisfied in leaving her to get the full force of it as long as it should last.

But pity and tenderness very quickly succeeded.

With great difficulty he opened the umbrella, took her hand with firmness, drew it closely within his arms and sheltered her as best he could.

A group of dwarf pines was near, a little back from the beach in the sand. He drew her toward them and they proved an excellent barrier against the storm. It was comparatively calm there, but she was forced to stand very close to him, so as to avoid the deluge.

He looked down into her glowing face. It did not seem at all to him as if either of them lacked good sense in being there. It was delightful, blissful.

"Would you have been as generous to me," he said, bending down to her, "if you had had the umbrella and I had been trying by every means to pick a quarrel with you?"

"Quarrel?"

She lifted her eyes in surprised question a moment, but dropped them at once with vivid blush. She met something in his, which were at too close range to be evaded, that made her heart beat terribly.

But she rallied.

"I never quarrel. It is you who distract me always, and because I am not docile you—"

"I—"

"Yes. You—"

"Yes. I—I love you, Annie."

There was no escape, no room whatever for coquetry. To turn to the one side was to be drenched, to turn to the other was he almost within his arms.

She was at a tremendous disadvantage. She wanted to laugh, but instead a little tremor went over her chin, and she began to cry.

How he comforted her, how he soothed her, let the umbrella tell, for it shut them away from all observers until her self-control was quite restored.

When he lifted it again to take a peep at the prospect without, she was smiling.

"Rival showers," he said, with a spark of malice.

The spark kindled no resentment. She would not seem to hear.

"Do you hate this umbrella?" was her adroit question to turn the subject.

Obscuration again caused by the umbrella's sinking once more over their heads.

Standing in the rain for a length of time may have romantic elements in it, but can never be wholly without anxiety or discomfort. Manchester liked one feature of it—the proximity.

But how kindly the umbrella had lent itself to their purpose, it had failed to keep them dry.

So they started homeward, arm in arm, as they had not come. He was tender, she compliant.

"How much sweeter a woman is who has been vanquished, than one born tractable," thought the victor.

The wind was now at their backs and helped to speed them along. It must have had a sense of ludicrous about it, too, for it suddenly got under the umbrella and almost carried it out of Manchester's hands. The handle would stay with him but the top would not. It made a complete revolution of itself—in other words, turned the wrong side out.

Miss Shepherd was forced to relax her grip on her lover's arm: his energies were centered elsewhere.

Manchester had a great deal of obstinacy that was wont to come to the front in emergencies. Neither his attitude nor gait was at the present moment dignified, but he manifested a determination not to be conquered by an inanimate thing he had so often reviled.

He was in a fine chase after it, when his hat caught the contagion and went flying off his head in advance.

Then disgust overcame him. He gave umbrella a gay toss, and bareheaded, returned to Annie. She was laughing very merrily.

"I can live without them," he said, taking her hand and drawing it through his arm; "but I can't live without you. Give me your answer, Annie."

"Ah, but look at yourself. You run great risks in being so uncovered"—with the same accent of concern that he had used about her shoes.

"No matter. Tell me!"

He was irresistible.

"Yes, yes, then; but do save my umbrella!"

He gave her a broad-daylight kiss and then went after the recreant article, while she did the same for his hat.

They were a very contented twain when at length they reached their hotel, neither of them, seemingly, the worse for the weather. Manchester found, in accordance with the universal law, that his umbrella had been abstracted during his absence from the hall where he had left it. His was a silk one, slim as a cane—imported—while this one he held in his hand was meant for bucolic uses only.

"Never mind," he said, as they parted at the foot of the stairs, "one umbrella will hereafter do for both."

GOING MIGHTY FAST.

We were going west on the Great Western division of the Grand Trunk, and the night was chilly for the latter part of May.

"Hi! porter," said the commercial man in the bunk overhead, "can't you give us another blanket? It's deuced cold here to-night."

"Ain't got another blanket, boss."

"Well, just see what you can do for a fellow," said the traveler, putting his hand out through the curtain with a quarter in it.

"Dunno, boss, but I'll do what I can."

There was scarcely a perceptible pause in the porter's measured tread as he passed our section fifteen minutes later, but the curtains parted and a blanket went through the opening as if it had been shot out of a cannon.

"Thought I felt somebody carrying off part of my bed-clothes last night," said a passenger in the further end of the car, as he worked himself into his boots in the morning.

"Dunno, boss; went mighty fas' last night, making up time; probably run from under 'um."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A POLITICAL PLATFORM DEFINED.

What is a platform? An indefinite essay on the visionary ambiguity of the vague, as applied to party policy. Of what does it consist? One preamble and twenty resolutions. In what is its great strength? Non-essentials. What does it denounce? The slave trade, the English policy in the Soudan, and the murder of Abel. What does it uphold? Civil service reform, excursion rates and the free pass system. What is the definition of civil service reform? More offices and higher salaries. What portion of the platform relates to the tariff? The section which is left out. What is the spirit of the platform on prohibition? It is opposed to its use as a beverage, but believes that for strictly campaign purposes "a little of it is good." Wherein does the platform of 1884 differ from the platform of 1789? In the date.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A young girl being asked, recently, as she returned from the circulating library with the latest novelties, if she had ever read Shakespeare, tossed her pretty head and answered: "Shakespeare? Of course I have. I read it when it first came out."

Remember Thy Mother.

Lead thy mother tenderly
Down life's steep decline;
Once her arm was thy support,
Now she leans on thine.
See upon her loving face
Those deep lines of care;
Think—it was her toil for thee
Left that record there.

Ne'er forget her tireless watch
Kept by day and night;
Taking from her step the grace,
From her eye the light;
Cherish well her faithful heart,
Which, through weary years,
Echoed with its sympathy,
All thy smiles and tears.

Thank God for thy mother's love:
Guard the priceless boon;
For the bitter parting hour
Cometh all too soon.
When thy grateful tenderness
Loses power to save,
Earth will hold no dearer spot
Than thy mother's grave.

TOMMY SMALLBOY.

I wonder, says little Tommy Smallboy: Why it is naughty for me to say things that grown folks say without anybody telling them they mustn't.

Why it is that all the fun begins as soon as I am sent out of the room, and ends the instant I come back.

Why papa and mamma are always talking about the neighbors for doing just what they do themselves.

Why my papa should sit with his pipe in his mouth all the evening, after saying that he hopes I will be a good boy and never smoke.

Why my mamma should expect me never to tell a lie when she finds it so convenient to tell several almost every day.

Why my papa's breath smells so much like a kerosene lamp after he has been in the closet all alone by himself.

Why grown people, who know everything, make such a fuss and stammer so when I ask them a question.

Why papa and mamma say such nice things to each other when we have company, and hardly talk to each other at all when we haven't.

Why papa can be so polite to the women mamma calls hateful, and why papa dislikes the men mamma thinks ever and ever so much of.

Why my mamma should be so fickle-minded. She told Mrs. Smith, the other day, how glad she was to see her, and when Mrs. Smith was gone mamma said she hoped she might never set eyes on her again.

Why my mamma tells Mrs. Brown how cunning her Johnny is, and calls me a saucy little boy for talking just the way Johnny does.

Why my papa whips me for playing marbles for keeps, and nobody whips him when he bets on the base ball match.

Why mamma told the shopkeeper she wanted some patterns because she was going to buy a silk dress, and told papa when she brought them home that she bought them to make a crazy quilt of.

Why papa told mamma he had been kept at the store that night he didn't come home to supper. I heard him tell Mr. Jack he had been on a picnic with the boys. I wonder what he meant.

Why mamma didn't say "thank you" to the gentleman who gave her his seat in the horse car. She always makes me say "thank you."

Why papa brings books into the house that are not fit for me to read.

Why mamma hid the cards the day the minister called.

Why little boys and girls are so much worse now than when papa and mamma were children.

Why it is so much harder for great strong grown folks to stand up in the horse cars than tired little boys.

Why papa don't tell me any of the stories that he tells to Mr. White and Mr. Black, and which makes them laugh so.

I wonder what little boys were made for. They are such nuisances, and always in everybody's way.—*Boston Transcript.*

DRINKERS OF BLOOD.

They haunt the abattoir every week and drink the warm beef blood by the cupful. It is caught as it flows from the animal's throat. It benefits thin-blooded persons. Some time since a woman came to the stock yards who said her physician had told her she must drink beef blood.

"But I never can do it, never!" she said, shuddering.

"But it tastes just like milk," said the gentleman appealed to. "Come, I'll blindfold you and give you a glass of milk. Then I'll give you some more milk, or a glass of blood, then a taste of milk till you get them mixed up, and you won't know which is which."

She consented, and drank the glass first given her with a relish. "Ah! that was the milk. Now, I think I can try the blood," she told them.

"But madam, you have drank it already," said the gentleman.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

GREEN APPLE ICE CREAM.—Stew the apples when green, the last of June or July; mush and sweeten them very sweet with white or brown sugar, flavor with lemon or a little nutmeg; add as much cream as you have apples, and sweeten to your taste, or by allowing a heaping cupful of sugar to a quart, then adding a small cupful "for the freezer." Some prefer to freeze the coddled apples alone, and send a pitcher of cold cream to the table with them.—*Mary Stuart Smith.*

"I'm a director in the company," said the devil in a newspaper office. "You don't say so?" "Yes, it's true." "What are a director's duties?" "To direct wrappers, of course."

A rural young lady refused to buy a "crushed strawberry" bonnet for fear it would stain her hands when she put it on.—*Portland Transcript.*

STOPPING A CATTLE STAMPEDE.

"One of the smartest things I ever saw in my travels," said a passenger from the West, to a newspaper reporter, "was a cow boy stopping a cattle stampede. A herd of about six or eight hundred got frightened at something, and broke away pell mell with their tails in the air and the bulls at the head of the procession. But Mr. Cowboy didn't get excited at all when he saw the herd was going for a straight bluff, where they would certainly tumble off and be killed.

"You know that when a herd of cattle like that gets to going, they can't stop, no matter whether they rush to death or not. Those in the rear crowd those ahead, and away they go. I wouldn't have given a dollar a head for the herd; but the cowboy spurred up his mustang, made a little detour, came right in front of the herd, cut across their path at a right angle, and then galloped leisurely on to the edge of that bluff; halted, and looked around at the wild mass of beef coming right toward him. He was as cool as a cucumber, though I expected to see him killed, and I was so excited I could not speak.

"Well, when the leader had got within about a quarter of a mile of him, I saw them try to slack up, though they could not do it very quick. But the whole herd seemed to want to stop, and when the cows and steers in the rear got about where the cowboy had cut across their path, I was surprised to see them stop and nibble at the grass. Then the whole herd stopped, wheeled, straggled back, and went to fighting for a chance to eat where the rear guard was.

"You see, that cowboy had opened a big bag of salt he had brought out from the ranch to give the cattle, galloped across the herd's course, and emptied the bag. Every critter snuffed that line of salt, and, of course, that broke up the stampede. But I tell you it was a queer sight to see that man out there on the edge of that bluff quietly rolling a cigarette, when it seemed as though he'd been lying under 200 tons of beef in about a minute and a half."—*Scientific American.*

WHERE THE LINE IS DRAWN.

Newspaper men are sensitive. Not concerning their dress, their piety, or their ability to pay a debt, but of their circulation. You may say that an editor, in woeful frailty, leans in fondness on things that are ungodly. You may say that he dresses like a tramp, and may cast insinuations at that sensitive organ, the nose, and, smiling benignly, he will forgive you, but let fall an innuendo besmirching the circulation of his journal and all ties of friendship which may have hitherto existed between you are severed with one passionate swoop of the knife which so well knows war in the extreme. There is Colonel Harquies, for instance. He rather likes personal abuse, and upon his private life severe criticism has no more effect than an autumn drizzle, falling on the back of a hard-shell turtle; but you must not hint that his paper does not carry in its hip-pocket a wad of great influence. Several days ago the colonel was taken violently ill. He raged in the delirium of high fever, and his wife, becoming alarmed, sent for two prominent physicians. When the medical gentlemen arrived, the editor was almost wild, wallowing in tragic dozes. One of the physicians approaching, took hold of the colonel's arm, and turning to his companion, said:

"Circulation very poor."

"What!" exclaimed the editor, springing up, "poor circulation! Why, confound you, I work sixty quires. Get away from here, you scoundrels," and with loud imprecations and demonstrations of violence, he drove the medical men from the room.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

THE NATURAL INCREASE.

"How are you coming on, Uncle Mose?"

"Poorly, poorly, thank God."

"What's the matter?"

"I has seben gals to support, boss; hit costs a power of money to ill up seben moufs free times a day."

"Yes, but I hear that one of your daughters is going to get married, so that will leave you only six to support."

"Dat's where you am foolin' yourself, boss; dat ar gal am gwine ter marry one ob dem Austin called politishuners, so instead of hahin' only six ter feed, when she marries I'll hab eight moufs ter ill, fer hat a few of dese politishuners, white er black, is wuff de powder hit would take to shoot 'em. No, boss, it will be eight instead of six ter feed when dat gal marries, not counting the nateral increase."

The literalness of children has to plead for their want of reverence in such cases as a boy named Tom, six years old, who noticed, one winter morning, after sunrise, the moon in the western sky. Having never before seen both orbs at the same time, he was deeply impressed, and ran to his mother with:

"Oh, mamma, I've got an awful joke on our Father who art in heaven!"

"Why, Tom, what do you mean?" said the mother in a rebuking tone, greatly shocked.

"He forgot to pull his moon in," cried Tom, his voice quaking with glee.—*Christian Observer.*

The obliging visitor, to show that he is really fond of children, and that the dear little one is not annoying him in the least, trents the kid to a ride upon his knee. "Trot, trot, trot. How do you like that, my boy? Is that nice?" "Yes, sir," replies the child, "but not so nice as on the real donkey—the one with four legs!"

A rich contractor was holding forth upon the instability of the world. "Can you account for it, sir?" he asked, turning to Foote. "Well, not very clearly," he responded, "unless we suppose it was built by contract."

The Journal.

FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 25, 1884.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR goes to the Catskill Mountains next week for a little outing.

THE Republicans of the 2d Vermont district have nominated Gen. W. W. Grout to succeed Judge Poland in Congress.

THE Prohibitionists, in convention at Pittsburg, have nominated ex-Gov. St. John of Kansas for President and William Daniel of Maryland for vice president.

A CHILD died of yellow fever at New Orleans, Wednesday, but the doctors say it was a sposadic case, and every precaution is being taken to prevent any spread of the contagion.

A LOT of titled Englishmen are coming over here in the fall to hunt large game in the Rocky Mountains. This thing ought to be stopped. American game for American citizens should be the law. It is disappearing rapidly enough without the aid of imported hunters.

FLANAGAN of Flanagan's Mills, the Texan who immortalized himself at the Republican national convention four years ago by his frank inquiry, "What are we here for, if not for the offices?" has entered into his reward, having been appointed internal revenue collector for the 4th Texas district by President Arthur.

THE Republican state committee met at Boston, Tuesday, and voted to hold the state convention at Boston September 3. Secretary Flagg resigned his position, because of his lukewarmness toward Mr. Blaine, as did one other member of the committee. Col. J. J. Whipple of Brockton and Robert A. Southworth of Charlestown were elected secretaries.

THE cholera is spreading daily in Europe. There have been nearly a thousand deaths already from the scourge in Marseilles, and at Tonlon the epidemic is assuming a most virulent type. There seems every prospect of a serious run of the plague, and the utmost care will need to be exercised to prevent its introduction into this country. Secretary Folger has instructed the revenue marine vessels to patrol the coast in order to prevent the landing of any vessel which does not possess a clean bill of health, and President Arthur has issued a proclamation calling upon all health officers to be diligent in quarantining against the plague.

THE Independents, four or five hundred strong, had a conference at New York on Tuesday, and decided to support Cleveland for the presidency. Col. Codman of Boston was chairman of the gathering, and speeches were made by Carl Schurz, Col. Higginson, President Seelye, Congressman Lyman and others. A national committee was appointed, and an address to the people adopted, which argues that the issue of the campaign this year is moral rather than political, and sets forth their reasons for preferring Cleveland to Blaine. Strong efforts are to be made to defeat Blaine in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Massachusetts.

MR. BLAINE'S four-column letter of acceptance has been published, and is of couse received with various comments. His friends consider it a document of rare ability and merit, while his opponents naturally see in it nothing but a wily attempt to catch votes on every side. It is an able paper, without question, and he discusses the issues of the campaign in a clear and statesmanlike manner, emphasizing his views on the civil service question by the statement that in his long public carcer he has requested but four removals from office, and those for non-political reasons. Every voter should read the letter for himself. Gen. Logan's letter of acceptance has also been given to the public. He goes over much of the same ground as Mr. Blaine, discussing matters much more fully than is necessary in a candidate for the vice presidency.

SOLID REASONS FOR NOT BOLTING.

President Capen, in a letter to the New York *Tribune*, gives these substantial reasons for standing by the Republican party this year:

Whatever may have been my personal preferences as to candidates, as a Republican, I can but recognize the right of the friends of Messrs. Blaine and Logan to use all honorable efforts for their nomination. They have rendered service to the party, and through the party to the country, as distinguished as any men of their time. But opposition to the Independent movement and my devotion to the Republican party and its candidates rest upon more substantial grounds. The Independents are civil service reformers. So am I. Is it possible for anybody to forget that civil service reform as a practical measure began to be enforced under the administration of President Hayes, was continued under Garfield's and under Arthur's, has been carried to a degree of perfection which its most ardent advocates scarcely dreamed it could attain in this generation? Moreover, the spoils system in its most odious phases is the loathsome legacy of the Democratic party; and it seems to me that one must be obtuse in all his faculties who fails to perceive that the motive which now excites the Democracy almost to frenzy is the desire to obtain control once more of the federal patronage. * * * But the most potent reason of all with me is the traditional one. I have carefully observed the attitude and movements of the Democratic party for 20 years. In my judgement, it has learned nothing and forgotten nothing. So far as I can perceive it is not only swayed by the same principles, but, to a large extent, guided by the same men. Grover Cleveland may be a very pure man personally. But he is the organ of the Democratic party, and, if elected, will have to execute the will of the party, just as Mr. Blaine is the organ of the Republican party, and, if chosen, must carry out the purposes of those who have placed him in power. * * * The Republican party is that under whose standard the nation was saved. It is the party that has steadfastly demanded justice and education for the freedman. It is the party which conquered its animosities, and not only forgave but rehabilitated rebels and welcomed them again to a full share in the counsels of the government they sought to destroy. It is the party under whose administration business has been revived and the pledges of the government have been redeemed, so that a dollar in paper is worth a dollar in gold in every part of the national domain. It is the party which has inaugurated civil-service reform, and which if allowed will carry it forward to perfection. These are a few of the reasons why I am a Republican and shall use what little influence I possess for the election of its candidates.

THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER.

"Where, oh, where! are the Hebrew children?" "So hellup me gracious, I sole yon dot coat so sheap I lose tree tollar und a halluf on him."

A Connecticut man has invented an apparatus for locomotives which will gently lift children from the track instead of throwing them off. He will no donbt call it a kid catcher.

There are twenty-one millions of widows in India, who, according to custom, do not marry again. Humph! just think of the 164,000 more women than men in this state alone, who would be content to be married once, to say nothing about "again."

It is said there are 2750 laugnages. And yet the man, who, not more than half awake, crawls ont of bed for the paregoric bottle and finds the corner of a chair with his shin, can't find a single expression in the whole lot that will ease his mind.

A correspondent writes: "When is the best time to eat watermelons?" Well, melons are different from chestnuts; you can eat 'em in the dark with perfect safety, and the best time to eat 'em is as soon as you can after you get away from the patch.

The birds have been robin the cherry trees this week.—*Reading Chronicle.*

Yes, and you couldn't get a swallow from the ground.—*Framingham Tribune.*

You are just right you couldn't. They wouldn't sparrow one.

Died { Blaine and Logan. / Cleveland and Hendricks. } 1884

All answers to the above puzzle must be handed in in a sealed envelope, accompanied by the sender's name. The correct solution will be published in the issue of November 7th.

Fifteen Massachusetts girls are to tramp 300 miles through the Adirondacks this summer, and we'll bet that not a single unmarried man will venture out alone in the mountains, with such a crowd coming from the state where the women so far out-number the men.

It is reported that the natives of New Zealand, who formerly fed on missionaries, now live on sweet potatoes and fat pigs. From which we are to infer that the average missionary is so tough that even the New Zealander can't go him. Wonder if they had anything tougher than the Marlboro missionary, the Rev. Charles?

In May the maiden sets her heart
Upon a golden village cart.
—*Exchange.*

In June the maiden sets her cap—
At seashore—for some wealthy chap.
—*Washington Hatchet.*

In July, dressed up like a doll,
The maiden flirts with a parasol.
—*Cambridge Tribune.*

In August, at the mountains cool,
She spends her time in playing pool.
—*Framingham Tribune.*

In September, after the opera new,
She gets away with the oyster stew.

The common house fly's eyes are composed of 8000 globules, through every one of which it is capable of forming an image of the object, says an exchange. This will settle the question in our minds. We always supposed a fly was all eyes except his legs, and had a few dozen extra ones scattered around promiscuously on them. We admit our mistake, but do not think that the loss of a few thousand will lessen our chance of being found by him when we want to go to sleep most.

The East Boston *Advocate*, in speaking of Boston's postmaster and his administration, says:

The arrangements at the Boston postoffice have been simply execrable, and any change must be for the better. We know of instances where our subscribers *having boxes in the city proper postoffice* have regularly failed to receive their copies of the *Advocate* until Monday afternoons, notwithstanding they were mailed from the East Boston postoffice early on Saturday afternoons.

The *Advocate* evidently knows whereof it speaks, and we do not doubt the above, as that paper has been very irregular in coming to our desk, the issue of July 12th, containing the above, reaching us on the 22d, *taking ten days to go 84 miles!*

THE CAMPAIGN LIE.

In the establishment of Messrs. Blank & Co., where are employed 350 hands, a vote was taken on the presidential question yesterday, and resulted Blaine 317, Cleveland 33. Last year all but seven voted for Butler.

A vote for the two candidates for the presidency in Dash & Co.'s factory last week produced 408 for Cleveland and 19 for the man from Maine. Only four men in the building voted the Democratic ticket last fall.

Hon. P. M. Mulcahy, an influential politician of Murphysboro, says he shall throw all his influence for Blaine.

Thomas Works, the largest real estate owner in Toughville, who has voted the Republican ticket for 27 years, says he will travel 2000 miles in order to vote for the candidate from New York.

And so they go on. You can find them in almost any daily paper. But you can bet on the man you like best with just as much safety as ever.

The New York supreme court has decided that the elevated railroad companies have no right to build stations in or over the streets intersecting the line of the road, thus shutting out the sunlight from the tenements below, but only in the streets through which the track is laid, and it is probable that some of the stations may have to be re-located.

The city government of Newburyport has voted an appropriation of $1000 for a reception to Lieut. Greely at such time as may be agreeable to him, and the Knights Templars have sent him an invitation, hoping for his attendance at an early date.

At Beverly last week, while blasting in a water pipe trench, a large rock weighing a ton and a half was thrown into the air and through the side of a dwelling into the cellar, where it had to be split with drills before it could be removed.

New York city had a cholera scare last Friday, it being reported that five cases had been discovered. They turned out, however, to be nothing worse than ordinary summer complaint.

A New York artist who took a photograph of Blaine four years ago has reproduced the same, and the orders for the first four days were for over three million copies.

A number of Americans lost their lives on Lake Lucerne, Switzerland, a few days ago, by the capsizing of a pleasure boat.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Those ladies' shoes Milligan is selling for 50c. a pair are fast finding purchasers.

We begin to pack our goods next Monday. Now is the time to buy goods at jobbers' prices at Childs' Boston Branch Shoe Store.

PALMER AND VICINITY.

C. L. Gardner is having his house and office painted.

New potatoes are in the market at 50 cents per peck.

M. W. French and wife have gone to Petersham for the summer.

Mrs. J. B. Shaw and daughters are at Marblehead for a few weeks.

J. S. Loomis and wife have been at Marblehead for a couple of weeks.

For a sure way to prevent an engine from smoking apply to the janitor at the depot.

Mrs. E. L. Crumb of Forestville, Ct., will preach at the Advent chapel next Sunday.

An agent selling lithographs of Blaine and Logan canvassed the town on Wednesday.

Rev. Mr. Perry exchanged with Rev. E. W. Whitney of Brattleboro, Vt., last Sunday.

Miss Anna Whitcomb has gone to Chesterfield, N. H., for two weeks of camping out.

Misses Julia and Lily Allen have gone to Vernon, Vt., to spend a few weeks with relatives.

We notice a few very handsome Blaine and Logan badges being worn by some of our citizens.

J. N. Kimball succeeded in coaxing 15 pounds of black bass from the river at Three Rivers last Tuesday.

A new hard wood floor has been laid in the law office of Taft & Kenefick, and the walls brightened by the painters.

Roadmaster Shanks has begun the foundations for his new dwelling on the corner of Pleasant and School streets.

We are indebted to Mrs. W. H. Smith of Thorndike for a handsome specimen of that somewhat rare blossom, Gabriel's trumpet.

Charles Robinson's two-tenement house on Park street is rapidly nearing completion, and will be very conveniently arranged and pleasant.

The price of milk has been raised from five to six cents a quart this month. The former has been the usual price for the summer season.

A person who was out in the rain of Sunday night, said it seemed as if some one had pulled the plug out and let all the water there was loose.

Rev. E. A. Perry has a vacation through the month of August, and after next Sunday there will be no preaching at St. Paul's church for four weeks.

Geo. Ellis caught two large pickerel at Newell's Pond on Tuesday, one of which weighed 3 pounds and 3 ounces, and the other one about as much.

There was no preaching at the Baptist church last Sabbath, Rev. Mr. Hunt being called away to Maine on account of the sickness of his wife's mother.

The engine on the modoe Sunday night broke a piston rod in the cut just west of the village, and the train was delayed something over an hour in consequence.

We have on our desk a bunch of blossoms from one of E. Harvey's apple tress, which were picked close beside some fruit of good size growing on the same limb.

The bridge over the B. & A. road by the carriage shop, connecting Main and Pleasant streets, has been removed, and hereafter there will be no passageway at that point.

Two extra cars on the Block Island train Wednesday morning carried the Congregational Sunday school on their picnic to Lyle's Beach, where all report a good time. The rain did not reach them until well along on their return trip.

George P. Brown of Brimfield brings to our desk an egg laid by one of his hens, which measures 7¾ by 6¼ inches in circumference, and weighs 4 ounces. He thinks this is doing pretty well for a hen of the speckled Hamburg variety.

Nine children, sent out by the fresh air fund of the New York *Tribune*, were left with various families in town for two weeks of fresh air and new scenery last Friday. The village ought to have accommodated more than that small number.

The Flynt Building & Construction Co. have just been awarded the contract for a $200,000 building for the Young Men's Christian Association of Brooklyn, N. Y., 125 by 200 feet, containing a library, reading room, lecture room, gymnasium, etc.

A large water tank, constructed of boiler iron, has been placed in position opposite the blacksmith shop of James Healey on South Main street. It is high enough to enable horses to drink without being unchecked, and is much appreciated by horsemen.

There is one young Republican in town who is rank—the rankest kind. He remarked the other day that he honestly thought the Devil, backed by the Republicans, would make a better executive than Jesus Christ elected by the Democrats.

The telegraph wires running into the depot have been joined into a cable at the east end of the station, and are carried out of sight under the roof of the covered platform to the building, when they go down into the cellar, and from there up into the operating room.

A family of thirteen, ranging all the way from the aged sire to the youngster of five or six, came up the New London road to this place Wednesday evening to bid friends good-by who were bound west on the B. & A. road, and attracted no little attention as they were marshaled around the platform in line by the father.

An ex-official of the town who lives in this village and has always been a strong Republican has gone back on the g. o. p. and says he will vote for Cleveland this fall. His wife says she is ashamed of him and that he shall do no such thing, but he says he will, even if he has to give his wife a thrashing in order to get her consent.

Alonzo Esau got decidedly drunk yesterday and was creating a disturbance in the Central street restaurant. Officer Northrop was sent for, and had quite a tussle before he could arrest his man, being obliged to club him into submission. This morning Alonzo was assessed $16.96 for being drunk and disturbing the peace, which he paid.

The "boys" had a grand good time at their reception at camp Wednesday afternoon, and about 100 were present and partook of clam chowder, baked clams, and all the accompaniments. On account of the rain in the evening, the fireworks were not let loose, but will be set off to-morrow evening. The campers understand the art of entertaining visitors, and callers at the camp report an enthusiastic welcome every time.

Politics in the village are not very lively, and not much talk is heard on either side. There are a few who do not like Blaine, while the nomination of Cleveland has given the Maine man a number of votes which were for Butler first choice, with Blaine second, but as a general rule the party lines are closely followed, with but few bolters, the majority of those who do not like Blaine supporting him because of party principles.

The "Judge" was a little put out at our manner of referring to him in last week's hen item. We misunderstood him; he says the two hens lay a dozen eggs a week, and not a dozen apiece, and that they will not lay Sundays. He says that in 64 years of his life he has traded 1000 horses and never told but one lie in his life, and that was to his wife, hence he does not like to be referred to as the champion in that line. After such a statement no one could have the presumption to do so!

BONDSVILLE.

Bricklayers began work on the new bleachery this week.

Several from this village attended the reunion of Gen. Devens' Brigade at Providence this week.

The sociable and lawn party held at F. A. Packard's last Wednesday afternoon and evening was well attended. The receipts were about $21.

THREE RIVERS.

J. F. Luman, the organist and director of music at St. Mary's church, Thorndike, has started a class in instrumental music at this place, and will be here every Tuesday. The method used by him is one of the easiest and quickest, and as he guarantees satisfaction, those who desire to take lessons either upon the piano or organ will do well to give him a call.

NORTH WILBRAHAM.

William McGuire had his hand badly bruised while coupling cars at the grain mill Thursday.

The new chimney at the paper mill is completed, and is handsomely ornamented with fancy brick.

Deacon Knowlton and Captain Wall caught two fine strings of pickerel at Nine-Mile Pond, but no black bass have been caught.

Dr. Spear returns to Tennessee next Monday, in order to attend the dedication of two churches he has built during the year past.

Rev. Isaac W. Grimes, a graduate of Rochester Theological Seminary, will probably preach at the Chapel Sunday at 2 p. m. Rev. Mr. Mansfield at 6 o'clock.

Rev. M. S. Howard is at Block Island on his vacation, and will not preach at the Chapel for three or four weeks. Any preaching during his absence will be announced from time to time as may be arranged.

BRIMFIELD.

John F. Converse and Geo. A. Webster returned from their sea shore trip on Friday last.

John L. Bacon has purchased the stock of goods of Cheney Newton, has taken possession of his store, and is busy filling up with new goods.

Misses Lydia and Mary, daughters of the late Henry M. Wyles of this place, are just at present lamenting a piece of thoughtlessness which has cost them dear. While at school at Worcester they became acquainted with two young cadets, who followed them at the close of the school year to New Rochelle, N. Y., where the acquaintance was continued. One day while out riding it was suggested that they get married and a justice of the peace went through a formal ceremony and they returned home. A week later they were surprised to find that it was a binding marriage. As neither party considered it serious at the time, proceedings have been commenced which will no doubt give them a way of escape.

WEST WARREN.

A Blaine and Logan flag will float in the breeze here soon.

James McGrath offers his residence on the Ware road for sale.

P. O. Gorman has returned home from Worcester looking well and hearty.

At the auction sale of grass by I. Moore last Saturday, I. Stearns was the highest bidder.

The watch house on the Boston & Albany road lately destroyed by fire, has been replaced with another.

Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Baker entertained a number of relatives and friends at their home on Thursday last, it being Mrs. Baker's seventieth birthday.

Neighboring farmers have already completed their task of haying. The crop in many places being but one load which last year and previous season supplied four.

William Canfield will soon reap the benefit of a large and fruitful garden. He has in it an abundant supply of the choicest vegetables commonly used. His crop of potatoes is especially excellent.

A small party of Democrats are frequently gathered around the corner, drawing historical parallels between Ben Butler and Cleveland. It being rather warm a few evenings since, the steps on which they chose a seat were cooled for them with a pail of water.

THORNDIKE.

Mrs. James Staples is spending a vacation at Old Orchard Beach.

Miss Emma McCann of Springfield, is visiting friends in town.

The choir at the Catholic church are having a few weeks' vacation.

James Loftus is being "rocked in the cradle of the deep" at Nantasket Beach.

It rumored that the No. 1 mill will shut down sometime in the near future for repairs.

Mrs. Hattie Hatch of Palmer, has been visiting with her mother for a few days this week.

Much sickness prevails in our midst, and many lay it to the weather, it being so changeable.

Marshal Hitchcock is improving the grounds in the front of his residence on Main street.

Agent Green's residence has lately received a coat of paint which adds much to its appearance.

Fishing, boating, etc., are the general sports, as it seems, judging from the many who go every day to Newell's Pond.

The auction which closed Saturday night was well patronized from Wednesday until the close, and the people are rejoicing over their big bargains.

Mr. Smith of Three Rivers, formerly yard boss for the Thorndike Co., has severed his connection here and is succeeded by Mr. Shepard of Connecticut.

WALES.

Warren and Elijah Shaw have gone fishing among the hills in Vermont.

The Savings bank has declared a semi-annual dividend of 2½ per cent. H. A. McFarland, Warren Shaw, P. W. Moore and G. S. Rogers are the investing committee.

James E. Hubbard and Willis Harrington start for Kansas, Friday, where they will go into the dry goods and grocery business. John Hubbard has bought a half interest in the store here and has engaged Willie George for clerk.

Switzer Bros. have opened the meat market and are liked thus far. Now would it not be better to patronize them, so that they can have business enough to remain and keep a good market? There is trade enough to well support one good market, but when the people divide it up among three carts that run in from other places, it is poor encouragement for a market here.

A new way to make tramps pay who come into town and work a short time and get into debt for tobacco, etc., and then skip, was tried this week by one of our local dealers. He followed and overtook him, asked about the little bill, and was told that he would pay when he —— pleased. He soon found himself on the ground with the trader "taking it out of him", when he begged and turned out what money he had and was let off. Served him right; do so some more.

WILBRAHAM.

Charles Merrick is taking a vacation trip to northern New York.

Prof. Gill preached at the Methodist church at Palmer Four Corners last Sunday.

The Willing Workers met with Misses Dora and Mary Merrick yesterday afternoon.

Prof. Edward Merrick of Delaware, Ohio, is spending a part of his vacation with his mother, Mrs. E. B. Merrick.

Dr. Stebbins Foskit and wife will start on a vacation trip to Niagara Falls and the Thousand Isles about the 1st of August.

Miss Emily Phelps of the local C. L. S. C., has completed the four years' course of study and receives her diploma this week.

Myron Bruner has a piece of corn which was cut to the ground by the frost sixty days ago, some of the stalks of which now measure 7½ feet.

There will be no services at the Congregational church for the next two Sundays, as the pastor Rev. M. S. Howard, with his daughter Mary, is spending a fortnight at Block Island.

Samuel Merrick was thrown from his wagon by his horse running away in Springfield last Saturday, and quite severely bruised and cut about the head and face. Fortunately no bones were broken.

L. M. Bruner of class '83 of Wesleyan Academy, has received the first prize of a gold medal in a one mile walking match at Phillips, Exeter Academy, his record being 9 minutes 11 seconds. He graduated at Exeter Academy this summer and will enter Harvard College in September.

MONSON.

Mrs. Horatio Lyon has gone to Saratoga Springs.

Miss Mattie Carpenter left on Tuesday for a two-weeks' vacation.

George Flynt has recovered from the effects of his Fourth of July accident.

E. D. Cushman has returned from a pleasant trip of four weeks to Michigan.

E. J. Lazelle has made some very handsome photographs of the soldiers' monument.

Rev. Mr. Hammatt has his vacation during the month of August, and there will be no preaching at the hall after next Sunday.

Rev. Albert Hammatt will preach to the children at Central Hall next Sunday morning. Subject: "The Wise Ways of the Ant."

Mareus Keep Post, G. A. R., has received an invitation to be present at the dedication of a soldiers' monument at Belchertown, September 15th, and will probably attend.

The Universalist picnic at Evergreen Park yesterday was a splendid success. Large delegations were present from Palmer and Stafford, and all enjoyed an excellent time.

About thirty children from New York were left among the people here last Friday for two weeks of fresh air, and the sayings, pranks and capers of the little ones would fill a good-sized volume.

The Methodist picnic at Flynt's Park on Wednesday was a success. There was ice cream and lemonade and plenty to eat, and the day was charming. The committee, on behalf of the society, extend thanks to W. N. Flynt for the use of his beautiful park, to Mr. Aldrich for team, and to Messrs. Bliss and Sisson for ice. The exercises closed by singing Coronation and America, and with appropriate remarks by the pastor.

WARREN.

Harlan P. Bliss lost a valuable horse from colic Sunday night.

Miss Ada Wetherlee, librarian, is absent on a visit to New York.

Rev. Mr. Forbes returned home to attend the funeral of Dea. Robbins.

Mr. Spooner has taken possession of the tin shop on Southbridge street.

Rev. A. J. Canfield and family are in town at their country residence.

Comins' pond seems to be a favorite resort, and a number of boats are daily in use.

A thunder storm preceeded by wind, was one of the features Wednesday evening.

A large number of applicants for the superintendency of the school seem to be coming daily.

The time for the annual visit to the sea shore has arrived, and quite a number are leaving town.

The band occasionally gives us an out-door concert, and the call is still for more of the same kind.

Rev. Sylvanus Heywood of Globe Village occupied the pulpit of the Congregational church last Sabbath.

Harlan Bliss lost a good horse last Monday, caused by eating fresh hay. The citizens have very generously raised the sum of $125 to purchase him another.

The great "Omaha" pump at the pump works is being placed in position for testing, so look out for a small flood down the valley in the course of a week or two.

Among the many guests in town is Mrs. Jennie Walker of Cambridge, daughter of William Patrick of this place, who occupied her old position as leading soprano at the Congregational church last Sabbath.

A meeting will be held next Monday evening in the hall of the Sons of Temperance, for the purpose of forming a prohibitory club to support the Pittsburg convention nominees, and of filling out a district ticket. All interested voters are invited.

A little girl at St. Johnsville, N. Y., has taken a novel method for raising money to build a new church. She has written to nearly all the statesmen, etc., at Washington, asking each to contribute a few bricks, and the plan was so novel, and the letters written in such a frank manner that the responses were many, including the President, members of the cabinet, Gen. Sherman, and others. She will now sell the autographs accompanying the letters, and thus nearly double the sum received.

Ezekiel Eads, who died near Athens, N. Y., recently, had no ears when born, nor any aperture where his ears should have been. He was able, however, to hear through his mouth, keeping it wide open when being talked to. At birth his hair was black, covered with gray spots which never changed, neither did his hair grow white. His eldest child, 45, has hair as black as jet, while that of the youngest, 13, is as gray as that of a man of 70.

A buxom Scotch girl of Fall River who had loaned her lover $10 with which to meet the necessary expenses of their wedding, and—he had run off with it—didn't propose to loose either money or man, packed up and traveled through Rhode Island, Massachusetts and Connecticut, and finally cornered him at Putnam, where everything was made right.

Wm. F. Davis, an evangelist, was stopped by the police while preaching to a large audience on Boston common last Sunday. He had preached for two Sabbaths without interference, when the police discovered that a statute existed prohibiting sermons on the common, and he was compelled to leave his sermon unfinished.

A Texas ex-convict, charged with the murder of a little girl, was taken from the officers by a mob last week, tied to a tree and fifteen bullets fired into him, and then left for dead. He managed to untie the rope, however, dress his wounds and escape after the party had gone.

W. E. Curtis, Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, has been appointed secretary of the commission which is to visit Central and South America for the purpose of investigating the commercial relations between those countries and the United States.

America is not the only country in which terrible railroad disasters occur. Last week the axle of an express train in England broke, throwing the train from a bridge which it was crossing, and twenty five persons were killed and forty more or less injured.

The electric headlight on locomotives has been put to a practical test during the past two weeks on the New York, Pennsylvania & Ohio railroad, and seems a perfect success. It is claimed that the track is lighted plainly to the distance of one mile by it.

A Buffalo, N. Y., man who had a grudge against his neighbor, put some bread covered with arsenic where he thought his hens would get it. His little 4-years-old son got hold of some of it, and was fatally poisoned by it.

The fastest railroad time ever made between Chicago and Boston is now made by the limited express which leaves Chicago every afternoon at 3.21. The time to Boston via the Fitchburg road, is less than 33 hours.

J. H. Donglass of Cherow, S. C., the leader of the posse which killed the outlaw Bogan Cash, was shot while at work in his field the other day. It is thought that friends of Cash's did the shooting.

Telegraph rates on the Baltimore & Ohio line from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, to Cincinnati and Cleveland, have been reduced from 40 to 25 cents for ten words.

The entire business portion of Cedar Springs, near Grand Rapids, Mich., was swept away by fire last week. This makes three times within a year that the town has been burned out.

Montana is by no means a healthy place for horse thieves. Five were hanged at the town of Helena last week, making thirteen in that vicinity in the past twenty days.

Last Friday was an unlucky day for Joseph Merchant of East Haven, Ct. He went to Hartford to the city's centennial, and hence men beat him out of $400.

A new coal breaker at Hazleton, Pa., owned by Coxe Bros., and costing $200,000, was burned on Sunday. Six hundred hands were thrown out of employment.

Two boys at Kearney, Neb., tried to light a fire with kerosene. They succeeded admirably, and climbed the golden stairs as a reward for their success.

Seven men were buried by the caving in of a well at Durham, N. C., last Friday. Three were got out alive, but the other four perished.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

Hops are rising in price.

Natick's tax rate is $16.20.

The Maine sardine business is much depressed.

A man in Mansfield has 6000 geese and 2000 ducks.

Domestic postage in Mexico is higher than foreign.

The Richmond (Va.) national bank has closed its doors.

The Duke of Edinburgh is an enthusiastic stamp collector.

The Nihilists are showing vigorous signs of life in Russia.

Cuba has 1,521,684 inhabitants, including 46,698 Chinamen.

The Delaware peach crop will exceed that of last year.

The British museum has an aerolite weighing five tons.

Oscar Wilde and his bride have been a great success in Paris.

France has reduced her claim upon China to fifty million francs.

Boston is said to be in a better sanitary condition than last year.

The plague is carrying off hundreds of people in Asiatic Russia.

The public baths of Vienna are said to be the finest in the world.

The New Haven yacht club started on its summer cruise last Saturday.

The total number of deaths from cholera at Marseilles is placed at 874.

Nearly 38,000,000 barrels of petroleum is stored in tanks in Pennsylvania.

The dog is the only animal able to follow man as far and as high as he can go.

Artesian wells were known at Thebes 2000 years before the Christian era.

Severe wind and rain storms prevailed in Nebraska and Dakota Sunday night.

It is stated that fewer dressmakers than usual have gone abroad this season.

The London balloon society has ordered a gold medal struck for Lieut. Greely.

The Georgia cotton factories are reducing the wages of their operatives.

An unprecedented amount of real estate seems to be in the market in England.

There was a heavy landslide on Mt. Willard, White Mountains, Saturday night.

Over 50,000 post offices are required to handle the mail matter of the country.

India is threatened with a small wheat crop in consequence of severe drought.

Since the war over 600 colored Baptist churches have been established in Texas.

In 56 years Mexico has had fifty-four presidents, one regency and one emperor.

During the last six months there have been sixty-two suicides in San Francisco.

Epicures are feasting on an unusually large supply of soft-shell crabs this season.

Mrs. Greely has never doubted for one moment that her husband would be found.

The Connecticut drummers will hold their annual clam bake at Branford Point the 25th.

Gov. Abbett of New Jersey has appointed Miss Mary F. Seymour commissioner of deeds.

The famous Rockbridge alum springs of Virginia are to be sold under an order of court.

It has been decided that women are not eligible for the office of pension office examiner.

England will have only half a hay crop, while other crops are threatened with shortage.

Diamond discovery has had much the same effect at Cape Colony as gold had in California.

Fifty children sent by the New York fresh air fund reached St. Johnsbury, Vt., last Friday.

Fashionable tables are now dressed in white, with white cloth, china, candlesticks and flowers.

In St. Louis, says one of its newspapers, four-fifths of the inhabitants have taken to chewing gum.

Cheap cabs are a great success in New York, where the hack drivers are notoriously extortionate.

The Tennessee mountains are becoming fashionable as a summer resort among people in the South.

A New York dealer in church furnishings advocates opera chairs instead of pews in houses of worship.

The 15th regiment of Connecticut volunteers will hold their annual reunion at New Haven August 25th.

The Susquehanna river has produced a perfectly white eel over 2½ feet long and weighing 4½ pounds.

A recent hailstorm in Butte and Lawrence counties, Dakota, destroyed the vegetation of 20,000 acres of land.

Seven Danbury, Ct., young ladies are keeping house all by themselves on Belle Island in Norwich harbor.

Lord Rupertswood of Victoria is reputed to be richer than W. H. Vanderbilt. He is worth more than $200,000,000.

It is said to be very fashionable for couples bent on matrimony to go abroad and be married at the Legation.

The eldest daughter of Matthew Arnold is engaged to be married to Frederic W. Whitridge, a New York lawyer.

The famous Marshalsea Prison in London where Dickens laid many scenes of "Little Dorritt," is now a lodging house.

Philadelphians claim that Sunday music in their park is fast becoming the greatest of all attractions within its limits.

Vegetable growers in Southern Georgia are very much discouraged by the returns they have received for their crops.

King Theebaw of Burmah has caused the Queen mother to be poisoned, and has married the Queen's youngest sister.

American corn will be welcomed in Italy this year, since the crops have suffered from cold and unseasonable weather.

A Japanese colony of artesans is to be established in Germany for the purpose of learning the secrets of their processes.

During the first six months of the current year the sum of $63,221,000 has been invested in new industries in the South.

Twenty-one thousand widows of soldiers of the war of 1812 are stated to be still drawing pensions from the government.

Wages in the watch factory at Southington, Ct., have been cut down so low that only school children will work for them.

The Methodist camp-meeting at Willimantic, Ct., opens August 18. There are now about 200 cottages on the grounds.

The cool weather which displeases the proprietors of summer resort hotels also disagrees with the flies and mosquitoes.

According to a Colorado paper, Midland's population consists of two families and a couple of dogs, and yet the city has a newspaper.

Gen. Booth of the Salvation Army intends entering London at the close of his provincial tour at the head of one hundred brass bands.

Insurance companies charge higher rates for colored people because they say the rate of mortality is greater among negroes than whites.

Two Danes have undertaken the task of paddling, in a skin covered canoe, from Alaska to San Francisco, a distance of about 2500 miles.

BAR HARBOR NOTES.

STRAY FRAGMENTS FROM THE RECENT PRESS EXCURSION.

The island of Mt. Desert (with the accent on the second syllable, if you please, according to the best usage) is fourteen miles in length, with an average width of seven miles, and contains about one hundred square miles, and no less than thirteen mountains, ranging in height from 670 to 1522 feet, six of them being over a thousand feet in height. There are also seven or eight lakes, all of them considerably above the sea level, the lowest being 38 feet and the highest 410 feet above the salt water. There are three townships—Tremont, Mt. Desert and Eden. In the last-named town is located Bar Harbor, the "metropolis" of the island, and many a weary summer traveler who lingers here, drinking in the pure, invigorating sea and mountain air and enjoying the charming scenery, will agree that the town is very appropriately named.

The first hotel at Bar Harbor was built in 1869 by the large land owners, D. Rodick & Sons, and would accommodate forty guests. It is doubtful if it held even that limited number at one time for the first few years of its existence, for the place was known to but few outside the fishermen and farmers who lived here. At that time land could be bought anywhere for $10 an acre. But when it was discovered that this was a desirable place for vacation seekers, and the tide of summer travel began to set this way, the residents "caught on" to the fever, and prices advanced at a rapid rate. Now an acre of land will sell for anywhere from $2000 to $8000, and $10,000 has been offered in at least one instance for a building lot. A round hill overlooking the town, which was sold for $75 a few years ago, is now valued at $100,000. A swamp with a water front, bought for $1500, was sold afterwards for $20,000. The whole water front is now held by wealthy Boston and New York gentlemen, whose elegant residences are a pleasing feature of the landscape. One cottage recently completed cost over $100,000, and is owned by Mrs. Bowler of Chicago. With all these advances, it is not strange that the valuation of the town, which was $135,000 in 1870, is now more than $1,000,000.

Cottage life is becoming as much a feature of this place as it is at Newport. The cottagers begin to come in June, and they tarry well into September. Persons who rent a cottage for the season have to pay a fat price. One very unpretending house, in a location only passing fair, was pointed out as renting for $700 for the season. Mr. Blaine has taken a cottage here for the summer, and his presence will of course lend an added attraction to the place.

Those who visit Bar Harbor should go early, to get the best accommodations and the best views. The island is not so far away from the Bay of Fundy but that fogs are more or less prevalent—rather more than less, in fact, but the chances for clear skies are better in June and the early part of July than later. And then, the hotels are sure to be crowded when the season is at its height, and often to such an extent that many unfortunates who have not engaged their rooms in advance cannot find a place to lay their heads.

The hotels have kept pace with the growth of the town. The original Rodick House of forty-guest power has developed into an imposing structure which will accommodate 1000 patrons. The West End has rooms for 400 guests, and there are several other good-sized houses. Nearly all the hotels are kept by the original landowners, who began in a small way and have enlarged from time to time as their increasing business demanded. They make good landlords, too, being kind-hearted and anxious to make their patrons comfortable and happy. But there is an occasional evidence that they were not born to the business. Take the Rodick, for instance. It is a capital house, with good-sized rooms, well furnished, and with excellent beds. There is a good corps of bell-boys—but there are no bells in the rooms; and a guest finds no letter-box for his mail matter except a shallow box on the office counter, where it is subject to the inspection and handling of every curious passer. Small matters, to be sure, and for that reason easily remedied. The table is not supplied with the variety of fish one would naturally expect in this latitude, but is very satisfactory; and the steak furnished is of unusual excellence.

Bar Harbor derives its name from a bar connecting the larger island with Bar Island. This bar is covered at full tide, but when the tide is out is laid bare for quite a wide space, making a dry thoroughfare for pedestrians and teams. The Rodicks own a large fish weir on the bar, which frequently "pans out" from $200 to $300 worth of fish in a night, mainly herring, with some mackerel. The former go to the "sardine" factories along the coast, and for bait.

The roads about Bar Harbor are kept in excellent condition, and it is a pleasure to drive over them, especially in the commodious and comfortable buckboards which are so popular with the visitors. To better accommodate travel to "The Ovens," and avoid the hills, a new piece of road, some three miles in length, was constructed a year or two since, at an expense of $10,000, much of it being cut out of the rocky cliffs along the shore. It makes a charming drive.

No visitor at Bar Harbor should miss the delightful trip to the summit of Green Mountain. The view is exceptionally grand and charming, and the coach ride and the enticing sail on Eagle Lake are very pleasant features of the trip.

The new all-rail route to Bar Harbor, *via* the Eastern and Maine Central railroads, cannot fail to add largely to the travel in this direction, as well as to the "comfortability" of the trip. The tourist may now take his breakfast leisurely in Boston, his dinner in Portland and supper at Bar Harbor, all without a qualm of seasickness. The "Flying Yankee," which leaves Boston at 9 a. m., does the business. This train makes the run of 55 miles between Waterville and Bangor without a stop, in 85 minutes—probably the longest continuous run in New England.

In order to give credit to whom credit is due, we append the resolutions which were unanimously adopted by the Press Excursion on the last evening of its stay at Bar Harbor:

Resolved: That the thanks of the Massachusetts Press Association are due and are hereby tendered to the managers of the Eastern, Maine Central and Green Mountain railroads, and their gentlemanly officials, for their courteous attention on this our summer excursion so generously provided, and we trust that their liberal policy and attention to the wants of the traveling public will meet with the reward such enterprise deserves.

Resolved: That our thanks are due to the Messrs. Rodick & Sons and their employes for their kind attention during our stay at the Rodick House; to Joseph Wood, Esq., of the Mt. Desert *Herald*, for valuable assistance in arrangements preliminary to this occasion; to W. T. Morton & Co., on behalf of our ladies, for the graceful floral compliments tendered them; to George Rodick and drivers for the pleasure afforded us in our drives about the island; to C. B. Pinco of the Casino Rink for courtesies offered; and to the citizens of Bar Harbor generally who one and all have contributed so much to make our brief tarry among them one of unalloyed pleasure.

Resolved: That the thanks of the Association are hereby extended to the Excursion Committee for their excellent arrangement and care of details, which has contributed so largely to the success and pleasure of this excursion.

THE GREELY RESCUE.

The survivors of the Greely expedition, who are now at St. Johns, are all doing finely and gaining rapidly. The thrilling story of their rescue is told by Mr. Norman, the ice pilot of the Thetis, in these words:

At 8 o'clock on the evening of the 22d of June, having found a record previously three miles north of Cape Sabine, we proceeded in the steam launch to the spot indicated as the camping ground of the Greely party. As we approached within two yards of the shore we saw a man staggering down the hillside toward the ice fort. He held a small flag in his hand, attached to which was a piece of a handkerchief. This he feebly waved. As soon as the steam launch struck the shore, Capt. Ash of the Bear and myself jumped on the shore. The man proved to be Long, one of the Greely party. He wore a haggard, ghastly look and was scarcely able to stand. He muttered out his words. We asked him how all hands were. He replied, "there are seven of us left." I ran up immediately to the place where he pointed out the camp. Capt. Ash and Lieut. Colwell went back to the launch to bring some pemmican, biscuit and some stimulating drink. When I reached within a few yards of the tent I cried out, "cheer up, Greely." "Is that you Norman?" faintly replied Lieut. Greely, who knew my voice, although three years had elapsed since I bade him farewell in the Proteus in Lady Franklin sound.

A fierce storm was blowing, and the tent had fallen on its wretched occupants. I cut and tore it open, entered, and there saw with horror the pale, shriveled form of Greely lying in the middle of the camp, encased in his sleeping-bag; Ellison, with hands and feet lopped off by frost since the first of the previous year. Beiderback lay down listlessly in front of Greely. Connell pointed at by his comrades as dying, was reclining in a motionless posture on Greely. Brainard lay down alone under the shelter of a corner of the tent and was separated to the eye from his comrades in misfortune. Immediately Capt Ash, Lieut Colwell and the chief engineer arrived and we at once began to administer small doses of food of the lightest description. The men at first were ravenous and loudly insisted on getting more and more food. We refused to gratify their wishes, fearing disastrous results from over eating. The launch was despatched to the steamer and brought on shore to our aid, Drs. Ames and Greene and Comdr. Schley. Preparations were at once made to convey the party on board. All the records were gathered up and everything worth saving was carried down to the launch. We left nothing behind but some clothing and a few cans of the wretched food on which Greely and his men were living for weeks. This consisted chiefly of scraps of sealskin, cut up in small pieces about the size of a cent piece. It had been stewed and converted into a kind of broth, with some shrimp and sea weed. This repulsive stew formed the sole diet of Greely and his unfortunate comrades.

Sergt. Long, who was the first to respond to the welcome tone of the steam whistle, when the Thetis and Bear reached Greely's camp, says that he and Sergt. Brainard were the first to hear the sound, and they helped each other to crawl out of the tent. When Long was clear of the entanglement of the tent, which had been blown to the ground, he got upon his feet with great difficulty, and succeeded in clambering up to a rock that gave the widest view in that neighborhood. Brainard went back to the tent, but Long remained searching in every direction for some strange object. At length he saw an unwonted sight—a large, black object about a mile distant, which at first looked like a rock; but he knew there was no rock in that line. Suddenly the approaching steam launch altered its course and Long recognized the approach of rescuers. He came down from the rock, went toward the camp; raised the flag-pole and flag which had been blown down in the gale and held it for about two minutes till his strength gave way and it was blown once more to the ground. He then totteringly advanced in the direction of the little steamer and in a few minutes the warm hand of Capt. Ash of the Bear had grasped his in welcome.

Gen. Hazen makes this statement with regard to the work of Lieut. Greely's party at Lady Franklin Bay: The work done by the Greely expedition far surpasses in importance, completeness and scope that done by any other on record. It has shown the fallacy of the old belief that fatal diseases, especially scurvey, were necessarily incident to Arctic life, and that life was constantly menaced by the great cold. It has shown that with discipline, suitable clothing, proper and abundant food and a good suitably warmed house, men can live there in perfect health and comfort for a considerable period of time. This fact is corroborated by Lieut. Ray's experiences at Point Barrow, where in two years he never had a man on the sick list, and pronounced service there more safe than in Florida. Lieut. Greely literally accomplished everything he was sent to do in the two years he was at Lady Franklin bay, maintaining proper discipline without more serious frosting or discomfort than is experienced every winter in Dakota; without serious illness or discomfort of any member of the party, bringing them all safely and well with all his records and instruments for final comparison to the point where his responsibility ended. It has also solved the question of Arctic exploration of the future, and with the additional precaution of judiciously locating suitable depots with houses, the party never passing beyond until this is done, Arctic exploration will be robbed of its dangers and apprehension.

August Magazines.

The August *Harper* might be called a pictorial number, as it has sixty-two fine engravings, the frontispiece being from the beautiful painting by T. W. Dewing. "Artist Strolls in Holland," by Geo. H. Boughton, are resumed; Mrs. Burton Harrison in an article entitled "Some work of the 'Associated Artists'" treats especially of the Wheeler tapestries; "The Gateway of Boston," by W. H. Rideing, effectively describes the islands off Boston Harbor. Ernest Ingersoll's paper on Salt Lake City and that of G. O. Shields on Montana antelope hunting will both be found of much interest. A series of papers, by Rev. Treadwell Walden, entitled "The Great Hall of William Rufus," giving a panoramic view of English history as associated with Westminster Hall, is begun in this number, with excellent illustrations from authentic sources. There is also a valuable contribution from Dr. F. J. Nott on the medical virtues of Richfield Springs and other New York sulphur waters, a special analysis being made for the purposes of the article, which in its scope and significance resembles that published last year on Carlsbad. The serials are continued and the short stories are interesting. Poetry is contributed by Lucy Larcom, Annie Fields, and Laura M. Marquand, and the editorial departments are well sustained.

Outing for August is fresh and interesting; the frontispiece is one of Garrett's best drawings, with a little poem by C. E. Pratt called "Art in August;" the leading article describes "Tricycling in Tokio" and is illustrated by Frank S. Dobbins. "Yachting around Cape Cod" is a breezy paper by Sarah Leslie, and there are various other illustrated articles. A two-part story by Arlo Bates, "A Strange Idyl," is begun in this number, and there is a lively canoeing reminiscence in "A Homeward Cruise," by Dr. C. A. Neide. "Scraping Acquaintance with the Birds" is a charming natural history paper, and the departments are interesting and profitable to peruse. *Outing* is growing steadily in worth and public favor.

The *Delineator* for August is ready for use, and although a dull time for fashion and ornamentation, there is no lack of new patterns and an unusual number of suggestions, hints and patterns for fancy work with which to fill in the leisure hours of a summer vacation. The literary portion of the number is of even more value than the work department.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for August well sustains the character of the publication for real worth and literary merit. There are two interesting chapters of S. M. Mitchell's "In War Time," the second part of "A Cook's Tourist in Spain," and the third paper by Richard Grant White on "The Anatomizing of William Shakespeare." Under the title "An Old New England Divine" Kate Gannett Wells writes of the life and character of Ezra Stiles; "Bugs and Beasts before the law" is from the pen of E. P. Evans, and E. F. Hayward writes of the poet N. P. Willis. There is a short story, several poems and a number of papers of literary merit, while the editorial departments are excellent.

The *North American Review* for August contains an article by Justice James V. Campbell on "The Encroachments of Capital," which will command the serious attention of all readers. Richard A. Proctor treats of "The Origin of Comets," and presents that difficult subject in a light so clear that persons who have little acquaintance with astronomy can follow his argument. "Are we a Nation of Rascals?" is the startling title of an article by John F. Hume, who shows that states, counties and municipalities in the United States have already formally repudiated, or defaulted in the payment of interest on, an amount of bonds and other obligations equal to the sum of the national debt. Judge Edward C. Loring finds a "Drift toward Centralization" in the recent judgment of the United States Supreme Court on the power of the Federal Government to issue paper money, and in the opinion of the minority of the same court rendered in the suit for the Arlington property. Julian Hawthorne writes of "The American Element in Fiction," and there is a symposium on "Prohibition and Persuasion," by Neal Dow and Dr. Dio Lewis.

Simeon Bumpus of Edgeworth kept his gold in a bag under the floor. His boy accidently found the hiding place, and Simeon now mourns the loss of his son and over $400.

IMPORTANT INFORMATION.—Smith & Murray, Springfield, will not be undersold this month. Best ginghams 5¼c, former price 12½c; Pacific Chambargs 6¾c, former price 10c; good prints 3½c, former price 6¼c; foulards 7½c, former price 12½c; best French satteens 25c, former price 45c; American satteens 12½c, former price 25c; black silk radames 87½c, former price $1.25; black Jerseys 69c, former price $1.25; misses' Jerseys 75c, former price $1.50; suits $5, former price $10.

HAY FEVER.

I have been a great sufferer from Hay Fever for fifteen years. I read of the many wondrous cures of Ely's Cream Balm and thought I would try once more. In fifteen minutes after one application I was wonderfully helped. Two weeks ago I commenced using it and now I feel entirely cured. It is the greatest discovery ever known—Duhamel Clark, Farmer, Lee, Mass. Price fifty cents. 2w16

O. P. Allen and O. J. Winslow wish it known that they guarantee Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets to be the best remedy for indigestion ever made, they always relieve headache. cow 1y 52

A FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED.—This is an old and well-tried saying, and Rice & Co's Electic Liniment and Pills have been a friend indeed to relieve all pain. Motto—No cure no pay. For sale by Geo. L. Hitchcock, Palmer. 4

O. P. Allen and O. J. Winslow guarrantee positive relief for any cough, cold, croup, or lung complaint by using Acker's English Remedy, or will refund the money. cow 1y 52

IT IS BUT A MERE INVESTMENT OF FIFTY CENTS.—If it cures you are willing to pay; if not, you have but to say so and have your money refunded. Rice & Co's Electic Liniment cures cramps in the stomach and bowels, inflammation, burns, diphtheria etc. For sale at C. E. Blood's Drug Store, Ware. 4

Ask O. P. Allen and O. J. Winslow about Acker's Blood Elixer, the only preparation guaranteed to cleanse the blood and remove all chronic diseases cow 1y 52

GRAND EXCURSION TO RICE & CO'S ELECTIC LAKES, U. S. A.—All who are suffering from rheumatism, neuralgia, headache, toothache, or any pain, are invited to come. Motto—No cure, no pay. Fare for round trip and cure, 50 cents. For sale by G. L. Keeney, Druggist and Stationer, Monson. 4

The microscope demonstrates that consumption, asthma and bronchitis are produced by disease germs. Fontaine's Cure is the only remedy. Sold by Z. F. Beverly. 1yeow13

Unto the third and fourth generation! yea, scrofula and salt rheum is cured by Fontaine's Great Discovery. Sold by Z. F. Beverly. 1y13eow

Oh, how beautiful it makes the complexion! For eruptions, Lady Camelia's Secret of Beauty is superior to soap or liniments. Price 50 cents. At Allen's Pharmacy. (3) 4w37

Thousands are daily having freckles removed by a trial of Lady Camelia's Secret of Beauty. Price 50 cents, at Allen's Pharmacy. 1 4w y29

"ROUGH ON RATS"

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers; 15c; druggists.

HEART PAINS.

Palpitation, Dropsical Swellings, Dizziness, Indigestion, Headache, Sleeplessness cured by "Wells' Health Renewer."

"ROUGH ON CORNS."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns;" 15c; quick, complete cure; hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

"ROUGH ON COUGHS."

Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for coughs, colds, sore throat, hoarseness. Troches, 15c; Liquid, 50c.

"ROUGH ON DENTI-T" TOOTH POWDER.

Smooth, refreshing, harmless, elegant, cleansing, preservative and fragrant; druggists; 15c.

THIN PEOPLE.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Headache, Nervousness, Debility; $1.

BED-BUGS, FLIES.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

MOTHERS.

If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use Wells' Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.

LIFE PRESERVER.

If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to the spot.

"ROUGH ON TOOTHACHE."

Instant relief for neuralgia, toothache, faceache. Ask for "Rough on Toothache;" 15 and 25 cents.

PRETTY WOMEN.

Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity don't fail to try "Well's Health Renewer."

"ROUGH ON ITCH."

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

NIGHT SWEATS.

Headache, fever, chills, malaria, dyspepsia, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.

THE HOPE OF THE NATION.

Children, slow in development, puny, scrawny, and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."

"ROUGH ON PAIN."

Cures colic, cramps, diarrhœa; externally for aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. For man or beast. 25 and 50 cents.

"ROUGH ON PAIN" PLASTER."

Porous and strengthening, improved, the best for backache, pains in chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia; 25c; druggists or mail. 1y12

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The greatest medical wonder of the world. Warranted to speedily cure Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Cancers, Piles Chilblains, Corns, Tetter, Chapped Hands, and all skin eruptions, guaranteed to cure in every instance or money refunded. 25 cents per box. For sale by G. L. Hitchcock. 1y32

THE HOMEOPHATHIC MEDICINES that will enable you to treat ailments of almost any kind without the aid of a physician are sold at Palmer by O. P. Allen, and at Monson by G. L. Keeney, apothecaries. The guide slips attached to each bottle enables you to be your own physician. 3m12*

MURE, the new remedy, is acknowledged by leading physicians to cure *Headache, Neuralgia* and *Malaria* when everything else fails. For sale at Palmer by O. P. Allen, and at Monson by G. L. Keeney, druggists. 3m12*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she was a Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.
1y11

Everybody Knows It.

When you have the Itch, Salt Rheum, Galls, or Skin Eruption of any kind, and the Piles, that you know without being told of it. G. L. Hitchcock, Palmer, G. L. Keeney, Monson, and C. E. Blood, Ware, the druggists, will sell you Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy for 50 cents, which is a sure cure for either of the above diseases. 1y13eow

An Eye to Business.

O. P. Allen, the druggist, is always wide-awake to business and spares no pains to secure the best of every article in his line. He has secured the agency for Kemp's Balsam for Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all affections of the throat and lungs. Sold on a positive guarantee. Price 50 cents and $1.00. Trial size free. eow17

Cause of Failure.

Want of confidence accounts for half of the business failures of to-day. G. L. Hitchcock, Palmer, G. L. Keeney, Monson, and C. E. Blood, Ware, the druggists, are not liable to fail for want of confidence in Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup, for they give away a bottle free to all who are suffering with coughs, colds, asthma, consumption, and all affections of the throat and lungs. 1y13eow

Take 15 Cents,

And get Kemp's Botanic Liver Pills for Headache, for Biliousness, for Torpid Liver, for the Complexion. Use no other. Sold by O. P. Allen. eow17

A Wide-Awake Druggist.

Mr. Geo. L. Hitchcock is always wide-awake in his business, and spares no pains to secure the best of every article in his line. He has secured the agency for the celebrated Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, the only certain cure known for Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Asthma, Hay Fever, Bronchitis, or any affection of the Throat and Lungs. Sold on positive guarantee. Will give you trial bottle free. Regular size $1. 3

BORN.

At Ware, 19th, a daughter to F. P. CLARK.

MARRIED.

At Ware, 23d, by Rev. W. G. Tuttle, WILLIAM A. NEWTON and FRANCES R. FULLER.
At West Warren, 23d, FELIX PREVOST and LIZZY LEARY.

DIED.

At Ware, 19th, infant son of WILLIAM HAMILTON.
At Brimfield, 21st, BARNARD ADAMS, 77.
At Warren, 17th, SAMUEL P. ROBBINS, 47.
At Belchertown, 20th, AUSTIN D. FULLER, 32.

WANTED—A thoroughly competent girl for general housework.
Mrs. C. B. FISK, Palmer.

BROOKS BROS.,

Successors to ROBINSON & BROOKS,

— DEALERS IN —

HARDWARE,

Iron and Steel,

PAINTS, OIL AND GLASS,

SPRINGS AND AXLES,

WHEELS AND RIMS,

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IMPLEMENTS,

SEEDS AND FERTILIZERS,

JOHN W. MASURY'S and RAILROAD PAINTS

A SPECIALTY.

☞ All goods warranted as represented, and low prices for cash.

Give us a call; we will try and please you.

Yours, respectfully,

BROOKS BROS.

DOG FOUND. A Spotted Hound followed the subscriber when returning from West Brookfield Friday, July 18th. The owner may have the same by calling and paying costs. ADOLPH TOPF.
Gilbertville, July 19th, 1884. 1w*

TO RENT, IN SOUTH MONSON, on the Branch road, near the corner, House, Saloon, Garden, Hen House and Yard, to a man and wife that can light well and lift harness, dry goods and fowls, and have plenty of onions in the fall. House in good order and will rent low, rent to be paid in advance. Colored people preferred. Or I will let two dwellings low and on easy terms.
Inquire of EARL PARKER,
3w17* South Monson.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of George M. Mixter, late of Monson, in the County of Hampden, deceased; and has taken upon herself that trust, by giving bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased, are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to
EMMA S. MIXTER, Administratrix.
Monson, Mass., July 21, 1884. 3w17

GET YOUR

LETTER HEADS,

BILL HEADS,

NOTE HEADS,

STATEMENTS,

Or anything of that kind printed at the

JOURNAL OFFICE,

And have them put up in

NEAT BLOCKS OF 100 EACH,

Thus preventing them becoming scattered and wasted.

NOTICE.—By vote of the Directors, a special meeting of the Stockholders of the Palmer National Bank will be held at its Banking Rooms on Wednesday, July 30th, 1884, at 3 o'clock p. m., to vote upon the question of increasing the Capital Stock of said Bank from $150,000 to $200,000; and to transact any other business that may legally come before said meeting.
CHAS. B. FISK, Cashier.
Palmer, Mass., July 16, 1884. 2w16

16 HORSES FOR SALE, CHEAP!

Including 2 pairs Team Horses, Single Team Horses, Driving Horses and Colts. Also, 1 yoke of Oxen. Inquire of Dr. G. E. Fuller or at Green's Hotel.
Monson, Mass., July 17th, 1884. 2w16

FOR SALE!

A GOOD DOUBLE-BARREL, BREECH-LOADING

REMINGTON SHOT GUN.

JAMES COWLES, Palmer.

DR. A. B. COWAN, DENTAL ROOMS, Over JOURNAL Office, every Thursday.
33tf PALMER, MASS.

PIANO FOR SALE!—A Hazleton Bros. Upright good as new, cheap for cash.
SW10 ALDEN THRESHER, Monson.

Come to Our Store

AND GET PRICES ON

READY-MADE

CLOTHING

FOR THE

NEXT THIRTY DAYS.

YOU CAN SAVE 20 PER CENT,

AS ALL GOODS ARE MARKED DOWN, IN

ORDER TO REDUCE STOCK.

READ THESE PRICES!

$10 SUITS at $8.00.
8 " " 6.00.
6 " " 4.50.

J. L. Shaw & Co.,

CLOTHIERS, HATTERS,

and FURNISHERS,

MOORE'S BLOCK,.....MONSON, MASS.

HITCHCOCK'S

Jamaica Ginger

EXTRACT.

Put up in LARGEST BOTTLE, and made from the strongest, purest and best materials. As a speedy anodyne and energetic, vigorous and effective remedy for

Colic, Diarrhœa, Flatulence,
Cramps, Chills, Colds, or Sudden Pains
in the
Back, Stomach, Bowels or Limbs,

Or similar ailments in which immediate relief is required,

It has no Equal.

This is not a new and untried medicine, nor an experiment in any respect; on the contrary, it combines and contains all the good and well-tried medicinal properties of some of the oldest and most highly esteemed remedies of the age.

ITS IMMEDIATE EFFECT IS MARVELOUS.

BETTER, STRONGER, CHEAPER THAN ANY OTHER. TRY IT.

Hitchcock's Pile Cure

IS A NEW THING,

AND WE WARRANT IT TO CURE EVERY CASE OF PILES.

GEO. L. HITCHCOCK, Pharmacist.

PALMER, MASS.

NOTICE!

The Assessors of Palmer give notice that they have placed in the hands of H. A. Northrop, for collection, the taxes assessed on the polls and estates of said town for the year 1884; and all persons paying their taxes on or before August 20th of this present year, 1884, will be allowed six per cent discount on their taxes.
DAVID KNOX, } Assessors
DAVIS B. BISHOP, } of
GEO. W. RANDALL, } Palmer.
Palmer, July 15th, 1884. 2w16

SHEPARD'S CELEBRATED

$60 SCREW CUTTING FOOT LATHE.

Foot and Power Lathes, Drill Presses, Scroll Saw Attachments, Chucks, Mandrels, Twist Drills, Dogs, Calipers. Send for catalogue of outfits, for amateurs or artesans. Address
H. L. SHEPARD & CO.,
341 and 343 West Front Street,
1y27 CINCINNATI, OHIO.

STALLION DONALD,

English draft (with pedigree) will stand at the stable of G. W. Keith, Thorndike, Mass., for the season of 1884.

Donald is black, of beautiful proportions; is 17 hands high; weighs 1450. 3m3*

FOR SALE.—My Cottage on Fox avenue, containing 10 rooms. Good barn on the place.
33tf C. E. FISH.
Palmer, 16, Nov. 1883

FOR SALE.—5 thoroughbred English Setter Pups, very handsome, 10 weeks old. Apply quick.
4w15* F. C. HATCH, Palmer.

The Time Has Come

—AND—

WE Are READY.

ONE GLANCE AT

THE BARGAINS

IN OUR LARGE AND ATTRACTIVE NEW SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK

—OF—

Clothing,

Gents' Furnishings,

Hats, Caps, Trunks,

Valises, Bags,

Umbrellas, etc.,

WILL CONVINCE YOU THAT AN

ERA OF PEACE AND PROSPERITY

HAS AT LAST DAWNED UPON YOU,

—AND—

Our Low Prices

WILL ACTUALLY SET YOU WITH DELIGHT.

FOSTER & GAMWELL,

ONE PRICE CLOTHIERS,

PALMER, - - MASS.

ASK FOR

M. A. Packard & Co's.

$2.99 Shoe

FOR GENT'S WEAR.

MADE IN THE LATEST STYLES!

BUTTON, BALS. and CONGRESS, LOW BUTTON OXFORD and STRAP.

These goods are made only from the

BEST CALF UPPER AND GLOVE KID TOPS.

THEY ARE ALL SOLID AND WARRANTED.

FOR SALE BY

H. A. CLARK, Palmer.

HOME MUSICAL LIBRARY.

This is the general name of an unrivalled collection of BOUND VOLUMES of Vocal or Instrumental Music, alike in shape, binding and price, but not otherwise connected. Each book has 200 to 250 pages, sheet music size. Collectively they contain 4000 pieces, the best of at least 50,000 pieces, and are therefore choice collections.

UNIFORM PRICE EACH.

$2 00 Boards; $2 50 Cloth; $3 00 Gilt.

VOCAL.	INSTRUMENTAL.
Gems of English song.	Musical Favorite.
Gems of Scottish Song.	Cluster of Gems.
Gems of German Song.	Gems of Strauss.
Gems of Sacred Song.	Gems of the Dance.
Beauties of Sacred Song.	Welcome Home.
Franz's Album of Song.	Pearls of Melody.
Moore's Irish Melodies.	Piano at Home, Duets.
Minstrel Songs.	Organ at Home.
Operatic Pearls.	Reed Organ Melodies.
Operatic Gems.	Home Circle, Vol. I.
Silver Chord.	Home Circle, Vol. II.
Silver Wreath.	Creme de la Creme, Vol. I.
Household Melodies, Vol. I.	Creme de la Creme, Vol. II.
Household Melodies, Vol. II.	Pianoforte Gems.
Shower of Pearls.	Pianists' Albums.
World of Song.	Fountain of Gems.
Sunshine of Song.	Musical Treasure.
Wreath of Gems.	

Full descriptions and contents sent on application. Pieces and accompaniments may be played on Piano and Reed Organ. Mailed for above prices.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

FOR SALE!

THE BOOT AND SHOE STORE

In NASSOWANNO BLOCK, Palmer, Depot.

The owner will remove a part of the stock if desired. Address
3w15 J. R. CHILDS, Springfield, Mass.

MONSON ACADEMY.

Fall term is 13 weeks. Opens Aug. 27.
GEO. J. CUMMINGS, M. A., Principal.
Monson, Mass., June 30, 1884. 4w14

C. H. HOBBY, PIANO TUNER.

Orders for tuning may be left at O. P. Allen's Drug Store, Palmer, or may be sent to me by mail to Stafford Springs, Conn.

JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS
At the JOURNAL OFFICE.

WE HAVE NOW

The Most Complete Stock

—OF—

CLOTHING

WE HAVE EVER SHOWN!

Men's Suits,

FROM $3.00 to $25.00.

Youth's Suits,

FROM $3.00 to $22.00.

Boys' Suits,

FROM $2.50 to $12.00.

Men's Pants,

FROM 75c. to $6.50.

Boys' Pants,

FROM 50c. to $2.00.

Spring Overcoats,

FROM $5.00 to $20.00.

CUSTOM SUITS

AT SHORT NOTICE.

IT PAYS TO EXAMINE GOODS AND PRICES.

S. H. HELLYAR & CO.,

CROSS'S BLOCK, PALMER.

Seasonable Goods

IN GREAT VARIETY

—AND—

LOW PRICES

JUST OPENED!

PARASOLS

FROM 25 CENTS TO FIVE DOLLARS!

SUMMER UNDERWEAR

MOSQUITO NETS,

CHAMBRAYS, NEW GINGHAMS,

CAMBRICS AND PRINTS,

Which with an unusual stock of

STAPLE GOODS,

MAKES OUR STOCK FULL AND COMPLETE IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

J. B. SHAW.

Palmer, May 29, 1884.

A Good Druggist.

A man who kept a store
Once wrote upon his door:

"Oh, I can make a pill
That shall ease ev'ry ill!
I keep here a plaster,
To prevent disaster;
Also some good ointment,
To soothe disappointment."

When customers applied,
These words are what he cried:

"Now, Patience is the pill
That eases ev'ry ill;
Take-care is a plaster
Which prevents disaster;
Good-humor an ointment,
Soothing disappointment."

—*St. Nicholas for July.*

A COMMON BUT UNEXPLAINED PHENOMENON.

The wife of Arthur Severn, the distinguished landscape painter, woke at seven o'clock with a start, feeling a hard blow on the mouth, and with a distinct sense of being cut and bleeding on the upper lip. She seized her handkerchief and put it to her mouth as she sat up in bed, and was surprised on taking it away to find that it was not bleeding. She concluded she had been dreaming. At breakfast her husband, who had been out for an early sail, appeared with a bad cut on the lip made at that hour by the tiller, which had struck him in a squall.

A case of transferred emotion is that of Rev. J. M. Wilson, headmaster of Clifton college, a senior-wrangler and a distinguished mathematician. When in good health one evening, while a student in Cambridge, he suddenly felt ill, trembled with a sort of fright, thought he was dying, tried to study, but could not, went to see a friend, who tried to distract his mind, but could not. After three hours it passed off, and the next morning he was well. In the afternoon a letter informed him that his twin brother had died the evening before.

A case of transfer of will is given by Alexander Skirving, a foreman of masons. While at work one morning he suddenly felt an intense desire to go home. It was a long distance and he could not leave his work, and he resisted it. But the feeling became uncontrollable, and though he believed his wife would ridicule him, he went home. There he was met by a woman who asked him: "Why, Skirving, how did you know?" He knew nothing, but he had been compelled to come home. He was told that his wife had been run over by a cab, and seriously injured, and had been piteously calling for him.

These cases do not go into the supernatural. They do not concern visions of the dead or assumed communications from them. They do not pass belief. We all have known of similar cases in our acquaintance. Science has laughed at them as incredible, but we may remember that Lavoisire said: "Stones cannot fall from the sky; for there are no stones in the sky." But there are stones in the sky, and stones do fall. The incredible happens, and it is of no use to deny such facts as we have given.—*Independent.*

"Ma," said the small boy as they were taking the train out of town a few days ago, "you will see something funny when we get back." "What will it be?" inquired his mother. "Why all the buildings will be a different color." "Nonsense, child, what gave you that idea?" "Well, pa told Mr. Smith last night that when you went away he was going to paint the town red," and then he wondered why his mother wouldn't let him stand up on the seat, or buy him any candy.—*Boston Post.*

"Where in the world have you been?" demanded a wife of her husband. "It's nearly 3 o'clock in the morning." "I know (hic) it is my dear. But I cannot tell a lie. I have been working at the (hic) office." "Well, I can tell a lie," she said, sharply, "the moment I hear it, and—" Then the hair flew.

A magazine writer declares that William Tell never shot an apple off his son's head. Next thing we know some dreadful iconoclast will come along and try to prove that Rip Van Winkle never took a twenty years' nap on the Catskill mountains.—*Norristown Herald.*

The name of Miss Grace House, of Fremont, Neb., is going all over the land as that of the lady who blew the largest bubble at a recent soap-bubble sociable. It is well to be distinguished for something.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

"So, my little fellow, you would like to be an editor, would you?" "Yes, sir; I want to be a great man." "Well, sir, you will have to commence as a devil in the printing room. Great editors from little devils grow."—*Hartford Journal.*

An old opera revised: Things are seldom what they seem; skim milk masquerades as cream; lard and soap we eat for cheese; butter is but axle grease. Dealer (in a whisper): "Very true, so you do."

An exchange says that a Maine man recently discovered a live frog in his stomach. The question is, what was the Maine man doing down in his stomach?—*Burlington Free Press.*

Thousands of men have commenced at the bottom of the ladder and stayed there. Others have carried bricks and mortar and reached the top by honest industry.

Some one says: "No thoroughly occupied man was ever miserable." How about the man occupied in fighting a dozen hornets which have got up his trousers?

Mahogany caskets have been revived. The very latest is the "combination casket," made to represent Italian or Tennessee marble. They are expensive.

"I'd hate to be in your shoes," said a woman, as she was quarreling with a neighbor. "You couldn't get into them," sarcastically replied the neighbor.

A Titusvilian says before he was married he thought his wife was "a thing of beauty," and now he knows she is a "jaw forever."—*Oil City Derrick.*

Liberty will enlighten the world for a little longer in pieces. We are not quite ready yet to set 'em up.—*New York Journal.*

Uncle Esek: Silence is a good place to hide, but fools can't find that place.

JOSH BILLINGS INTERVIEWED.

Josh Billings is spending the summer at Saratoga. He has with him his daughter, Mrs. Jose V. Santana, with her husband and children, from Caracas, Venzuela, and he is as happy as anybody can be with his perverted ideas of orthography. One of his numerous admirers called upon this social philosopher at his sylvan retreat, as soon as he was fairly settled and had his lairs and penates in order, and drew from him the following nuggets of wisdom, which may be stated in catechetical form somewhat as follows:

"What is your favorite piece of sculpture?"

"The milestone nearest home."

"Are you in favor of woman's rights?"

"I am; but she can get more rights out of him by trusting to his gallanty than by trying to out-argue and out-vote him."

"How do you define humor?"

"Humor, when genuine, is a happy mixtnre of truth and pathos."

"What do think of interviewers?"

"Clever fellows—and perhaps necessary evils."

"What do you think of the noble red man, and the schemes for elevating him?"

"I have a very diluted opinion of the Indian. I have lived among them. An Indian has but two traits of character—one is cruelty, the other is deceit—and the only way to civilize those traits is with a minie ball. A civilized Indian is of no more use in this world than a tame deer."

"Have you any faith in weather prophets?"

"I look upon all prophets in these days as cranks, who believe four times as much as they can prove, and who can prove four times as much as any one else believes. No man has any right to be a prophet unless he is a mighty good guesser. Prophesying don't pay. If you get it right, no one remembers it; if you get it wrong, no one forgets it."

"What is brevity?"

"Brevity is the long and short of it."

"What do you consider your own position among humorous writers?"

"I am simply a paragraphist, with possibly a faculty for condensation. I have discovered that if I can't say a thing in one or two lines, I can't say it at all."

"What is your opinion of evolution?"

"I don't think much of it. I don't think that nature had to make a monkey before she could make a man. And, then, if man did not spring from the monkey, where did the monkey come from? Those things bother me."

"How do you regard infidels and infidelity?"

"I would rather be an idiot than an infidel. If I am an idiot, God made me one; if an infidel, I have made myself one. A man may learn intidelity from books or from his associates, but he can't learn it from his mother nor from the works of God around him."—*Boston Herald.*

THE CAMPAIGN LIE.

The Campaign Lie met Sad-Eyed Truth on the avenue last Tuesday morning.

"How are you?" says Campaign Lie.

"I'm feeling very badly," remarked Sad-Eyed Truth. "Just regard my sallow complexion and debiliated gait and my terrible attenuation."

"Yes, you are looking mighty peaked," said the Campaign Lie. "But as I am very well, and there will be no possible necessity for your presence this summer, owing to my large contract, I would advise you to take a vacation."

"I will follow your advice," said Sad-Eyed Truth. "Good-bye."

Then Sad-Eyed Truth went out into the country and curled up in a cave where it possibly could not be discovered, and the Campaign Lie linked arms with a couple of Democratic politicians and began to hobnob with them over the pleasant time they would have together during the summer and autumn.—*Washington Hatchet.*

WHY HE QUIT.—"I've abandoned the river forever," said one of the best known Arkansas river pilots. "I was coming up the river the other day on the Jim Brown. While we were out in the middle of the stream I happened to look toward the bank when I saw a fellow dressed in dark clothes waving a white handkerchief. I blew the whistle and landed. The hail was from a little black cow with a white tail. That settled it with me, for I thought that if a cow couldn't lash the flies without landing my boat, I'd simply quit."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

"How high do these come?" asked a diffident young woman, as she handled some hose in a Washington street dry goods store, and the young man from the country, newly engaged as a clerk, innocently answered: "Jest about over the knee, ma'am, I should jedge," and then stared as his customer fled without buying.—*Commercial Bulletin.*

Telemachus, don't let me hear you laughing at a woman again because she can't sharpen a pencil. When you want something in that line to laugh at, do you just contemplate a man cutting ont a paper pattern with a pair of scissors, by the united efforts of his right hand, lower jaw and two-thirds of his tongue.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Ethel's teacher asked what the children of Israel did after crossing the Red Sea. "I know," said Ethel. "I 'specis they dried theirselves."

A young husband in this city is suffering from a severe case of tumor. It's two more — twins.—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS.

Is there anything in any of the numerous advertisements of the Royal Baking Powder to show that the Royal does not use Ammonia and Tartaric Acid as cheap substitutes for Cream of Tartar? Or is there any charge, or the slightest insinuation in those advertisements, that Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder contains anything but the purest Grape Cream of Tartar and Bicarbonate of Soda, with a small portion of flour as a preservative?

Ammonia and Tartaric Acid produce a cheap leavening gas, which is not to be compared, in the practical test of baking, with the more desirable Carbonic Acid gas generated by the exclusive use of the expensive Cream of Tartar.

Use Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder and judge for yourself of its superiority.

SICK HEADACHE.

That oppressive, dull pain in the head, with which so many people suffer periodically, often so severe as to cause loss of rest or sleep, is entirely relieved and permanently cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Some who write to us say that words are incapable of expressing happiness at the relief Hood's Sarsaparilla has given them.

"I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla for sick headache and indigestion, and it has cured me of days and weeks of sickness and pain." MARY C. SMITH, Cambridgeport, Mass.

"I was a great sufferer from sick headache and dyspepsia. There was a constant misery in my stomach. By advice of my neighbor, Mrs. O'Rourke, I made use of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I can say with truth I am free from headache, and my food does not distress me. I used two bottles." Mrs. P. O. GORMAN, Grand Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR.

2 tenrm

DR. DAVID

KENNEDY'S

FAVORITE

REMEDY,

FOR THE CURE of KIDNEY and LIVER COMPLAINTS, CONSTIPATION, and all disorders arising from an impure state of the BLOOD.

To women who suffer from any of the ills peculiar to their sex it is an unfailing friend. All druggists. One dollar a bottle, or address, Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

AMONG RAILROAD MEN.

Popularity and usefulness of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy—Thrilling Letter from a Master Mechanic.

Master Mechanic's and Superintendent's Office, Lowell Repair Shops of the Boston & Lowell R.R. LOWELL, MASS., March 25, 1884.

Dr. David Kendy, Rondout, N. Y.

Dear Sir: I think it is due to you that I should make the following statement, and I make it voluntarily and willingly: On the 4th day of June, 1881, I was taken with what was called paralysis of the bowels. The seizure was unexpected and terrible. The stomach and other organs seemed to sympathize with it and to have lost all power of action. For a long time my life was despaired of, but at length I recovered so far as to be able to ride out. By the advice of my physician I visited Poland Springs (Vt.), hoping to benefit from the waters. But they did me no good. Neither were the best physicians of Lowell or Boston, whom I consulted, able to afford me more than transient relief. I gained no strength and my case appeared almost hopeless. In the Fall a friend advised me to try KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, and although opposed to patent medicines, I made the trial. To make a long story short—FAVORITE REMEDY, in my opinion, saved my life. I consider it the best preparation in the world for stomach difficulties, as well as of the liver and other organs. I am glad to say it is in general use among the railroad men in this vicinity. Yours, etc.,

A. J. GIFFORD.

Mr. Gifford is the Master Mechanic of the Lowell division of the Boston & Lowell Railroad, and his illness and recovery are known to many who can testify to the facts in his letter.

Use this medicine for all diseases of the blood, Kidneys, Liver, Stomach, Bowels and Skin. It may save you and yours from pain and death.

Address, if desired, Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

1m15

Summer Specialties!

CHOICE BUTTER, ON ICE.

NEW BRAINTREE CHEESE.

NEW MOLASSES.

FRUITS—NATIVE & FOREIGN.

Flour, Sugars and Teas

VERY LOW.

ALL KINDS OF

COFFEE!

GROUND TO ORDER.

CANNED MEAT, FISH AND BEANS.

FULL LINE OF

CROCKERY, AND POCKET AND TABLE CUTLERY,

&c., &c., &c.,

— AT —

A. E. PARK'S,

PALMER, MASS.

Vegetine.

NATURE'S REMEDY.

PURIFIES THE BLOOD.

IT WILL RESTORE YOUR HEALTH. TRY IT.

IS YOUR BLOOD IMPURE?

Get a remedy that is known to possess merit, Vegetine has been tried and not found wanting. Whatever the cause of the poisoned condition, Vegetine will restore and strengthen.

SCROFULOUS HUMORS have been, are being cured daily by the use of Vegetine. We can show testimonials or refer you to the parties in proof of this.

DYSPEPSIA and all the unpleasant effects of indigestion are at once relieved by the use of Vegetine.

SALT RHEUM and all diseases of the skin disappear when Vegetine is faithfully used.

FOR LIVER AND KIDNEY COMPLAINT you will find Vegetine a most valuable remedy.

"OH, HOW TIRED I AM," is so often heard. An impure condition of the blood will always produce this feeling, and it is sure to be relieved by the use of Vegetine.

LADIES who have used Vegetine, and the number is large, are loud in its praise as a remedy for diseases peculiar to their sex.

NERVOUS SUFFERER, you can use nothing so sure to sleep and rest as Vegetine.

Vegetine

IS SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

1yIteow-nrm

SEE THAT THE CHILDREN MAINTAIN THEIR VIGOR IN THE SUMMER MONTHS.

If your child has any symptoms of dysentery, or any trouble in the bowels, commence

RIDGE'S FOOD

As a diet without delay. Unless the trouble has become chronic, requiring medical aid, it will correct a difficulty; and, as a dietetic in sickness it is invaluable. A physician of large practice says: "It has never failed me and I have never lost a child by diarrhœa or cholera infantum." In cans 35 cents and upwards. jul

1884. 1884.

VOTERS, ATTENTION!

James Gillispie Blaine,
From the state of Maine,
For President next year,
Which now is drawing near;
Jim—he knows enough,
Is made of good stuff,
And if he wins the fight
We hope he will do right.
But to secure his election
We have some time for reflection.
Meantime we all want food—
We want that which is good;
At Palmer, Central Street,
Is what we need to eat.
Weld & Longley keep the place,
Where we hope to see your face,
And give you the right price
On Groceries really nice.
You also get full weight,
And everything is straight;
Our tastes should be cultivated
To use food unadulterated,
And thereby maintain health,
Which is better than wealth.
We did not start in 1850,
But our place is growing thrifty.
We strive to sell goods pure,
And thus your patronage secure.
So when you chance to draw near
Do not pass us with a sneer,
But step in and see our shelves,
And examine for yourselves.

THE STOCK OF

Boots and Shoes

IN THE

CHILD'S

BOSTON BRANCH SHOE STORE,

Must be Closed Out this Month.

Ladies'	$5.00	French Kid	Button	Boots,	$4.35
"	4.50	"	"	"	3.90
"	4.00	Curacoa	"	"	3.40
"	3.00	"	"	"	2.60
"	2.50	American	"	"	1.98

We also have Ladies' Button Boots at 98c. and $1.25, that are worth $1.25 and $1.50.

Ladies' Slippers 12c., 37c., 40c., 70c., &c.

Ladies' 25c. Shoe Dressing 14c. and 20c.

OUR STOCK OF MEN'S GOODS IS VERY LARGE, AND WE WILL MAKE THE SAME PROPORTIONATE DISCOUNT ON THEM, AND ON EVERYTHING WE HAVE in the STORE.

BOSTON SHOE STORE,

NASSOWANNO BLOCK, PALMER, MASS.

P. S.—NOTICE THE PRICES ON THE GOODS IN THE WINDOW AND OUTSIDE THE DOOR.

DEVOE'S Brilliant Oil!

1st. It is absolutely SAFE.

2d. Gives a powerful, brilliant white LIGHT.

3d. Does NOT SMOKE, nor SMELL, nor CRUST the wick.

4th. Is the most ECONOMICAL Oil, because it gives the most LIGHT in proportion to its price.

FOR SALE BY

HOLDEN & ELLIS	Palmer
NORCROSS BROS.	Monson
W. N. FLYNT & CO.	"
J. S. O'BRIEN	"
JOHN F. HEERY & BRO.	North Monson
JACKSON & CUTLER	Amherst
F. H. HOWES	"
O. G. COUCH	"
J. B. BROWN	North Amherst
G. E. COGGSWELL	" "
H. V. CROSBY	South Brookfield
C. H. PARKER	Coldbrook
J. E. HOLDEN	Barre Plains
D. L. RICHARDS	North Dana
CHENEY NEWTON	Brimfield

E. A. BUCK & CO.,

WHOLESALE AGENTS,

NAPHTHA, GASOLINE, LUBRICATING OIL, and all grades of Burning Oils,

PALMER, MASS. 1y33

CATARRH.

Ely's Cream Balm CURES COLD IN HEAD, CATARRH, ROSE COLD, HAY FEVER, DEAFNESS, HEADACHE. EASY TO USE

HAY FEVER.

HAY FEVER

Is a type of Catarrh having peculiar symptoms. It is attended by an inflamed condition of the lining membrane of the nostrils, tear-ducts and throat, affecting the lungs. An acrid mucus is secreted, the discharge is accompanied with a painful burning sensation. There are severe spasms of sneezing, frequent attacks of blinding headache, a watery and inflamed state of the eyes. ELY'S CREAM BALM is a remedy founded on a correct diagnosis of this disease and can be depended upon. 50 cents at druggists; 60 cents by mail. Sample bottle by mail 10 cents.

ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

1y42

BUY THE BEST.

THE EASY RUNNING

Household Sewing Machine,

For Cash or Small Installments.

OLD MACHINES TAKEN IN EXCHANGE!

Oil, Attachments, and Needles for all Sewing Machines.

Machines repaired at short notice.

HOUSEHOLD S. M. CO.,

T. J. SULLIVAN, Agent.

Office at Clark's Shoe Store, Palmer. 6m49

EVERY FAMILY

Should keep the ANTALGICA in the house for ready use. It is one of the best known PAIN-KILLERS in the market for either internal or external use. Be sure and try it.

The Indian Cough Balsam

is one of the very best medicines for Lung troubles. It has been in use for over 30 years, and always gives satisfaction. Prepared by

O. P. ALLEN, Druggist, Palmer, Mass.

The Oil Stove Season

Has arrived once more, and my business in this line is

BOOMING

AS USUAL. I OFFER

FOR SALE OR TO RENT,

The Famous "Monitor,"

which has had unparalleled success in this region for six years past.

I have also been appointed this year

AGENT FOR THE

"ADAMS & WESTLAKE WIRE GAUZE NON-EXPLOSIVE."

These are two of the most popular Oil Stoves in the market.

The advantages of a first-class Oil Stove are convenience, comfort, economy. Try one and keep cool this hot weather.

Orders by mail promptly attended to.

I continue to offer a large line of Spring

Paper Hangings

AT VERY LOW PRICES.

E. J. WOOD.

Bank Block, Palmer.

"TRAVELLER'S"

Accident Insurance.

If you are going on a trip to the Mountain Shore, get an ACCIDENT TICKET for $3000 in case of death by accident, or $15 per week in case of injury. It costs you only 25 CENTS A DAY, or $4.50 for 30 days, at

THE PALMER

FIRE, LIFE & ACCIDENT INSURANCE AGENCY.

GEO. W. ELY, Agent.

Office with C. L. GARDNER.

BICYCLES

— AND —

TRICYCLES.

Having taken the agency for Palmer and the surrounding towns of the

POPE MANUFACTURING CO.,

OF BOSTON,

Manufacturers of Bicycles and Tricycles, I would be pleased to show and explain machines to all who are interested in them.

If you are thinking of purchasing a machine for the coming season, write to or call upon me for terms and illustrated catalogue.

Bicycle & Tricycle Parts and Sundries.

LOUIS E. CHANDLER,

P. O. Box 36. Journal Office, Palmer, Mass.

FLYNT

Building & Construction Co.

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The Palmer Journal.

VOLUME XXXV. PALMER, MASS., FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 1, 1884. NUMBER 18.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY EVENING
—BY—
CHARLES B. FISK.

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A Bar Harbor Idyl.

They met at breakfast—she as sweet
As newly opened morning-glory;
And he a "little god" complete—
A mutual "hit!"—the old, old story!
His eager gaze, his randid stare,
Said more than Harvard lip could utter;
She read his thoughts, and, blushing rare,
Ingeniously passed the butter.

They took a pull up Frenchman's Bay,
He at the oars, she sternly steering;
Had Yale but seen his stroke that day!
Her face at each recover nearing,
A half forbidding air it took,
But he, the mute rebuke defying,
Cried "Pardon! but I always look
Where I see Harvard's color flying."

They drove, of course to Schooner Head.
—Ah, boys are bold, but maids are mockers!
She with Manhattan coyness said:
"How nice you look in knickerbockers!"
He reddened, turned, she caught his eye,
Then with the reins his fingers fumbled;
She touched his arm with half a sigh,
And—well—in fact, he almost "mumbled."

When eve had all her burners lit,
Down the plank walk they promenaded;
The bats across their paths would flit,
But bats that night he disregarded.
The moon o'er Ironbound shone clear;
From boat to boat sweet notes were rolling;
Yet, scarce a wildspar reached her ear
Save "Let's go back; the dew is falling!"

Next morning saw them at the pier,
The wary youth, the pretty schemer;
Her sapphire eyes wrung out a tear
As he, reluctant, took the steamer;
The plank is drawn, the paddles whirl,
He turned no longer to distress her.
Well! he secured an Annex girl,
And she beguiled a Yale professor.

—*Century "Bric-a-Brac."*

MAB'S KEEPSAKE.

Mab and I had been idling about in Tuscany for some weeks with Uncle Wallace, and we had many plans made for more extended journeyings, when our uncle was suddenly obliged to return to England on pressing business. As we could not and would not accompany him, he installed us in a quiet little hotel, gave us a liberal allowance of pocket money, and left us with strict injunctions to remain quietly where we were until his return. We were to make no excursions requiring longer than a day's absence—for Uncle Wallace highly disapproved of ladies traveling alone in foreign countries. I was quite old enough to chaperon Mab whithersoever she cared to go, but, not being argumentative, I agreed to keep her and myself in strict seclusion until our uncle rejoined us.

But, after three days of our own society, we both grew horribly mopish. Mab had made crooked little sketches of the old cathedral till we both hated the sight of the hoary edifice, we had tried all the cakes in the little confectioner's, and had read our small library twice over.

"Effie, there is to be a rural fete at San Vito on Wednesday, and I'm going," Mab announced on the fourth day.

"San Vito is eight hours from here," I said depricatingly.

"I don't care if it is eighty."

"But think of your promises to Uncle Wallace not to go anywhere."

"We shall be away only one night: and I shall die of the blues if we don't have some amusement."

I remonstrated to the utmost of my ability, but was over-ruled in the end, as I knew I should be. Mab, having had her own way ever since she was a baby, was not likely to relinquish her sceptre at the ripe age of twenty. So the next afternoon, armed with shawl-straps and a small valise, we betook ourselves to the railway station and bought tickets for San Vito.

"Mademoiselle should inquire carefully the hours of the trains, as the time tables are often inaccurate on this line," said our smiling landlord, as we departed.

Our fellow-traveler in the coupe was a gentleman of about thirty. He was reading the *Times* as we entered, but I noticed that he seemed to take more interest in Mab's pretty face than in the news. Yet he was not in the least impertinent, and he apparently imagined that his furtive but comprehensive glances were quite unnoticed.

Everyone admired Mabel—she was like a seashell, or a tea-rose, or any delicately tinted, lovely bit of nature—and I could not blame this man for being only human. He had pleasant dark eyes, with plenty of fun in them; sleek dark hair, a good length of limb, and a look of the patrician about him from the toe of his well-fitting boot to his finely shaped head.

As the stranger had been thoughtful and kind concerning the disposal of our baggage and the arrangement of refractory curtains, politeness demanded that I should address him, and we were chatting together like old friends. He gave us his card, on which was engraved, "Sidney Weir, Oaklands, Kent," and he gleaned from our conversation that the Misses Warburton, of Exham, were his traveling companions. It suddenly occurred to me that I was playing the chaperon very badly in making such advances to a perfect stranger, and I tried to frighten Mab into becoming propriety and reserve; but, when I flattered myself that I was looking my sternest, she actually gave Mr. Weir her pretty little hand to hold while he told her fortune in the pink palm.

The subject of bric-a-brac having come up, Mr. Wier produced a curiously carved little silver whistle from his pocket, which he said had once saved his life in India. It had a peculiarly shrill note, very penetrating and striking for so small an article, and, used as a signal of distress, it had brought help when he was overpowered by the enemy. He seemed pleased with Mab's warm admiration of the whistle, and, as she was returning it, he said simply:

"I should be so pleased if you would accept the little toy as a keepsake. I shall only lose it if it continues to jingle about with my keys and small change: and perhaps it would serve as a charm to ward off danger from you on some occasion. It's duty to me is done."

Mab hesitated; but, seeing the disappointed look on his face, she took the little trinket with a smile of thanks, and fastened it to one of her bracelets. I thought it a bold, forward thing to do; I knew that my opinion or displeasure would make but little difference to my younger sister.

It was growing late as we drew near the little station of Gimino, where we should have to change carriages for San Vito. Our companion's destination was a town further along on the Gimino line; so we would soon be obliged to separate. I was secretly pleased; but to Mr. Weir and Mab the time was slipping away altogether too quickly. Arrived at Gimino we made the unpleasant discovery that the San Vito train had gone on without us, and that there would be no other till 5 o'clock the next morning.

"What will you do?" asked Mr. Weir. "I have ten minutes to spare before my train goes; if I could be of any service to you in engaging a room at the hotel, or in any other way, I should be most happy."

"I think it would be better not to go to the hotel," said Mab; "we should never wake up for the early train, and we have not the time to wait for the next one."

"Yes," I answered, "we could get some refreshment here, and stay in the waiting room till our train comes. It is eleven o'clock now, and the time is not so very long. We can take a comfortable nap in the waiting room."

Something in Mr. Weir's manner betrayed that he did not quite approve of our plan but he was too polite to say anything against it. He called a waiter to attend to our wants, and, in answer to the second sharp call from the locomotive, took his leave, lingering long over the hand-shake with Mab, and disappeared in the darkness.

"I wish he hadn't gone. I feel lonely in this strange place," said Mab, with a little shiver.

"Nonsense, child! It would have been obtrusive and indelicate if he had remained. You forgot that we are only friends of a day. Why should he alter his plans for us?"

I spoke boldly, but I, too, was very ill at ease. The little coffee room was gradually filling with rough-looking men who watched us—the only women in the place—furtively and curiously, speaking a language we but little understood. The hotel was a mile distant and we could not take refuge in it at that hour of the night even if we had known the way.

"Mab, how foolish of you to wear your diamond ring on a journey of this kind—it attracts attention?" I said in an undertone, as the light caught the brilliant on her finger when she raised her coffee cup.

I happened to glance out of the window at that instant, and, to my horror, saw a man with evil black eyes and grizzled hair staring intently at Mab and me with a wicked look about him which I could not forget. As I caught his eye he shrunk away in the darkness, and presently the railway porter came to escort us to the waiting room.

"It is against the rules of the road to allow the waiting room to be occupied at night," he began, "but if you will be content without a light, and with both doors locked on the outside, I have no objection to your waiting there for your train."

This was appalling to be locked up five hours in a shabby little Italian waiting room in total darkness. By feeing the man we prevailed upon him to allow us to bolt the outer door on the inside so that we should feel a little less like prisoners.

"The guard walks up and down the platform till morning, so you can feel quite safe," said the porter consolingly, as he wished us good-night and shut the door of the dark little den upon us.

I fortunately bethought me of some wax matches in the valise, and lighting one for a moment we took in the situation—a mean little room with a door on two sides, hard benches round the walls and a long table. Surely not an inviting apartment for repose. We made ourselves as comfortable as the circumstances would permit, and and tried to forget our position in sleep. But I became preternaturally wakeful. Here were we, two unprotected women, dropped down at this little station for all the long night hours. Suspicious characters were lurking about, and we might be robbed and murdered without our friends ever knowing our fate. In the midst of my cheerful reflections it consoled me a little to see the guard pass by slowly at intervals with his lantern gleaming on the red band of his cap.

Suddenly, my ears sharpened by the silence, I heard a stealthy step approach the inner door of our prison, and the quiet grating of a key in the lock was distinctly audible. My heart seemed to stop beating with fright, and then, to my unspeakable horror, the door softly opened and the evil-looking man, with the grizzled hair, whom I had seen through the window of the coffee-room, crept in with a dim lantern in his hand.

"Listen!" he said, in a coarse whisper, fixing me with his wicked eyes. "If you are quiet I will do you no harm, but if you scream or make the least disturbance I know how to silence you. I want the ring on your friend's pretty finger, and whatever money and other valuables you have about you. Make no resistence, as you value your life!"

I suppose I turned very white, and trembled, for Mab said, in a surprisingly firm voice:

"Don't faint, Effie, but give the man the valise to search; our lives are worth more than the trumpery it contains."

The robber set his lantern on the table and began undoing the straps of our valise, placing it on the floor before the door at which he had entered. Where was the guard outside that his light did not shine through our window? He might have rescued us; but he did not come.

"Effie," said Mab, in a whisper to me—she need not have whispered, for the robber could not understand our language—"I am not going to give up my ring without a struggle. This man evidently thinks the other door locked on the outside and safe against our opening it; otherwise he would not let us stand so close to it. I have my hand on the bolt now; there, I have slipped it! I am going to dash the robber's lantern from the table with this bundle of shawls; in the darkness we can rush out upon the platform and call the guard. Don't lose your head, or try to detain me, for I am quite resolved. Be ready to fly when I give the signal."

Before I could recover from my astonishment at this bold plan, there was a crash of glass upon the floor, darkness, a volley of Italian oaths and my sister and I were tearing madly down the deserted platform.

"Guard! guard!" we shrieked, with all the energy of dispair, but from some inexplicable cause he could not or would not hear us, though we saw his form quite plainly in the distance.

Steps were heard in pursuit of us and the angry curses of the burglar reached our terror-stricken ears, when an inspiration seized Mab. She put her little silver whistle to her lips and blew till its peculiar note rang out like a clarion on the still air.

The sounds of hasty footsteps approaching from another direction became audible; but whether they were for good or ill we could not tell. Mab had lost her courage and was leaning on me, half fainting, when a voice calling in English "Hallo! What is the matter? What are you rascals?" seemed to put new life into her.

Two men ran toward us, one of whom to our amazement and delight, we recognized as Sidney Weir, our traveling companion.

We clung to him, and hovered over him with tears, hysterical laughter and incoherent thanks, and did not notice that during our explanation both robber and guard disappeared. Mr. Weir said that he had felt uneasy at leaving us alone in the little station, and, finding another belated traveler, they had whiled away the night smoking and walking up and down upon the road near at hand. He had not told us of his change of plans, as it might annoy us. When he saw the rough set of men collected about the coffee-room, he was very glad he had waited, for he thought we might be subjected to annoyance if nothing worse. The sound of Mab's whistle had reached his ears as a signal of distress, and he would never feel sufficiently thankful that he had given her the little toy.

"What I fail to understand is this rascally guard deserting his post so shamefully," said our rescuer, ringing a huge bell which hung near.

Presently an astonished group of waiters and porters gathered round us with lights and began asking us a thousand questions. One of the newcomers stumbled over something lying in a dark corner.

"What is this?" he cried; "Moser, the guard, in a drunken sleep! He will lose his place for this, and deserves it, too!"

It was afterward discovered that Anton Moser, the real guard, had been drugged by two ruffians, one of whom had stolen his lantern and cap, while the other made his daring attempt upon Mab and me.

We had lost all interest in the fete at San Vito, and, like frightened, disobedient children, our only wish was to return home—if the little hotel that we had left could be called home. Sidney Weir accompanied us; and, when Uncle Wallace returned, he found a suitor for Mab's hand awaiting his approval. The approval was not withheld, as Mab's face betrayed that her heart had found its idol.

WHY THE COMPANY BROKE UP.

A discouraged looking Walkover met an old friend.

"What's the matter, Walkover?"

"It's all up with me."

"What's all up?"

"Lost my summer engagement, and here I am on the town."

"What engagement did you have?"

"Why, hadn't you heard that I had signed articles of agreement to play heavy parts in the new Republican play, 'Tragedy of Errors?'"

"No."

"Well, I did."

"Then why don't you do it?"

"I can't. The company has gone to pieces."

"What was the matter?"

"Oh, the managers insisted on having a tattooed man cast for the leading part, and all the company but the supers and chorus and the spangled ballet refused to support him."—*Denver Tribune.*

BASHFUL.

Robert, a bashful young student of Cupid, recently summoned up enough courage to escort a young lady home. At the breakfast table next morning his father said:

"Well, my son, did you go home with any of the girls last night?"

"Yes," said Bob.

"Who was she?"

Robert hesitated, but finally blurted out: "I thought it was Annie Warren, but when we got to the turn in the road she went into Ella Ham's house."

"But I should think you might have told by the sound of her voice," said his father.

"Neither of us said a word," said Bob, blushing and stammering.

HASTE THE WEDDING.

"Papa, you will have to buy me a new silk dress very soon."

"Why, it's not long ago that I bought you a new silk dress. What's the matter with that one, my dear?"

"It is badly worn about the waist. It doesn't look fit to be seen."

"H'm. Isn't this the second silk dress that young Mr. Featherly has worn out for you—about the waist?"

"I—I am afraid it is, papa," replied the blushing girl, but we have one consolation, you and I. It must cost him a great deal for coat sleeves.—*New York Sun.*

There is not one of the old sayings more true than "Mirth and motion prolong life."

"JIST AFORE."

"Black-skinned, ignorant, uncouth—what was it to the world if he lay dying? They passed his humble door with careless thought as the dampness of death gathered on his brow, and the children on the corner never once ceased their noisy play as the shadow of death flitted around the open door.

"Chloe!"

Yes, she was there. Old and wrinkled and black, her heart aching, her eyes full of tears, she sat by his bedside alone.

"Chloe, how long ago was it?"

"Nigh on to fifty y'ars, Moses," she whispered. "De same master owned us boaf; we worked togeder in de same cotton fields; we prayed de same pray'rs an' sung de same hymns togeder in de long ago."

"An' de chill'en?"

"Dead—all dead! It has bin twenty y'ars since de voice of dat last one made our hearts beat faster."

"An' we has bin alone?"

"All alone, Moses. Our ole hearts has pained and ached fur de dead an' gone, an' we has sometimes cried out: 'Come home, chill'en—come back to us!' but de dead cannot return."'

"An' de time has been long?"

"Yes, honey. We has bin pinin' an' longin'. We has bin on a journey an' hopin' fur de end of de road."

"An' we has bin poo' an' lowly?"

"De same. Hunger an' cold have sheered our home fur y'ars an' y'ars, an' de world hardly knows dat we am upon airth."

"An' now, Chloe, I'ze gwine 'way to leave you?"

"Yes, Moses."

"An' de nights will seem darker an' de days longer when I am gone. You'll have another mem'ry to make de h'art ache—another sorrow to dim de poo' eyes wid tears. I wish de Lawd had called you fust."

"No, no, Moses. What he doeth am fur de best. Men has told you dar' was no God."

"But dar' am, Chloe!" I'ze got de feelin' heah in my heart. I'ze got sich peace an' contentment dat I'm sinkin' away like a chile gwine to sleep!"

"An' men have scoffed at a hereafter fur de soul."

"I'ze driftin' to it," he whispered as his face lighted up, "I kin see across de dark valley into the glorious sunshine of de speerit world!"

"An' dar am happiness an' rest for eben sich as us."

"Come closer, Chloe! Lay your face on mine. I'ze driftin'—driftin'! I'ze partin' wid dis poo' ole body an' dis black skin. I'ze leabin' old age—sorrow—hunger an' pain all behind. De sunlight from across de valley falls upon your face an' it am whiter dan snow. It am de sunlight of de hereafter—of Heaven! Closer, Chloe! I'ze driftin'—driftin'—!"

And as she held the hand of the dead and rocked to and fro her face wore a smile of happiness.

"Jist a few days afore me!" she whispered—"jist long 'nuff to tell 'em dat I'ze ole an' poo' an' lonely an' want to come up dar so bad! An' de chill'en will be dar', an' we'll all be young again, an' Moses will meet me on the bank of de ribber an' tell 'em dat my faith has never wandered nor weakened from all de trials of a lifetime!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

UNCOMFORTABLE GENIUS.

Half a dozen hearts are worth a world of heads. Once upon a time I worshipped intellect. Brains were all that were worth having. Brilliant men were the gods of my idolatry, and good people I thought stupid. Since those salad days, I've discovered that, however fascinating genius may be in public, it is not the sweetest of boons in a private family, for nine times out of ten, genius is intensely selfish. It wants to be coddled; it never coddles. It wants to be heard; it never listens. Ego is the burden of its song. Who and what *you* are, matters little. Accustomed to be adored, it accepts devotion as a divine right. To receive is its due; to give is the privilege of lesser mortals. Now if I *have* a talent, it is that of appreciation. If there is a good listener among women, I am that she. I delight in genius, but I've found it out, and have no more illusions.

It is a charming companion for holidays, but for daily breakfast, dinner and supper nothing is so satisfactory as a combination of common sense and unselfishness. The humblest of us have longings, affections, sorrows, pleasures, and like to be treated as though we filled a place in the world. We want to feel that those upon whom we lavish thought are not unmindful of our welfare. Genius hasn't time for such common places. It is too engrossed in the evolution of a sublime idea, to dwell upon the individual head or heart ache. I'm persuaded that this is the reason why very clever men and women marry those who are considered their inferiors. They know by introspection the egotism of brains, and seek an unselfishness which will minister to their comfort. Intellectual companionship may be found in books or society, but that thoughtfulness and care upon which the happiness of our daily life depends, can only proceed from human beings possessed of hearts. As there are exceptions to all rules, so are there great hearts allied to great heads. Such creations are the glory of the universe, and to be honored without stint.—*Miss Kate Field in The Manhattan.*

An Arkansas man went to church for the first time in his life. The minister announced through the local paper that he would discourse on the "Lost Sheep," and the man hoped to gain some information regarding a stray ram of his.

He is always the severest censor on the merits of others who has the least worth of his own.

Barely Victorious.

Safe home, safe home in port,
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck—
But oh! the joy upon the shore
To tell our voyage perils o'er.

The prize, the prize secure!
The wrestler nearly fell;—
Bare all he could endure,
And bare not always well;
But he may smile at trouble gone,
Who sets the victor garland on.

No more the foe can harm!
No more of leagured camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp:—
And yet how nearly had he failed—
How nearly had that foe prevailed.

The lamb is in the fold,
In perfect safety penned;
The lion once had hold,
And thought to make an end:—
But One came by with wounded side,
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

The exile is at home!
Oh, nights and days of tears!
Oh, longings not to roam!
Oh, sins and doubts and fears!
What matters now grief's darkest day,
When God has wiped all tears away!

—*From the Latin, by John Mason Neale.*

POWER OF THE BANANA PEEL.

A long yellow ice cart, heavily laden, slid yesterday into the gutter in Chambers street, near West Broadway. The rear wheel stuck firmly against the curb. The driver lashed his horses and swung them around, but to no purpose. Ingenious philanthropists offered all kinds of suggestions, patted the trembling, sweating horses, and some put their shoulders to the side of the truck, but without avail. The off rear wheel would not turn. A barefooted little colored boy had watched the proceedings with a child-like look of sympathy for the over-strained animals. He suddenly ran down Chambers street and returned panting, carrying in his arms a lot of banana peel.

"Say, boss," he called to the driver, "I'll make yer wheel turn with these 'ere. if yer'll let me put 'em down."

"All right, sonny," said the driver.

The little darkey sprang under the wheels, and carefully laid down the skins. He pressed some close to the curb, where the wheel was jammed. Then he sprang back and shouted, "Now boss, pull away."

The crowd laughed; the driver pulled taut his lines and gave his horses a lash. The animals sprang forward, the wheels glided along the layer of banana peels, and the heavy wagon rolled out of the gutter. The on-lookers cheered as it drove away.

"Oh," said the little darkey, "I've seen pop move barrels and big boxes with oil, and pop told me a little makes hebby dings go round. I see hebby men fall on banana peel, and I guessed dey'd move dat wheel. My name, boss, am Abraham Lincoln George Brown."—*N. Y. Sun.*

A LIGHT-HOUSE KEEPER'S LIFE.

The keepers of the light houses lead, as a rule, very monotonous lives. Their duties are to see that the lights are carefully trimmed and cleaned every day, and to repeat this operation as many times a day as the case may require. In stormy weather the lights must be trimmed more frequently than in the fine weather. Some of the smaller lights have but one keeper each. He is expected to sit up until 11 o'clock at night, at which time, if the weather is good and the light is working properly, he is allowed to lie down for two or three hours' rest. After examining the light about three o'clock in the morning, he must be up soon after daylight and extinguish the light. At ten o'clock he is expected to begin cleaning the light and putting things in order for the ensuing night. In some of the large light houses four keepers are employed. When the light-house is on some reef, surrounded by deep water, the lonely keepers are often worried with a fancy that the foundations are crumbling beneath them. This is more apt to be the case during the prevalence of a heavy storm, when the furious gusts of wind seem to make the tower rock. The men can occasionally obtain a few days' leave of absence. The keepers are paid in proportion to the importance of their lights, and the amount of labor required. Their wages range from twenty-five dollars a month upward, and they are supplied with food.

Theodore Parker—a childless man, but very fond of children—said in one of his prayers:

"We give thanks for those who make music about our firesides, whose countenances are a benediction on our daily bread, fairer to us than the flowers of earth, or the stars of heaven; for those newly born into this world, bringing the fragrance of heaven in the infant's breath. If we dare not be thankful when our dear ones are borne out of this world and clothed in immortality, yet we thank thee that the eye of our faith can follow them still to the land where tears are wiped away and the change is from glory to glory."

Nature is guilty of some queer freaks. For instance: Throw a ten-cent dog that has never seen water into the river, and it will immediately swim ashore; but when a $50,000 man whose education in the natatorial art has been neglected falls over board, he incontinently sinks to the bottom. —*Norristown Herald.*

"Would you like to see some nice ladies' wear?" asked the polite clerk of the old lady, who was making some purchases in a store, on Austin avenue.

"Like to see some nice ladies swear? No nor hear 'em either. Nice ladies never swear.—*Siftings.*

A gentleman who was about to marry a plain girl said to a friend: "It is not for her exterior but her inward beauty, that I marry her." "Then for goodness sake," replied his friend, "turn her inside out."

No reproof or denunciation is so potent as the silent influence of a good example.

THE BUFFALO MOTH.

Unlike the common clothes moth, the destructive buffalo moth is not the larva of a proper moth, or miller, but a beetle. The perfect insect is a very pretty beetle, about an eighth of an inch long, black and handsomely marked with scarlet and white. The grub is about three-sixteenths of an inch in length, but on account of its long brownish hairs appears much larger. The insect was first noticed in New York state about ten years ago, but has since spread to such an extent that we have inquiries concerning it from every state. Though most destructive to carpets, it attacks woolens of all kinds as well as feathers and furs. It is in the larval or grub state that the insect does its mischief, the perfect insect or beetle regailing itself on garden flowers, especially the spiraeas. The grub works under the edges of the carpets, often making sad havoc, it sometimes takes shelter in a crack in the floor and working along that cuts the carpet on the line of the crack as completely as if it were done by shears. This habit of working in the crack suggests the utility of stopping up all crevices before the carpet is laid down. Putty, hard soap, and plaster of Paris have been suggested as materials for filling the cracks, especially those between the base-board and the floor. Those who vacate their houses for several months at a time should be careful not to leave the insect in possession, as the results may be most disastrous. The most effective method of destroying the insect while the carpet remains in place is the use of steam. A wet, folded sheet is laid along the edge of the carpet. Upon this cloth several hot flatirons are passed. These generate an abundance of steam which penetrates the cracks and destroys the insects. Fur or woolens not conveniently steamed may be placed in a tight box or a wash boiler and a small quantity of benzine poured in; if the box or vessel be kept closed, the vapor of the benzine will kill this as well as the common clothes moth. This is one of the most destructive of housekeepers' pests. The insect is a native of Europe, and is known to science as Anthrenus Scrophularia. It is supposed to have been introduced into this country in imported carpets.—*American Agriculturist.*

HOW SERPENTS CLIMB.

The movement of a snake in climbing a perpendicular surface, as I have observed it, says a writer, is a vermicular, undulating motion, not spiral but straight up the face of the surface. I have seen a black snake thus glide up a beech tree with that easy, careless grace of movement which is characteristic of that snake when moving over horizontal surfaces. The bark of the beech affords few inequalities into which the edges of the gastroslegal bands could be thrust claw-fashion, and I have no doubt that atmospheric pressure is the force that holds the snake against such surfaces in climbing, succor fashion, as the boy lifts the brick with the piece of wet leather. I once knew a black snake to ascend a stucco wall to the eaves of a carriage house to the swallows' nest: straight up the up-and-down boards. I have seen them glide from tree to tree and leap down near the top of large trees, but never saw one descend by climbing down a smooth perpendicular surface. I have no doubt of their ability to do so, however, I do not believe that this power is enjoyed by the copperhead or rattlesnake, or any venomous sort with which I am familiar, they being heavy and sluggish in their movements. I have seen them go up on leaning trees and crawl into the foliage of bushes, however.

A RAINY DAY.

People who live in cities think, perhaps, they know what a rainy day is; a day when there will be no visitors, and the bell wire has a comparative rest; when they can sit in wrappers if they like, and read books and write letters, or do queer, stormy weather work that they would not bring out in the sunshine; when the streets seem to them deserted, although there is yet the rattle of incessant carriages bearing people who must go and cannot walk; and a continual bob of shiny umbrella tops up before the parlor windows. They feel very safe and alone; nobody will come. But they know nothing of the utter quietude of a rainy day in-doors, among the hills, and of the still noise out. When the drops come down with their soft sweep and whisk among the leaves and grass; when nobody goes up and down the road; when the oxen are all housed, and the farmers busy in their barns, when the very chickens run under the fences and brush-pile, and only the ducks are abroad and gay.—*Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.*

Most women have some pet economy. With some the instinct is directed toward the saving of pins; others like to hoard brown paper and pieces of twine. Many tremble at the idea of any waste in coal or light; the furnace fire is kept at a minimum and the gas is turned off on the smallest pretext. Some believe that thrift consists in spending no money except as necessity demands, while others regard any makeshift and living from hand to mouth, as the worst extravagance, and consider that real economy lies in having plenty of everything and using it with care. Contriving a meal out of nothing is the acme of satisfaction to many housekeepers, while others deny the possibility of such miracles.

He had learned something. "Freddie, did you go to school to-day?" "Yes'm." "Did you learn anything new?" "Yes'm." "What was it, my boy?" "I got on to a sure way of gettin' out for an hour by stuffin' red ink up my nose."—*Hartford Journal.*

Leisure is a beautiful garment, but it will not do for constant wear.

The best way to cure the body is to quiet the mind.

The Journal.

FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 1, 1884.

GOV. CLEVELAND was formally notified of his nomination at Albany, Tuesday, and Mr. Hendricks at Saratoga. The exercises were quite impressive in each case, and there was a large attendance of prominent Democrats.

THESE are grave charges which are made against Gov. Cleveland's character; so grave, and so explicit, that they cannot be brushed aside with silent contempt. They must be answered promptly and convincingly, or Mr. Cleveland's overwhelming defeat is certain.

GEN. BUTLER'S yacht is ready for another cruise, which its owner proposes to take with a party of friends very soon. In the meantime the "old man's" silence is becoming painfully oppressive to the members of his party, who are anxious to know whether he proposes to stand by Cleveland's nomination or not.

"THE paramount issue of the presidential election of this year is moral rather than political." Such are the opening words of the address adopted by the Independent bolters at their recent convention in New York. It is a good sentiment, and each bolter should paste it in his hat where he can see it often.

AN address to the Woman Suffrage Association has been issued by Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony, urging the woman suffragists to stand by the Republican party, "whose chosen leader is one of the ablest statesmen our country can boast, and who if elected will with the noble women of his family circle honor the White House and the highest office in the gift of the American people."

THE Democratic state convention is to be held at Worcester September 3, the same day of the Republican convention in Boston. At the meeting of the state committee last Saturday, the resignations of Chairman Plympton and Treasurer Drinkwater were received and accepted, both being made on account of the lack of harmony in the party. Gen. P. A. Collins was elected chairman, after Reuben Noble and Secretary Coveney had declined the place.

AN American syndicate of wealthy men, according to some ingenious reporter, proposes to purchase the island of Cuba for $100,000,000, and make an immense sugar plantation of it, with "heathen Chinee" to do the work. One fifth of the purchase money is to be paid down, the Rothchilds indorsing notes for the balance. All of which is so eminently reasonable and probable that we have no doubt it will be consummated at about the same time the North Pole is bought by some other syndicate for a skating rink.

COMMENT on the annexed paragraph is unnecessary, but the blindest partisanship could go no further, and the readers of the Springfield *Republican* must blush to find this sort of morality preached in that high-toned journal:

We accept it, therefore, as a truth that the chastity or unchastity of public men of national repute and nominated for office before the people of the whole country is not a proper subject for discussion. The rule may be different in regard to a petty neighborhood canvass, where those who pass upon a man's qualifications for local office know something also of private life, but fifty millions of people cannot attain intimacy with all the social life and family affairs of their candidates for President, and it is not profitable that they should.

JUDGE THOMAN, the Democratic member of the civil service commission, speaks in the highest terms of the workings of the civil service law, and says that "the principles of the present law have come to stay, and no matter what the political complexion of the next administration may be, the ideas of the present law will be carried out." Perhaps so, and then again perhaps not. The Democratic party has a notorious dislike of the law. Senator Pendleton was slaughtered by the party within a year because of his civil service reform notions; and not one of the forty or more Democratic conventions held within the past six months has squarely approved the system of competitive examinations. "The Democratic party is hungry," as George W. Curtis well said a few weeks ago, and if it once gets into power its appetite for office will be too voracious to be stayed by a simple civil service law.

THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER.

The man who stole an umbrella was laying up something for a rainy day.

Kate Field has got back from Utah. As she returned single, we must infer that the Mormons were not at all on the mash.

This is the time when the successful drummer finds out what his customer's politics are before trying to sell him a bill of goods.

A bicyclist must be a good pedaler, but a peddler need not be a bicyclist at all. And yet a rule which will not work both ways is called poor.

It would seem that Dover, Del., has a worse postmaster than Boston, as a postal mailed at that place in 1879, reached Wilmington, its destination, 48 miles, a few days ago, having been four years and eight months on the road.

Some one stole our pen the other day, the one we do the most of our writing with, and we have been all broke up ever since. We wish he would return it or else come and get the paste that goes with it, as the two belong together, and do not work independently of each other.

The female giraffe has a tongue seventeen inches long, but can't talk—*Ex.*

Thank goodness for that! All the females we ever knew had a good deal less tongue than that, but—they *could* talk. If any of them should get control of seventeen inches of tongue, nothing could save the country.

Some ministers do have a tough time of it and no mistake. One at West Amsterdam, N. Y., was to receive the princely sum of $300 a year, but since February 1st he has had only $15; then the society gave him a donation party and ate up all he had, and the poor man had to depend on the charity of his neighbors. Some communities trust altogether too much in the promise "The Lord will provide."

WHAT OTHERS SAY.

The astonishing and scandalous stories from Buffalo concerning the personal character of "a great and pure man" are giving the independents blows worse than those from a sand bag. They are beginning to find out what they have been doing to show themselves smart.—*Taunton Gazette.*

The friends of Mr. Cleveland, in attempting to exclude from the campaign every issue save that of character, have invited the very scrutiny which they now deprecate. They should accept the results with better grace, or at least should meet them with better arguments.—*Boston Journal.*

It will not do to treat the charges of the Buffalo *Telegraph* with any contempt of silence. They must be met, either by Governor Cleveland or by the Democratic party. If Governor Cleveland cannot meet them the Democrat party can only meet them by demanding his immediate withdrawal from the head of the ticket.—*Catholic Universe.*

A favorite criticism of the Cleveland papers on Blaine's letter of acceptance was substantially this: "He dodges the one great issue of the campaign, which is his own personal character." We trust that some of the brethren will see to it that Gov. Cleveland does leave his letter of acceptance open to similar criticism.—*Lewiston Journal.*

Cleveland; tool of an unscrupulous moneyed monopoly of New York city; a bachelor, yet with the paternity of some dozen children fastened upon him; a man without social standing, whose private life is a scandal and a disgrace; a man with no political standing, with neither knowledge of nor experience in national affairs; such a man is placed before the American people as a candidate for the highest office within their gift!—*Toledo Blade.*

In the present campaign the two great parties differ in respect to principles much less than formerly. More than ever, therefore, the issue is to be determined by the characters of the candidates—not their political characters merely, as we are told by some, but also their private characters, as is just and right. We regard the nomination of Mr. Blaine as a misfortune, but, on the other hand, we do not see how self-respecting men can support Gov. Cleveland if the charges to which we have referred shall fail to be disproved.—*Boston Congregationalist.*

We do not believe that the American people will ever elect a notorious libertine and a profligate to the office of President of the United States. At all events we shall never lend our aid to the election of such a man. Presumptive evidence that Gov. Cleveland is not such is furnished by his election as mayor of Buffalo and as governor of New York without the breath of suspicion that his character was of the kind ascribed to him in the disgusting story printed in the Buffalo *Telegraph* and circulated in other ways; also by the fact that the story when printed caused almost as much surprise at Buffalo as in other parts of the country.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Gentlemen, when it comes to calling on papers to support a rake for the presidency you may count the *Telegraph* out without asking any questions. The most dangerous foe of this country is licentiousness. The *Telegraph* will not knowingly support a devotee of lust for any position of public trust or honor. When it believes such a man is before the people for their suffrages it will oppose him. If it has proofs of his lustfulness it will say so. And it will produce them if necessary to thwart him in the attainment of his ambition. It will not do this sensationally, or in a way to pander to a morbid appetite for dirt. But it will do it decorously as a plain duty to "the plain people" who have a right to know what manner of men they are who ask a chance to go into history as those whom Americans delight to honor.—*Buffalo Telegraph.*

Rev. George H. Ball, pastor of the Hudson Street Baptist church in Buffalo, says, over his own signature, that Grover Cleveland is a libertine, "and has the reputation here of the grossest licentiousness." * * * These charges, explicitly made in a paper published in Mr. Cleveland's home city, have been before the public for a week. Up to the present time, so far as our observation has extended, *no Democratic or Independent journal has ventured to deny them.* We have seen only two attempts at explanation, and both of these were in a form which virtually admitted Mr. Cleveland's guilt. The first of these is a personal note from Mr. Bryant B. Glenny of Buffalo, who in answer to the inquiry of "one of the most prominent merchants of Boston," admits the facts, but alleges that the case occurred "some years ago" when Mr. Cleveland "was a young man," and that afterward Mr. Cleveland "acted most honorably." In 1876-7 Mr. Cleveland was hardly so young a man that his acts of that time are to be condoned. The other attempted explanation is written by an "An Old Resident" of Buffalo to the *Times* of that city, urging the duty of undertaking Mr. Cleveland's defence. * * * Here again the facts are admitted, but commiseration is actually invited for Mr. Cleveland because he had to borrow the $500 which he paid to quiet the woman whom he had grieviously wronged. —*Boston Journal.*

As to the candidates presented by the party, I learned a good while ago to be distrustful of my own judgment. The only two since Fremont who have ever represented my personal preference for president have been Mr. Lincoln at second election and Gen. Grant at his first. I was bitterly disappointed when Mr. Lincoln was nominated over Mr. Seward in 1860. He had been represented to me as a rough Western demagogue, fond of the coarsest stories, moderately successful on the stump, but without the character, experience, or civil wisdom fitting him to be leader of the nation. I thought his nomination a frightful mistake at a perilous crisis. I came afterward to feel that he was as truly a providential man for his time as William of Orange has been for his, or as Cromwell and Washington were for theirs. On the other hand, I thought it extremely wise to nominate Johnson for vice president in 1864, and had to bite my lips afterward to keep from saying what I thought of that "mean white man" in his subsequent career. * * * * * I havn't for some time, therefore, dared to be dogmatic about candidates. The party would have gone to pieces a good while ago, and perhaps the country with it, if my preferences about men had been governed. As to Mr. Blaine I have only certain general impressions. * * * I never met him socially; and have never felt the least touch of that personal magnetism which is often attributed to him. * * * I do not regard him as an ideal candidate. He has not been my candidate. But, inasmuch as the Republican party has nominated him, in a convention fairly chosen, at a time when he was quite out of public office and had been so for more than three years, it seems to me reasonable to assume that all are wiser than one.—*Rev. Richard S. Storrs, D. D.*

New York women are of a terribly jealous nature. One of them dreamed the other night that she saw her husband kissing a neighbors' wife, and hit him while he was asleep, breaking his nose. If she had lived in free-and-easy Chicago, she might have had some cause for getting wrathy, but in New York, such a thing is altogether out of place.

Returns for the past quarter from 159 post-offices, which produce one half of the postal revenue, show that the receipts were 5 7-10 per cent less than for the corresponding quarter last year, and that the receipts for the year will be about $2,000,000 less than last year, a much better showing than was expected.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Attention is called to the Loan Agency of C. B. Bigelow, Amherst, Mass., whose advertisement will be found in another column.

PALMER AND VICINITY.

The first day of August.

Five JOURNALS this month.

Child's Boston shoe store has left town.

Mrs. A. H. Willis was in town this week.

The campers at Newell's Pond have returned.

Regular November weather, the first part of this week.

R. L. Goddard and wife have returned from their trip to Virginia.

Will Johnson and Milton Holdsworth are camping at Lake Dunmore, Vt.

W. Winter is putting in a concrete walk on the Knox street side of his lot.

Mrs. C. E. Dewey and daughter are at Sunapee Lake, N. H., for an outing.

C. L. Gardner is putting in a concrete walk around his Church street residence.

Elder Enoch Phelps of Westfield will preach at the Advent Chapel next Sunday.

C. T. Brainard and family took a pleasure trip to Fitchburg this week, going by carriage.

Lovers of roller skating will be glad to know that the rink will be opened one week from to-morrow.

Rev. E. A. Perry went to Block Island yesterday morning, where he will camp out during his vacation.

Ex-constable Zolva Williams is sporting a large Blaine badge, and proclaims that "them are my sentiments."

The New London Northern railroad furnishes excursion tickets to the White Mountains at very low rates.

H. A. Clark has engaged Duncan, the shoe repairer, who will hereafter be located in the rear part of his store.

The Mann Boudoir cars are now run regularly on the Boston & Albany road, being attached to the "owl" train.

The Thorndike Co. has declared a semi-annual dividend of 3 per cent, and the Boston Duck Co. one of 4 per cent.

E. J. Wood, J. P. Barnes are others are camping out at Springfield during the Advent camp meeting at that place.

Mrs. L. M. Shaw, Mrs. L. M. Burleigh and Mrs. J. M. Converse are at the Sea Shore House, Old Orchard Beach.

W. H. Whiting, formerly principal of the high school at this place, has received a call to the high school at Warren.

A street peddler who was selling a chain puzzle amused a small crowd in front of the Nassowanno House on Monday evening.

George B. Kenerson and family went to Block Island yesterday morning, where they will occupy their cottage until Sept. 1st.

The fresh air fund children were treated to a picnic at the Glen yesterday, together with a number of other children of the village.

Wm. B. Davis raises some very fine vegetables in his market garden, as we can testify. His prices are very reasonable, and his goods always fresh.

Five signs bearing the name of the station have been put up at the depot this week—two on the north side, two on the south side and one at the west end.

One of those noted hens who would not lay on the Sabbath has fallen from grace. She laid last Sunday, and the owner don't know whether to excommunicate her or not.

A large band of gypsies passed through this place on Wednesday evening. There were some seven or eight teams, making quite a caravan as they passed up Thorndike street.

Excursion tickets to the two days' trotting meeting at Willimantic to-day and to-morrow, including admission to the park, are sold by the New London Northern road for $1.80.

Pliny Cooley, a well-known former resident of this town, died at the residence of his daughter at Chicago, yesterday. He will be buried at the cemetery here to-morrow at 12 o'clock.

It will be well to keep a close watch on your fruit trees, if the fruit thereon is of any size at all, or you will find some morning that it has disappeared in the night before. The small boy can eat fruit if it isn't dead ripe.

Judge L. W. Collins of St. Cloud, Minn., an old Palmer boy, has been in town this week, with his wife, looking over the scenes of his boyhood, and is now spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. A. C. Collins, at the Vineyard.

Now that the concreters are in town, there are a good many places where walks ought to be laid, and a number of others which should be repaired. We hope that a good lot of this work will be done, as we have none too many good sidewalks in our village.

The board of registrars has met and organized with Mr. Chase of Three Rivers as chairman. As the new law requires the age and place of birth of each voter, blanks will be sent to them next week, which they will be required to fill out and return before the 20th.

Conductor Lewis H. Wright of the "owl" train on the Boston & Albany road, has been suspended for disobeying the rules of the road at a recent smashup near Westboro. He should have used the clear track to get around the wreck, but instead spent 2½ hours trying to clear the track.

The stockholders of the Palmer National Bank voted, Wednesday, to increase the capital stock of the bank $50,000, making it $200,000. There were 961 shares represented, and the vote was unanimous. Present stockholders can subscribe for the new stock pro rata, at $120 per share, and payment must be made on or before Sept. 1st.

About 250 children sent out from New York by the *Tribune* Fresh Air Fund passed through this place this morning on their way to Springfield, Vt. The citizens here furnished them with a breakfast of bread and milk. Another lot of about the same number are expected next Friday morning. Those who have been staying in town return this evening.

Some of our citizens get excited quite easily over the fence-around-the-depot question. One day recently a certain clergyman in town said to a business man whose place is quite near Commercial street: "We are not going to have this fence any longer." "I'm glad to hear that! Why not? Why ain't we going to have it any longer?" "Oh, because it is long enough now," was the reply. It was some time before he recovered sufficiently to wait on customers.

S. W. Coe of Ware, F. E. Leonard of Monson and L. E. Chandler of the JOURNAL, went to South Framingham by cars early last Saturday morning, and then took a bicycle ride from there to Portsmouth, N. H., arriving in time for supper that evening. The road to the New Hampshire line was perfect, and is without doubt the best in the state, but the New Hampshire roads are not so good. The distance covered was over 91 miles, and the average time on the road was something over 10 miles an hour.

A young woman, who, with tears in her eyes, told a pitiful tale about losing her ticket from Worcester to Hartford and being put off the train at this station, canvassed the Main street stores Wednesday afternoon for enough to get her a ticket to Hartford. As her manner plainly showed she had "been there before," and knew just how it was done, she did not meet with success. She wore a fine watch, and when at one place it was suggested that a jeweler would advance a dollar on it, which she could easily return when she reached the city, she hurried out and slammed the door behind her in great wrath. She was evidently on the beat.

THE WEEK'S COURT RECORD.

Business at the district court has been good for the week just passed, although a number who richly deserved it were not called to account.

25.—Michael Riel was before the court for getting drunk and disturbing the peace at Three Rivers the day before. He was quite ugly and the officer had a good deal of trouble in bringing him down to the cooler. His Honor thought that $12.25 would settle both cases, but as Michael did not have the money, he is working it out.

26.—Three Rivers furnished another victim in the person of Merrill Duclan, who chipped in $14.22 for getting full and raising a row, and went his way rejoicing.

A return of a search warrant at Monson was made, showing that a quart of whiskey and a quart of rum had been found at the Monson House.

28.—A return of search warrants at Monson was made. At the saloon of Earl Parker a pint of wine and ten gallons of beer in a cask were found, and at the house of John Carney five gallons of beer were brought to light.

29.—John and Ann Carney of Monson, answered to a charge of disturbing the peace. John paid costs of $4.45, and his wife the same amount, with a fine of $3 added.

Brian Murphy of Amherst was assessed $4.98 for imbibing too much Palmer fire water.

30.—A return of a search warrant at Monson revealed the fact that Thomas Costello had four gallons of beer in a cask.

31.—Patrick Burns paid $6.23 for the luxury of getting drunk.

Joseph and Malvina Collins were bound over to the higher court for the larceny of a watch and chain at Bondsville last June.

John Stanton and James Fisher, tramps, were sent to the state work house for two years each.

WALES.

The Dell Mill is now lying idle one day in a week.

The farmers are nearly through with their haying. The crop is a much better one than was expected after the drought of a few weeks ago.

BELCHERTOWN.

In the JOURNAL of April 25th, in an article on the death of Salem Fisher, it was stated that he "joined the Congregational church in 1814, along with 107 others," and that he was "the last of that number, all the rest having passed away." It may be of interest to some of our citizens to know that there is still one left, in the person of Mrs. Faunie (Abby) Warner, aged 87 years, who is residing in the family of Rev. Edward Brown of DeSmet, Dak., who furnishes us the information.

NORTH WILBRAHAM.

No preaching at the Chapel next Sunday. Sunday school at 12.45 and prayer meeting at 6 p. m.

H. E. Gates has gone to Deer Isle, Me., on a two-weeks' trip. Mabel goes to South Framingham to visit the home of John P. Freeze.

The Collins Paper Co. has one of its engines on hand ready to be put into position. When the connections are made the mill will be stopped for two weeks, probably about the middle of August, thus affording the help a vacation.

BRIMFIELD.

W. F. Palmer of Webster has been secured as classical teacher for the Hitchcock Free High School.

On Wednesday Mrs. S. C. Herring and her daughter, Mrs. Brady, left for Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Dea. Nathan M. Goodale and wife are both quite sick, he with a slow fever and Mrs. Goodale with paralysis of one side, and organs of speech. At this time they are more comfortable, but the result is doubtful. Their boarders, Mr. Loring and family, and Mr. Whitehouse and daughter, have taken rooms at the hotel.

WARREN.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union met with Mrs. Emory Shumway Thursday afternoon.

Rev. Mr. Canfield occupied the pulpit of the Universalist church last Sunday, and Rev. Sylvanus Haywood preached at the Congregational church.

The latest here, is a free, open air entertainment, given by a travelling van under the auspices of the Jubilee Minstrels, two in number, advertising Morse's Yellow Dock.

The ladies of the M. E. church intended to hold a lawn party on the lawn of Mrs. S. Blair on Maple street, but owing to the rain it was postponed and a sociable at the vestry took the place of it.

PALMER CENTER.

A band of gypsies passed through here Wednesday evening.

Judge J. W. Collins of St. Cloud, Minn., paid a flying visit to his sister, Mrs. Trumble, Wednesday afternoon.

Quite a number of people went from this place to Newell's pond last Saturday night to witness the display of fire works.

The small farm belonging to the late Lemuel Moore, was sold at auction upon Tuesday, Fred Snow of Thorndike being the purchaser.

Rev. Mr. Blades of Brocton is spending his vacation at Mrs. King's. It is understood that he will supply Dr. Perkins' pulpit at Ware the coming two Sundays, the Dr. being away on his vacation.

There was a dance on the lawn in front of Mrs. King's residence last week Friday evening, to which a few of the neighbors and a few friends from the Depot village were invited, and quite a nice time was enjoyed.

THREE RIVERS.

The machinery commenced running in the new dye house Monday.

Mrs. D. M. Stebbins has been quite ill for several days with cholera morbus, but is now improving.

J. F. Luman is having good success with his class in instrumental music, and will be in the place one day each week to give instruction.

A six-years'-old son of Mr. Hamelin was drowned Thursday forenoon in the river at the rear of Shaw's store. The body was not found until after 6 o'clock, though diligent search was kept up from the time the child was first missed in the forenoon.

Rev. Geo. H. Clark, of Bondsville, Grand Chaplain of the Massachusetts Sons of Temperance, made an official visit to Good Cheer Division Monday evening, accompanied by a delegation from Sparkling Water Division. Mr. Clark made some very interesting and encouraging remarks concerning the progress of the order, which he said was constantly increasing, the membership being double that of a year ago.

WEST WARREN.

Buxton's second house is now awaiting the painter's finishing touch.

John O'Neil has recovered from his recent illness and is able to be around.

Herbert Hitchcock and family are in Maine spending a few weeks with friends.

Master Arthur Holway of Newtonville is on a visit to friends here, and is the guest of Miss Elizabeth Dodge.

The company's tenements at No. 4 mill are now all occupied, forming in this district quite another little village.

E. J. Wood has rented a portion of his large and commodious store to a Mr. Grady for the purpose of selling teas and groceries.

There seems to be much sickness among the children. No epidemic but the weather or some other cause. There is a funeral almost every day.

Recent showers have greatly benefited the ground and awakened hopes of a bountiful second hay crop, together with the other necessary blessings of harvest-tide.

The rails for the roadside, between this village and Warren, are now being laid by Charles Elwell. The public will certainly be able to travel this road with less fear of being precipitated down the bank.

The Water street corner of Crossman's block has again become the rendezvous for loafers, owing to the resignation of the constable. Ladies are inconvenienced in passing, especially on Sunday evenings.

There is to be a town meeting on Saturday to vote on appropriating money to sewer this village, and, as this is a subject of vital importance to all, it seems right that every voter should present himself at the polls that day.

Not long since it was reported that J. O'Neil had closed up his liquor store, but if any one was disposed to look into it they might find that which would indicate liquor selling at all hours of the day and many hours of the night. Why is it that the saloons can not be shut up in this village? The gambling and liquor business ought to be abolished.

THORNDIKE.

C. J. O'Leary of Milbury, Mass., has bought E. W. Wilson's cottage on Church street.

A. Woodard returned home on Monday after his vacation at Providence, R. I., much refreshed.

A number from this place went to Newell's pond last Saturday night to witness the exhibition of fireworks.

A lawn party was held at the residence of Mr. Fuller on Wednesday evening, and a pleasant time was passed.

Flynn, last year's catcher for the Thorndike base ball club, is playing third base in grand style for the Greylocks of that place.

The canal bridge is becoming dangerous for pedestrians. Some one will have to settle if things go on in the present way.

John Maloy has the agency for the Ware Laundry, and will receive orders the first of each week, and deliver every Saturday.

The lumber for flooring the No. 1 mill has arrived, and it will not be long before things will be in full blast toward repairing the building.

Parties desirous of receiving instruction on the piano or organ would do well to give J. Luman a trial. His method is the easiest and quickest, and he guarantees to give satisfaction.

Mr. Keefe is meeting with rather hard luck, it seems. His horse, buggy and harness were stolen from him last week while at his farm on the Ware road. It was but a short time ago that he lost another horse by fire. The case is being investigated.

Rev. J. M. Haley, formerly of Lowell, will supply the pulpit of the Congregational church next Sabbath. He comes well recommended, and all are invited to hear him. There is to be an adjourned meeting of the society Monday evening at 8 o'clock, at which a full attendance is desired.

Work on the new sewer, which will be built by the Thorndike Co., has begun, and when completed it will fill a long felt want. The sewer will run the length of the dwellings on Church street and will empty into the river at the west end. It will be connected with every house of the corporation and those on Church street as well.

James Harris, who has been overseer in the spinning room in No. 1 mill, but who resigned some time ago, has moved to Willimantic, Ct., where he is to accept a position as overseer in one of the mills there. Mr. Harris is a gentleman, and one whom we will miss greatly. His many friends here wish him every success in his new position and are sure he will make many friends wherever he goes.

A crowd of roughs from Bondsville created considerable trouble and gave a good deal of annoyance to the people here on Saturday night by fighting, carsing, etc., in a shameful manner. They, it seems, went to Palmer to witness a game of baseball, and while on their return home under the influence of drink, they became quarreling among themselves, and one of the party was elected to stand the thumping, as it was called. He did not stand it, however, as well as his friends would have him, as he was a "John L.," and knocked them out one after another in the first round.

MONSON.

Will S. Keeney left on Wednesday evening for Trinidad, Col., where he has taken a position in a bank.

Rev. and Mrs. A. Dight, graduates of the C. L. S. C. class of '83, were present at the graduating exercises of '84 July 24th at the South Framingham assembly grounds.

The children, relatives and neighbors of of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Stacy, to the number of 65, gathered at their home on the 25th in honor of Mr. Stacy's birthday, and presented them with an elegant easy chair and other valuable presents.

A wholesale business has been done the past week in searching the places where it was suspected that liquor was sold, and quite a quantity of the ardent was found. Last Saturday a search at the Monson House disclosed a quart of rum in a bottle, and a quart of whiskey in two bottles. On Monday the saloon of Earl Parker and the house of John Carney were visited. At Parker's place a pint of wine in a bottle and ten gallons of beer in a cask were seized, while at Carney's, five gallons of beer were found. On Wednesday, Thomas Costello yielded up four gallons of beer when called upon by the officers. The searches were led by officer Palmer, of Palmer, assisted by local officers.

DEATH OF DANIEL G. GREEN.

In the death of Mr. Daniel G. Green, which occurred yesterday, Monson loses another citizen who has been prominent in her business and public affairs for the past forty years. Mr. Green was born in Wales, Oct. 17th, 1817. One of a large family, on a rocky, sterile farm, he was early obliged to strike out for himself—first as schoolmaster winters, working for a neighbor summers—then longing for a wider field, he for a time peddled ready-trimmed ladies' bonnets in New York and Vermont. He next engaged in stock and horse driving, and general trafficking in stock-farm and lumber, which he has followed until the present time.

With the growth of Monson Mr. Green has been especially identified; purchasing the land and laying out Green street, named after him, and now one of our most important thoroughfares; purchasing the old church and converting it into a hall and stores; buying the old hotel, rebuilding and enlarging it, thus making one of the handsomest of country hotels. As landlord Mr. Green was well known to the traveling public. He also built several tenements for rent. Mr. Green was an old-line war Democrat, always esteemed and honored by his party—often their candidate, always polling a vote in excess of his party. He was sent by them to the Legislature in 1875, and was their candidate for state senator two years ago. He has also held the office of selectman, as well as several minor offices in town.

As a business man, Mr. Green was a bold operator, cool, accurate and far-seeing in judgment; one whose opinion carried weight and who was much sought after in town and out on appraisal of property.

Mr. Green was thrice married. First to Miss Harriet Parker of Brimfield; second to Miss Azuba King of Monson, and third to Mrs. Emily Fay. He had three daughters, children of his second wife. The eldest married Dr. G. E. Fuller of Monson and died in 1876; the youngest married Rufus Flynt and died in 1881, and third, Mary A., is the wife of Dr. F. E. Greene of Boston, survives him.

Mr. Green was a very tender, indulgent father, and in his family loved and was beloved beyond most men. In business he was quick to make up his mind, skillful in trading, and honorable in his dealings, always willing to trust and wait. He was very lenient to the poor and helped many men to farms and stock, and in him they lose a true friend. He has filled a large place in this community, and his familiar face will be missed in this and adjoining towns.

His disease was cancer of the stomach.

CARD.—The undersigned would most heartily thank their neighbors and friends in Three Rivers for their kindness during their recent affliction.

MR. AND MRS. H. L. CANTERBURY.

The Salvation army people invent unique nicknames. At a recent "hallelujah teafight" in Medina, N. Y., the other day, there were present "Jumping Sambo," "The Hallelujah Canary Singer," "Joyful Jeremiah," "Happy Sal," "Smiling May," and "Dick, The Devil Teaser."

A Powhattan, (Ohio,) woman, who objected to a railroad being run through her yard, shot the hat of one surveyor full of holes and drove another into a mud pond at the point of a pistol. She also captured the surveying apparatus and still holds them.

The cultivation of the white-plumed pampas grass and the curing of its plumes has been started in Los Angeles county, Cal. About 200,000 plumes, some of them three feet long, were produced last year and sent to eastern cities.

Judge Churchill of Boston severely censures parents and guardians whose children are killed or injured by jumping on railroad trains in motion, and says they are the only ones to blame in such cases.

The orange tree lives to a greater age than any other fruit tree. It is said to have attained the age of 300 years, and is known to have flourished and borne fruit for more than 100 years.

The Italian government has been advised by its Consuls to prohibit the emigration of organists with monkeys, on the ground that they give a bad reputation to Italy in foreign countries.

Ice cream has been pronounced a healthful food by the superintendent of the New York health department.

The number of tax-paying Indians has more than doubled in the last decade.

Some thieves at Santa Cruz, Mexico, hit upon a novel plan for robbing a church of its valuables, a few days ago. Several men went to the priest in charge and asked permission to hold funeral services over the body of a deceased friend at 4 o'clock the next morning and also to leave the body in the church over night. As the request was nothing unusual, it was granted. In the night the sacristan was aroused by his dogs, and on making a tour of the church found that the images of the saints had been stripped of the jewels with which they had been ornamented, and that they were in the coffin with the corpse, who was the thief, and who was captured along with his companions.

The first electric railway for public use in America went into operation at Cleveland, O., last Saturday. The current was carried on underground conductors and the cars were started, stopped and reversed with the greatest ease. Any number of cars up to 15 were run at one time on a single circuit. The experiment was so successful that the company expects to change its whole system, comprising 20 miles.

The national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at Minneapolis, Minn., closed last Friday. Gen. John Koontz of Ohio was elected commander in chief, Judge J. P. Pease of Minneapolis was elected senior commander, Ira E. Hicks of Dakota junior vice commander, T. M. Shanafelt of Michigan chaplain, and W. B. Hall of Pennsylvania surgeon. The next encampment will be held at Portland, Me.

Eighteen members of the Salvation army—eight men and ten women—were arrested at Rochester, N. Y., last Sunday for singing while parading through the streets, after being warned not to by the police. They remained in the station all night, shouting and singing. A request to have six tambourines brought in was denied.

At Block Island the other day a student for the ministry lost a small trinket, and posted a notice offering a reward for its recovery. At the suggestion of a friend he requested that the finder leave it at the office "p. d. q.," not having the least idea what the letters meant.

John Bartlett, the forger, who escaped from the Springfield jail in November, has been caught at New Britain, Ct., and returned to his old quarters, where he will not only have to serve out the balance of his sentence, but answer to a charge of jail breaking.

Three young men made an attempt to wreck a passenger train on the Richmond & Alleghany road near Big Island, Pa., last week, by placing a big log on the track. Fortunately it was seen and removed by the section master just in time to prevent disaster.

A man at Augusta, Me., blew the whistle on his factory last Friday, to celebrate the nomination of St. John and Daniel, and the noise called out the fire department and a big crowd of people, making a much more successful demonstration than he had anticipated.

The celebration of the Republican party is to be held at Strong, Me., on Tuesday, August 19th. Mr. Blaine, Hannibal Hamlin, Gov. Anson P. Morrill, Congressmen Bontelle and Dingley, ex-Gov. Long and other distinguished guests will be present.

Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka, of Arctic fame, has resigned from the army, his resignation to take effect January 31st, 1885, and he has been granted leave of absence until that time, with permission to go abroad.

Some English capitalists are agitating the question of American beef in England. They say it means better and cheaper meat for the masses, as well as an increased income for themselves.

The oldest inhabitant of Hartford, Ct., William Hamilton, died last Friday, aged 102 years. He was born in county of Down, Ireland, and never used tobacco or alcoholic drinks.

The Dempsey-Fulljames prize fight came off at New York Wednesday morning. It consisted of 21 rounds which occupied 35 minutes. Fulljames got badly punished and lost the fight.

A man and woman at Stafford, Ct., left their child alone in the house at night, locked in. It managed to get out in some way, and they whipped it so that it will probably die.

An eight-years-old boy at Boston found a revolver the other day, and was having a nice time playing with it until it finally went off, blowing one of his fingers to pieces.

Congressman William W. Culberston, of the ninth Kentucky district, attempted suicide by shooting, at the National Hotel at Washington on Wednesday morning.

The propeller Osborn was run down and sunk by the steamer Alberta, off Whitefish Point, Lake Superior, last Sunday night. Eight persons were drowned.

Mrs. Laugtry sailed for Europe last Saturday, but will return to this country next February. She has some thoughts of opening a theater in New York.

A cyclone at Edenton, N. C., last Saturday, did much damage to buildings, ruined several wharves, and killed a number of persons.

A man 50 years of age was arrested at Danbury, Ct., on Monday, for attempting to kidnap a little girl of six years.

The bog peat of Mexico is now being used on a considerable scale as fuel for locomotives, stationary engines, smelting purposes, smiths' fires, and household use.

The women of France are discussing a project of erecting a monument at Paris to the memory of the late Dr. Sims, as the greatest surgical benefactor of their sex.

While workmen were digging a well near Napa, Cal., the other day, they discovered fifteen feet below the surface a layer of peat forty feet in thickness.

The Albany (Tex.) *News* says the march of the prairie dogs is a standing threat against the future prosperity of the grazing districts of that state.

The latest fashionable affectation in London is to have negro minstrels appear at select parties.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

There were 214 deaths in Boston last week.

The bright sunsets have reappeared at Berlin.

The Nova Scotian government has been reorganized.

The Texas cotton crop is suffering from lack of rain.

England has 143 bicycle factories and 83 tricycle makers.

Tower City, Dak., had a disastrous hail-storm last Friday.

Gloomy reports of bad crop prospects come from Egypt.

There is a fashionable revolt against late dinners in London.

Another investigation of the Proteus disaster is threatened.

The cool weather damage to the seaside is estimated at $50,000.

Saratoga will add fox hunts to her list of attractions this season.

A great many New Yorkers are said to be pawning their diamonds.

The Arctic fleet sailed from St. Johns, N. F., at 11 a. m. Saturday.

The late ex-Gov. Harriman left an estate estimated at $75,000.

Nearly every one in Washington either hoards or keeps hoarders.

A factory at La Honrader, Cuba, makes 5,530,000 cigarettes a day.

The dividends payable in Boston in August aggregate $2,759,399.

There were 40,000,000 pennies coined in the United States last year.

The hard times and cool weather work against the summer resorts.

At Naragansett the ladies give luncheons to their own sex at the Casino.

There is one blind person for every 1150 persons in the United Kingdom.

Pere Hyacinthe and wife will each publish a book on the United States.

The salary of the Vice President of the United States is $8000 per annum.

Long Branch is more of a rendezvous for politicians this year than ever.

Ex-Gov. Walter Harriman of New Hampshire, died at Concord last Friday.

Over twelve hundred buildings in a town in Asia Minor were burned Monday.

The value of the minerals exported from Australia last year was £1,438,628.

The total expense of the Greely Relief Expedition is estimated at $700,000.

Cape May is afflicted with too frequent visitations of Philadelphia roughs.

No less than 15,630 persons are locked up in the jails and prisons of New York.

The official census of Italy shows a population of 29,010,652 at the end of 1883.

And now it is estimated that the bicycle was in use in Norwich, Ct. 60 years ago.

At Aries, France, many persons have become insane through fear of the cholera.

All meetings of the Salvation Army at Berne, Switzerland, have been prohibited.

It is estimated that the wheat crop of California will amount to 57,000,000 bushels.

And now Vermont claims the credit of being the birthplace of the Republican party.

The estate of the late Cyrus H. McCormick of Chicago is estimated at $20,000,000.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer arrived at Plymouth, Eng., Monday.

Tourists remark upon the neglect of the grounds of many country seats on the Hudson.

Kentucky courts decide that a white man's will giving property to negroes is valid.

Thirty million dollars is said to be invested in bicyle manufacture in England alone.

The Tennessee mountains are becoming a fashionable summer resort for Southern people.

James R. Keene's estate at Newport has been sold to Mr. Fiske of New York for $80,000.

The bodies of Beethoven and Schubert are to be removed to a new cemetery outside of Vienna.

James Stephens, the ex-Fenian chief, who is now in Paris, contemplates a visit to America.

In Japan, where cremation is regularly practiced, the most expensive form costs seven dollars.

Miss Lizzie Calley of Hill, N. H., has received the honorary degree of A. M. from Bates College.

It is said that there is no instance of any epidemic ever getting a hold in any town in Switzerland.

The deficiency in the accounts of John McMahan, the ex-tax collector of Hoboken, N. J., is $51,279.

There was a flight of billions of butterflies at Bodie, Cal., a few days ago. They were going south.

A thousand boarders gladden the hearts of Watch Hill, R. I., landlords, and there are more to follow.

Two English ladies have made a tricycle trip from Porto Maurizio, on the gulf of Genoa, to Boulogne.

Gatling guns for the state militia are to be placed at Hartford, New Haven, New London and Bridgeport.

The discovery of natural gas in large quantities still continues to be made in and around Pittsburg, Pa.

The damage caused by the fire at Madrid Friday in the timber and oil warehouses amounts to 1,000,000 pesetas.

Mississippi has 444,141 children of school age, for whose education she appropriates $300,000, or 67 cents per capita.

The head waiter at the Grand hotel, White Sulphur Springs, Va., has held the position forty consecutive years.

Counterfeiters have been working off spurious five cent pieces upon country storekeepers in Pennsylvania.

Mr. William B. Hent of Lowell has presented a portrait of William Lloyd Garrison to the Newburyport public library.

A severe drouth is prevailing in southern Ohio and Indiana and northern Kentucky, and the crops are suffering greatly.

John C. Eno has rented a splendidly furnished residence in Montreal, where his wife and daughters have joined him.

It is said that fifty Canadian newspapers have declared in favor of independence. Annexation finds but few advocates.

A colored woman, aged 35, living in Clark county, Ga., is the mother of 26 children, three of whom were born this month.

The San Francisco Bulletin says there is a leper colony in that city which, if not extirpated, is bound to grow and expand.

The present numerical strength of Free Masonry throughout the world is placed at 138,065 lodges, with 14,160,543 members.

Mr. Raddia Wight of Westboro, 82 years of age, was thrown from his wagon by a collision last week and his left arm broken.

London has had almost continuous cold storms of wind and rain the past week. The weather was more like November than July.

A movement is on foot in St. Louis to raise a fund for the support of the wife of Dr. Pavy, who was one of the Greely victims.

A New York seedsman has a 54-pound box of cauliflower seed which he calls worth $2700 and keeps in a safe-deposit vault.

The dwellings and farms of widows, minors and spinsters are exempted from taxation in several states of the Mexican republic.

It is asserted that an apple tree at San Diego, Cal., has been in full bloom, as well as bearing fruit throughout the entire year just passed.

C. L. S. C.

Mr. Editor:—Thinking perhaps some of your readers might be interested in Chautauqua matters, I send you a short account of the recent meeting at South Framingham which I attended:

The commencement exercises of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle took place July 24th at the South Framingham assembly grounds—the Chautauqua of New England. Promptly at two o'clock the "Society of the Hall in the Grove," and undergradnates of the "People's College," under the efficient marshalship of Prof. W. F. Sherman, took up the line of march from Normal Tent to Normal Hall, where the ranks separated, through which passed the gradnating class, numbering over two hundred, preceded by the South Framingham Metropolitan Band, Dr. J. H. Vincent, President Seelye, and assistants, amidst Chautauqua salutes and salutations, to the platforms of the auditorium.

The "Society of the Hall in the Grove" and undergradnates by their respective classes, closely followed, filling the 600 seats in reserve in the auditorium, which was elaborately decorated with the stars and stripes of our country.

The exercises proper consisted of

1. Overture by Metropolitan Band.
2. Responsive Scripture readings.
3. A song of to-day.
4. "Recognition" of "1884."
5. Song, "The Winds are Whispering."
6. Prayer by Rev. A. E. Dunning.
7. Song, "The Nameless Fold."
8. Oration by President Seelye, D. D., LL. D.
9. Class Song of '84.
10. Presentation of Diplomas.
11. Gloria and Benediction.

John B. Gough was present, and at the conclusion of his thrilling remarks, was made an honorary member of the class of '88 and presented with an '88 badge.

At a meeting of the "Society of the Hall in the Grove" a vote was taken to erect a "Hall of Philosophy" on Mount Waite, and thirteen hundred dollars were raised at the meeting for the erection of the building.

MONSON, July 30th, 1884. G. I. D.

August Magazines.

The August *Century* is uncommonly attractive in pictures, fiction and anecdotal papers. An outdoor quality, appropriate to the season, is noticeable in John Burroughs's woodland and field paper, "A Glance at British Wild Flowers," which Alfred Parsons, the English artist, has illustrated. A full-page sketch of daffodils on the border of a stream is the frontispiece. Of midsummer character, too, are two brief essays, one "A Summer Holinight" meditation by Miss Edith M. Thomas; the other, an essay by Dr. Edward Eggleston on "Americans at Play," in spite of a popular prejudice that we are an overworked people. Of the anecdotal papers, W. T. Stead's sketch of "Chinese Gordon" has the flavor of personal acquaintance set forth with interest. Miss Helen Zimmern gives an intimate biographical sketch of the Queen of Roumania, who is known in literature as "Carmen Sylva." It is accompanied by a full-page portrait of the Queen in Roumanian costume. An authentic paper on "General Sam Houston," by Alexander Hynds, is full of anecdotes of that remarkable backwoodsman and pioneer statesman. Two portraits, engraved with special care, are from an old dagnerreotype and from a miniature showing Houston in his costume as a Cherokee chieftain. There is an unusual quantity of stories, including the first parts of "A New England Winter," by Henry James, and Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen's "A Problematic Character." The installment of "Dr. Sevier" contains stirring scenes in the opening of the war. A striking paper by Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden, is on "Three Dangers" to society, meaning Intemperance, Divorce, and Business Gambling. The latter subject is also discussed in "Topics of the Time" along with "Republican Institutions and Spoils System;" some harmful "Legacies of the War," and "American Monumental Art." Among the contributions "Open Letters" are a review by Mr. Howells of "Two Notable Novels" ("The Story of a Country Town" and "Miss Ludlugton's Sister"), and a reply to General Stone's recent strictures in the *Century* on English "Bombardment of Alexandria," by Lieut. Commander Goodrich of the United states Navy. The poetry, including some clever verse in "Bric-a-Brac," is contributed by Maurice Thompson, whose "Song of the Mocking Bird" opens the magazine, Thomas W. Parsons, Miss Elaine Goodale, Miss Mary E. Wilkins, and others.

Home Science for August will be found highly entertaining and useful in many respects, and the whole tone of the publication seems to meet, practically, a need felt by many earnest workers who would gladly supply their energies in the best manner. The full table of contents is as follows: "The Wells of Life," by Hugh S. Carpenter, D. D.; "Impure Air," Dio Lewis, M. D.; "Dream Land," James M. Buckley, M. D.; "Malaria," Edwin A. Curley; "Spiritual Architecture," Edward P. Thwing, Ph. D.; "Our Experiment in Home Building," Julia McNair Wright; "The Outcast of England," Frederick Hastings; "A Breakfast-Table Talk," John A. Lausing, D. D.; "The Precious First Five Years," Elizabeth B. Harbet; "Art Thou a Man?" George T. Stearns; "Co-operative Housekeeping," Miss G. I. S. Andrews; "The German Stove," Chillion B. Allen; "The late Benjamin N. Martin, D. D.," Manhattan; "The Health Exhibition," London Paper; "Some of Our Girls," Eleora Kirk; "Evening Home Talks," Edward P. Thwing, Ph. D.; Health and Habit," Dio Lewis, M. D.; "The Mother's Portfolio," Julia McNair Wright; "Dining-Room Chats," Julia Coleman; "Passing Thoughts;" Home Library; Salad for the Table.

Forbes & Wallace, Springfield, for the next ten days will clear out lots of goods at a great sacrifice, previous to taking inventory. A good time to buy.

Paine's Furniture Manufacturing Establishment in Boston should be visited by all who are about to purchase new furniture.

BEECHER'S BAD HEAD.

For two months in the year Henry Ward Beecher can't preach. In August and September he takes his vacation and endures the onset of the hay-fever. A man with hay fever isn't accountable for his actions. He is frantic with snuffing, sneezing and headache. Every nerve in his skull thrills with distress, and his head is a fountain of tears. He lives only to fly from seaside to mountain-top in search of relief. This form of catarrh (hay-fever) Ely's Cream Balm will cure. Placed in the nostrils it penetrates and soothes the affected parts at once, restores the impaired senses and creates healthy secretions. You cannot run away from hay fever, but you can drive it from you by using Ely's Cream Balm. 2w18

O. P. Allen and O. J. Winslow will refund the price paid if Acker's Blood Elixir does not relieve any skin or blood disorder. A new, but thoroughly tested discovery. cow 1y 1

UNNECESSARY SUFFERING.—Why need I suffer from biliousness, liver complaint, malaria, torpor of the bowels, etc? Because I have never used Rice & Co's Eclectic Pills, which are purely vegetable, gelatine coated, and cause no griping pains, (cathartic and cholagogue.) Price, 25 cents. For sale by G. L. KEENEY, Druggist and stationer, Monson. 5

O. P. Allen and O. J. Winslow state that indigestion prepares every one for disease, but guarantee Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets to cure all forms of indigestion. cow 1y 1

GRAND EXCURSION TO RICE & CO'S ECLECTIC LAKES, U. S. A.—All who are suffering from rheumatism, neuralgia, headache, toothache, or any pain, are invited to come. Motto—No cure, no pay. Fare for round trip and cure, 50 cents. For sale at C. E. BLOOD'S Drug Store, Ware. 5

O. P. Allen and O. J. Winslow distinctly state that Acker's English Remedy has and does cure contracted consumption. Ask for circular. An entirely new medicine guaranteed. cow 1y 1

We call attention to the advertisement of J. M. EDWARDS, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y., who is in want of more salesmen.

IT IS BUT A MERE INVESTMENT OF FIFTY CENTS.—If it cures you are willing to pay it; if not, you have but to say so and have your money refunded. Rice & Co's Eclectic Liniment cures cramps in the stomach and bowels, inflammation, burns, diptheria, etc. For sale by GEO. L. HITCHCOCK, Palmer. 5

Fact—but, as the newspapers say, "nobody will believe it," Fontaine's cure for Consumption is guaranteed to cure diseases of the lungs. Sold by Z. F. Beverly. cowly12

Pimples, blotches, eruptions of the skin, indicate that you need a few doses of Fontaine's Great Discovery. Sold by Z. F. Beverly. cowly12

Oh, how beautiful it makes the complexion! For eruptions, Lady Camelia's Secret of Beauty is superior to soap or liniments. Price 50 cents. At Allen's Pharmacy. 3 4w37

Thousands are daily having freckles removed by a trial of Lady Camelia's Secret of Beauty. Price 50 cents, at Allen's Pharmacy. 1 4w y29

"ROUGH ON RATS"
Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers; 15c; druggists.

HEART PAINS.
Palpitation, Dropsical Swellings, Dizziness, Indigestion, Headache, Sleeplessness, cured by Wells' Health Renewer."

"ROUGH ON CORNS."
Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns;" 15c; quick; complete cure; hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

"ROUGH ON COUGHS."
Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for coughs, colds, sore throat, hoarseness. Troches, 15c; Liquid, 50c.

"ROUGH ON DENTIST" TOOTH POWDER.
Smooth, refreshing, harmless, elegant, cleansing, preservative and fragrant; druggists; 15c.

THIN PEOPLE.
"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Headache, Nervousness, Debility; $1.

BED-BUGS, FLIES.
Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

MOTHERS.
If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use Wells' Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.

LIFE PRESERVER.
If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to the spot.

"ROUGH ON TOOTHACHE."
Instant relief for neuralgia, toothache, faceache. Ask for "Rough on Toothache;" 15 and 25 cents.

PRETTY WOMEN.
Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

"ROUGH ON ITCH."
"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

NIGHT SWEATS.
Headache, fever, chills, malaria, dyspepsia, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.

THE HOPE OF THE NATION.
Children, slow in development, puny, scrawny, and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."

"ROUGH ON PAIN."
Cures colic, cramps, diarrhœa; externally for aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. For man or beast. 25 and 50 cents.

"ROUGH ON PAIN" PLASTER.
Porous and strengthening, improved, the best for backache, pains in chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia; 25c; druggists or mail. 1y12

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.
The greatest medical wonder of the world. Warranted to speedily cure Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Cancers, Piles, Chilblains, Corns, Tetter, Chapped Hands, and all skin eruptions, guaranteed to cure in every instance or money refunded. 25 cents per box. For sale by G. L. Hitchcock. 1y32

THE HOMŒOPLATIC MEDICINES that will enable you to treat ailments of almost any kind without the aid of a physician are sold at Palmer by O. P. Allen, and at Monson by G. L. Keeney, apothecaries. The guide slips attached to each bottle enables you to be your own physician. 3m12*

MYRE, the new remedy, is acknowledged by leading physicians to cure *Headache, Neuralgia* and *Malaria* when everything else fails. For sale at Palmer by O. P. Allen, and at Monson by G. L. Keeney, druggists. 3m12*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she was a Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.
1y11

A Great Surprise
Is in store for all who use Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs, the great guaranteed remedy. Would you believe that it is sold on its merits, and that each druggist is authorized to refund your money by the proprietor of this wonderful remedy if it fails to cure you? O. P. Allen has secured the agency for it. Price 50 cents and $1. Trial size free. 1y16eow

A Sensible Man Would Use
Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. It is curing more cases of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and all throat and lung troubles, than any other medicine. The proprietor has authorized O. P. Allen to refund your money, if, after taking three-fourths of a bottle, relief is not obtained. Price 50 cents and One Dollar. Trial size free. 1y16eow

Cause and Effect.
At times symptoms of indigestion are present, uneasiness of the stomach, &c., a moisture like perspiration, producing itching at night, or when one is warm, cause the Piles. The effect is immediate relief upon the application of Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, 50 cents, sold by G. L. Hitchcock, Palmer, G. L. Keeney, Monson, and C. E. Blood, Ware. cow16

Want of Faith.
If G. L. Hitchcock, Palmer, G. L. Keeney, Monson, and C. E. Blood, Ware, the druggists, do not succeed it is not for want of faith. They have such faith in Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup as a remedy for coughs, colds, consumption and lung affections, that they will give a bottle free to each and every one who is in need of a medicine of this kind. cow16

A Startling Discovery.
Physicians are often startled by remarkable discoveries. The fact that Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and Throat and Lung Diseases is daily curing patients that they have given up to die, is startling them to realize their sense of duty, and examine into the merits of this wonderful discovery; resulting in hundreds of our best physicians using it in their practice. Trial bottles free at Geo. L. Hitchcock's drug store. Regular size $1 4

MARRIED.

At Ware, 30th ult., by Rev. Wm. Moran, CHARLES MARTIN and ANNA DUGAN.

At Ware, by Rev. W. G. Tuttle, WILLIAM NEWTON and Mrs. FRANCES R. FULLER.

DIED.

At Palmer, 23d ult., infant son of BYRON FULLER.
At Palmer, 27th ult., OLIVER KING, 50.
At Three Rivers, 25th ult., NORA A., 1 yr., daughter of John P. Dunn.
At Three Rivers, 28th ult., MINA MAY, 7 months, daughter of H. L. Canterbury.
At Ware, 25th ult., SYLVESTER W. BANGS, 73.
At Monson, 31st ult., DANIEL G. GREEN, 67.
☞ Funeral at his late residence Saturday, Aug. 2d, at 2½ p. m.
At Wilbraham, 31st ult., ACRELIA, 74, wife of Aliel Eddy.
At Chicago, 31st ult., PLINY COOLEY, a former resident of Palmer.

FOR SALE—Or exchange for a 52-inch machine—a 54-inch CORNELL BICYCLE. Has not been run 30 miles. Good as new. Too large for owner. 4w18 H. B. LEETE, Palmer, Mass.

CONCRETING.
J. M. HARRIS, the Concreter, is in town for a few days only, and those wanting concrete walks put in should apply at once. 1w18*

LOST.—Sunday morning, on the road between Bondsville and Thorndike or Ware, an overcoat. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving the same with
1w THOMAS RUSSELL, Bondsville.

NICHOLS ACADEMY,
DUDLEY, MASS. INCORPORATED 1819.
Open to both sexes. New Buildings. Large Library. Reading Room and Observatory. Observatory is a U. S. Signal Station. Students fitted for any college or technical school. Tuition free to deserving students. Fall term commences Tuesday, Sept. 2d. Send for catalogue to
5w18 MOSES BARNES, Treasurer.

BY LICENSE OF THE PROBATE COURT for the county of Hampden, the subscriber, administrator of the estate of Sabra M. Lemon, late of Wilbraham, in said county, deceased, will sell at public auction, on the premises, Saturday, August 23d, 1884, at ten o'clock a. m., the following described real estate, to wit: About 2½ acres of land, with house and woodshed thereon, situate on the easterly side of the Peak road, so called, in said Wilbraham, and nearly opposite of the Orrin Webster place. Also about four acres of pasture land, situate about one-quarter of a mile west of the first named tract, in said Wilbraham. Both said tracts belong to the estate of said deceased. EDWIN F. LEMON,
Administrator.
Wilbraham, Aug. 1st, 1884. 3w18

WANTED—A thoroughly competent girl for general housework.
MRS. C. B. FISK, Palmer.

DR. A. B. COWAN, DENTAL ROOMS, over JOURNAL Office, every Thursday.
33tf PALMER, MASS.

WE
Are Closing Out
THE BALANCE OF OUR
Summer Goods
REGARDLESS of COST.

GREAT DISCOUNT ON
CLOTHING
WITH WHICH WE ARE
Very Much Overstocked.

REMNANTS
—IN—
PRINTS & GINGHAMS
ARE GOING VERY RAPIDLY!
CALL EARLY AND SECURE THE BEST PATTERNS.

OUR PRICES ON
BLACK SILKS
RATHER DISCOUNT SPRINGFIELD,
AND THEY ARE WARRANTED IN EVERY PARTICULAR.
YOURS RESPECTFULLY,
S. H. HELLYAR & CO.,
CROSS'S BLOCK, PALMER.

BROOKS BROS.,
Successors to ROBINSON & BROOKS,
—DEALERS IN—
HARDWARE,
Iron and Steel,
PAINTS, OIL AND GLASS,
SPRINGS AND AXLES,
WHEELS AND RIMS,
AGRICULTURAL
IMPLEMENTS,
SEEDS AND FERTILIZERS,
JOHN W. MASURY'S and RAILROAD PAINTS
A SPECIALTY.
☞ All goods warranted as represented, and low prices for cash.
Give us a call; we will try and please you.
Yours, respectfully,
BROOKS BROS.

A NICE LINE OF
STATIONERY,
— ALBUMS, —
LADIES' HAND BAGS, POCKET BOOKS,
TOILET AND FANCY GOODS,
JEWELRY, BIRTHDAY CARDS,
Etc., Etc., Etc.
Orders taken from catalogue for
SILVER WARE AND MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,
AT
G. L. KEENEY'S
DRUG AND STATIONERY STORE,
MONSON, MASS. 3

C. B. BIGELOW'S
LOAN AGENCY,
AMHERST, - - - - MASS.
We can furnish the
SAFEST OF ALL INVESTMENTS,
GUARANTEED
WESTERN FARM MORTGAGE BONDS,
Netting lender from SIX to NINE PER CENT.
Eight years' experience without delay or loss of a dollar.
Investigation solicited.
Choice of four companies.
Send for circulars and references before investing elsewhere. 2m16eow*

FOR SALE.—5 thoroughbred English Setter Pups, very handsome, 10 weeks old. Apply quick.
4w15* F. C. HATCH, Palmer.

JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS
At the JOURNAL OFFICE.

Come to Our Store
AND GET PRICES ON
READY-MADE
CLOTHING
FOR THE
NEXT THIRTY DAYS.
YOU CAN SAVE 20 PER CENT,
AS ALL GOODS ARE MARKED DOWN, IN ORDER TO REDUCE STOCK.

READ THESE PRICES!

$10	SUITS	at	$8.00.
8	"	"	6.00.
6	"	"	4.50.

J. L. Shaw & Co.,
CLOTHIERS, HATTERS,
and FURNISHERS,
MOORE'S BLOCK,.....MONSON, MASS.

HITCHCOCK'S
Jamaica Ginger
EXTRACT.
Put up in LARGEST BOTTLE, and made from the strongest, purest and best materials. As a speedy anodyne and energetic, vigorous and effective remedy for
Colic, Diarrhœa, Flatulence,
Cramps, Chills, Colds, or Sudden Pains in the
Back, Stomach, Bowels or Limbs,
Or similar ailments in which immediate relief is required,
It has no Equal.
This is not a new and untried medicine, nor an experiment in any respect; on the contrary, it combines and contains all the good and well-tried medicinal properties of some of the oldest and most highly esteemed remedies of the age.
ITS IMMEDIATE EFFECT IS MARVELOUS.
BETTER, STRONGER, CHEAPER THAN ANY OTHER. TRY IT.

Hitchcock's Pile Cure
IS A NEW THING,
AND WE WARRANT IT TO CURE EVERY CASE OF PILES.
GEO. L. HITCHCOCK, Pharmacist,
PALMER, MASS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of George M. Mixter, late of Monson, in the County of Hampden, deceased; and has taken upon herself that trust, by giving bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to
EMMA S. MIXTER, Administratrix.
Monson, Mass., July 21, 1884. 3w17

SHEPARD'S CELEBRATED
$60 SCREW CUTTING FOOT LATHE.
Foot and Power Lathes, Drill Presses, Scroll Saw Attachments, Chucks, Mandrels, Twist Drills, Dogs, Calipers. Send for catalogue of outfits, for amateurs or artesans. Address
H. L. SHEPARD & CO.,
341 and 343 West Front Street,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

TO RENT, IN SOUTH MONSON, on the Branch road, near the corner, House, Saloon, Garden, Hen House and Yard, to a man and wife that can fight well and lift harness, dry goods and fowls, and have plenty of onions in the fall. House in good order and will rent low, rent to be paid in advance. Colored people preferred. Or I will let two dwellings low and on easy terms.
Inquire of EARL PARKER,
3w17* South Monson.

FOR SALE.—My Cottage on Fox Avenue, containing 10 rooms. Good barn on the place.
C. E. FISH.
Palmer, Nov. 16, 1883. 33tf

The Time Has Come,
—AND—
WE Are READY
ONE GLANCE AT
THE BARGAINS
IN OUR LARGE AND ATTRACTIVE NEW SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK
—OF—
Clothing,
Gents' Furnishings,
Hats, Caps, Trunks,
Valises, Bags,
Umbrellas, etc.,
WILL CONVINCE YOU THAT AN
ERA OF PEACE AND PROSPERITY
HAS AT LAST DAWNED UPON YOU,
—AND—
Our Low Prices
WILL ACTUALLY SET YOU WITH DELIGHT.
FOSTER & GAMWELL,
ONE PRICE CLOTHIERS,
PALMER, - - MASS.

ASK FOR
M. A. Packard & Co's.
$2.99 Shoe
FOR GENTS WEAR.
MADE IN THE LATEST STYLES!
BUTTON, BALS. and CONGRESS, LOW BUT TON OXFORD and STRAP.
These goods are made only from the
BEST CALF UPPER AND GLOVE KID TOPS.
THEY ARE ALL SOLID AND WARRANTED
FOR SALE BY
H. A. CLARK, Palmer.

HOME MUSICAL LIBRARY.

This is the general name of an unrivalled collection of BOUND VOLUMES of Vocal or Instrumental Music, alike in shape, binding and price, but not otherwise connected. Each book has 200 to 250 pages, sheet music size. Collectively they contain 4000 pieces, the best of at least 50,000 pieces, and are therefore choice collections.

UNIFORM PRICE EACH.
$2 00 Boards; $2 50 Cloth; $3 00 Gilt.

VOCAL.	INSTRUMENTAL.
Gems of English Song.	Musical Favorite.
Gems of Scottish Song.	Cluster of Gems.
Gems of German Song.	Gems of Strauss.
Gems of Sacred Song.	Gems of the Dance.
Beauties of Sacred Song.	Welcome Home.
Franz's Album of Song.	Pearls of Melody.
Moore's Irish Melodies.	Piano at Home, Duets.
Minstrel Songs.	Organ at Home.
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F. F. MARCY, PALMER, MASS.,
DEALER IN
All kinds of LUMBER and SHINGLES, at retail and wholesale by the car-load. Windows, Doors Blinds and Mouldings. Carpenters' and Joiners Work done to order.
Yard and shop junction of the B. & A. and N. L. N. railroads, west of depot.

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A GOOD DOUBLE-BARREL BREECH-LOADING
REMINGTON SHOT GUN.
JAMES COWLES, Palmer.

DR. F. W. ANDREWS' Dental Rooms
357 Main Street, Springfield. Artificial teeth $10

Seasonable Goods
IN GREAT VARIETY
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LOW PRICES
JUST OPENED!
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FROM 25 CENTS TO FIVE DOLLARS!
SUMMER UNDERWEAR
MOSQUITO NETS.
CHAMBRAYS, NEW GINGHAMS,
CAMBRICS AND PRINTS.
Which with an unusual stock of
STAPLE GOODS,
MAKES OUR STOCK FULL AND COMPLETE IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.
J. B. SHAW.
Palmer, May 29, 1884.

1884. 1884.

VOTERS, ATTENTION!

James Gillispie Blaine,
From the state of Maine,
For President next year,
Which now is drawing near;
Jim—he knows enough.
Is made of good stuff,
And if he wins the fight
We hope he will do right.
But to secure his election
We have some time for reflection.
Meantime we all want food—
We want that which is good;
At Palmer, Central Street,
Is what we need to eat.
Weld & Longley keep the place,
Where we hope to see your face.
And give you the right price
On Groceries really nice.
You also get full weight,
And everything is straight;
Our tastes should be cultivated
To use food unadulterated,
And thereby maintain health.
Which is better than wealth.
We did not start in 1850,
But our place is growing thrifty.
We strive to sell goods pure.
And thus your patronage secure.
So when you chance to draw near
Do not pass us with a sneer,
But step in and see our shelves,
And examine for yourselves.

GET YOUR
LETTER HEADS.
BILL HEADS.
NOTE HEADS,
STATEMENTS,
Or anything of that kind printed at the
JOURNAL OFFICE,
And have them put up in
NEAT BLOCKS OF 100 EACH,
Thus preventing them becoming scattered and wasted.

NEW LONDON NORTHERN R. R.
ON AND AFTER JULY 14, 1884,
Trains going South leave Palmer 7 and 8.30 a. m., 2.10 and 7.10 p. m., for New London, connecting with trains for Mystic, Stonington and Providence—New Haven and New York.
The 7.10 p. m. train connects at New London with steamer for New York, landing at pier 40, North River, making this a desirable route for passengers going South and West.
Going North—Leave Palmer 8.10 a. m., 2.08 and 8.50 p. m. The 8.10 a. m. train connects at Barrett's Junction with train on Athol branch for stations north to Athol; at South Vernon with train for Keene, and at Brattleboro for Montreal. 2.08 p. m. for Amherst, Millers' Falls, Brattleboro, Bellows Falls and White River Junction, and all points north.
C. F. SPAULDING, Supt.

C. H. HOBBY, PIANO TUNER.
Orders for tuning may be left at O. P. Allen's Drug Store, Palmer, or may be sent to me by mail to Stafford Springs, Conn.

Good Night.

Good night—the lips touch ours,
The little arms enfold us;
And oh, that thus through coming years
They might forever hold us.

Good night! we answer back and smile,
And kiss the drooping eyes;
But in our trembling hearts the while
The wistful queries rise—

Who, in the weary years to come,
When we are hid from sight,
Will clasp these little hands and kiss
These little lips "Good night?"

AS HAPPY AS A KING.

A TRAMP'S OFF-HAND REPLIES TO A WHOLE CATECHISM OF POINTED QUESTIONS.

A browsy-headed, elderly looking, sun-browned man was lying sleeping under a tree by the roadside on a Pennsylvania highway. Near him was his black slouch hat, a heavy cane and his greasy-looking black knapsack. He was a tramp.

'Bang' went a gun, and a pigeon dropped at a hunter's feet. The tramp was awakened by the noise.

'No matter, I'm through,' said the tramp, sitting up.

The gunner put his pigeon in his game-bag, sat on a rock, and the following talk took place:

'On a tramp?'

'Yes.'

'How long?'

'Ten years or more.'

'How's that?'

'Because I don't like to work.'

'Do without work?'

'Certainly.'

'How do you get food?'

'Beg it.'

'From women?'

'Always from men.'

'Why not women?'

'They frighten too easily.'

'Do men ever refuse?'

'Very seldom.'

'Do you ever ask for money?'

'Never.'

'Ever get any?'

'Sometimes when I ask men for bread.'

'How's that?'

'Men melt easy.'

'Men not as close as women?'

'Not when I touch 'em.'

'Touch 'em where?'

'Their hearts, by asking for bread.'

'That's a scheme, is it?"

'A successful racket.'

'Do you drink?'

'All tramps do—when they can.'

'When?'

'Only at night.'

'Why at night?'

'Nothing else to do.'

'Why not drink in the day?'

'It don't pay."

'How's that?'

'Strong breath kills the business.'

'Explain.'

'No one gives to a man who smells of rum.'

'That's why you drink at night?'

'Yes, it wears off by morning.'

'Clothes?'

'They're easier getting than grub.'

'What's the hardest to get?'

'Boots to fit.'

'The easiest?'

'Old hats.'

'What is the best way to win women?'

'Beg for soap.'

'How's that?'

'They'll think you're poor but clean.'

'Catches them?'

'Every time.'

'Do you sleep in barns?'

'Never.'

'Why?'

'If one burns, you're blamed for it.'

'Where do you sleep?'

'Near iron furnaces in winter, woods in summer.'

'Do you bathe?'

'Always—in summer.'

'In winter?'

'Skip that."

'Are tramps happy?'

'Yes, as the world goes.'

'Contented?'

'Certainly not.'

'Are you well informed?'

'Only in matters that may concern tramps.'

'That is—'

'Crime, tramp laws, and arrests.'

'Did you ever have any fun?'

'Once or twice a month.'

'How?'

'There's lot of German tramps who get money from home regularly.'

'Do they spend it?'

'To the bottom copper.'

'Many of that kind?'

'Quite some.'

'Do you follow them up?'

'Every successful tramp does.'

'Have a good time?'

'Best that money can buy.'

'Feast, then fast?'

'Feast, then beg.'

'Do you ever rob?'

'None but a fool will steal.'

'How so?'

'Chances all against a thief. You'll go to jail, sure.'

'And then?'

'Some one else will have a good time with our German friends who get money from home.'

'How many such do you know?'

'Five solid young fellows, who hear from home monthly. They were young deserters.'

'What do you most hate?'

'Regular thieves.'

'Why?'

'We get blamed for what they do.'

'Would you wear new shoes?'

'Never.'

'New clothes?'

'No, sir, even I got 'em honest.'

'New hat?'

'No.'

'Why not?"

'I'd be arrested for a thief the first store robbed.'

'What does a tramp most want?'

'To be left alone.'

'Do you consider that the world owes you a living?'

'Oh, no.'

'Why not?'

'Wouldn't be any fun getting it.'

'How do you consider it?'

'The world owes no man anything, but the smartest gets the best easiest.'

'Suppose the world did owe each man a living?'

'Why, then we'd have ten times more tramps.'

'Bad for you?'

'I should smile.'

'Anybody worse off than tramps?'

'Plenty.'

'Who?'

'American slaves. Men who work for the pittance the foreign pauper gets.'

'Is that worse than begging?'

'Yes. I'd rather be a free beggar than a hypocrite and fool.

'Why a hypocrite?'

'Because I'd know it wasn't right to work for seventy-five cents a day, and I'd be a coward to do it, also a hypocrite and fool.'

'Can't deceive yourself?'

'You're shonting.'

'What becomes of tramps?'

'They get old if they're not killed.'

'Never die?'

'Not natural deaths.'

'How is that?"

'A healthy tramp is dirty and contracts no disease. Besides, he's no wear or tear of brain.'

'Filth a prevention of disease?'

'Certainly. Did you ever see a sick dirty man?'

'Are they scarce?'

'As dead mules.'

'How are tramps made?'

'In two ways.'

'First?'

'The American becomes a tramp first generally through misfortune. It is never deliberate.'

'And then?'

'In a few years he gets so used to it that he wouldn't do without it?'

'The second way?'

'Disappointed foreigners. They get to America thinking they'll find gold in the street. They slip up, and then drift about the country with the crows.'

'What gives them their original idea?'

'When at home they saw some honest German-Americans who left the vaterland poor, worked hard in America, saved money, and then visited their old homes like rich men.'

'That stirred up those at home?'

'Certainly! The visitors spent money freely, and made the boys at home believe America was flooded with gold. The boys came to America and found it tough and rough, and they got left.'

'What of your future?'

'I'll live long on the tramp and finally die happy.'

'And then?'

'Why, I'll be a volunteer for some dissecting table.'

'For science?'

'Yes; I'll be of some service, anyhow.'

'You said tramps never die.'

'So I did. I mean that they never die young. Generally they are killed on the railroad, or smothered in iron furnaces, or near limekilns.'

'Do tramps lie?'

'Do marines, or Jews, or showmen, or newspapers?'

'Do you pray?'

'For gold by the wagon load, for diamonds big as houses, for as many greenbacks as we could tread down in a hay wagon.'

'Never pray for better things?'

'What's the use?'

'Always for big game?'

'Certainly; it don't cost any more.'

'And results?'

'About the same.'

'Do you believe in prayer?'

'Tramps don't, of course not; I never heard of one of their big prayers being answered.'

'Did you ever read about tramps getting fortunes left to them?'

'Yes, but that don't count. They never pan out.'

'Lies?'

'Every time.'

'Nothing to do with prayer?'

'Not a bit.'

'Do you ever go to church?'

'Look at my wardrobe.'

'Did you ever hear a sermon?'

'Yes, in jail, five years ago.'

'Do you any good?'

'Well, I'm a tramp yet, but am out of jail.'

'Do you smoke?'

'Yes, when I get anything to smoke.'

'Cigar?'

'Why, thanks, certainly.'

The browsy-headed, cool-as-a-cucumber tramp lit his cigar and enjoyed it with all the ease and contentment of a millionoire, and the last the hunter saw of him as he turned for the last time was the tramp in a wreath of smoke curling about his head, happy as a king.—*New York Sun.*

The man or woman, in good health, who does not enjoy a brisk walk into the country during the early fall, is as bad as the man who "has no music in his soul," and is "fit for treasons, strategems and spoils." There is something wrong in their make up, or out of time in the harmony of their being. A walk with a pleasant object in view, and with good company, has in it nearly all the essential elements of recreation. It affords ample exercise. It quickens the blood. It brings one close to nature. It renews one's acquaintance with familiar scenes, or affords opportunities for exploring new haunts. It brings out the best that one's companion can offer of himself, and shows each to the other under new lights. A few hours every week devoted to getting acquainted with the country from the pedestrian's point of view would be time well spent for all whose occupation keeps them in doors during the most of each day.

HINTS IN HOT WEATHER.—Don't shake the hornet's nest to see if any of the family are at home.

Don't go near a draught. If a draught comes toward you, run away. A slight draught is most dangerous.

Don't blow in the gun your grandfather carried in the war of 1812. It is more dangerous now than it was then.

Don't hold a wasp by the other end while you thaw it out in front of the stove to see if it is alive. It is generally alive.

Don't try to persuade a bulldog to give up a yard of which it is in possession. Possession to a bulldog is ten points of the law.—*Allentown Critic.*

We are never so well satisfied with the world as when we are satisfied with ourselves.

A STORY OF WILBERFORCE.

One young baroness amused me vastly. She had once paid a visit to a family in England, and had met at their country house the great Samuel Wilberforce, then Bishop of Oxford. The baroness showed me with infinite pride his photograph, inclosed in a characteristic autograph letter of two lines or so. She proceeded to tell us how, being unacquainted with English customs, she had not, the first morning after her arrival at Lady——'s, joined the family party at morning prayers. On descending the great staircase to repair to the dining-room for luncheon, she encountered the bishop.

"You were not at prayers this morning, baroness."

"No my lord; I was not aware of your English custom."

"Ah!" sighed the prelate, "you have had a great loss; for I can assure you that it is a most rare and touching spectacle, that of a bishop of the church of England reading family prayers!"

Poor baroness! she told me the story without the remotest appreciation of the humerous twinkle that must have accompanied the bishop's remark.

PAINFUL MODESTY.

A St. Paul girl who is now traveling in the South can justly claim the ornamented gingerbread for champion modesty. She visited the Shiloh battle ground, and writes thus of it to her beau in St. Paul:

'After leaving H—lena we came up the Mississippi, Ohio and Tennessee rivers to this point. Here was fought the great battle of Shiloh, and traces of the bustworks thrown up for protection can yet be seen. Just over yonder hill runs a little creek, which, I am told was completely d——d with the dead bodies of our noble dead. What a glorious l—gacy of freedom they left us, but at what a fearful cost! The trees on every hand yet show the marks of b—llets. Near by is a swamp through which a fearful cavalry charge was made, the mud and water, I am told, reaching up to the abdomens of the horses.'

The young man is still alive as we go to press, and the doctor thinks he may recover, if his mind can be kept fastened on other subjects.

A REAL HELP-MEET.

Delighted Young Husband: "What a treasure you are, my love. I thought you were so bound up in music and painting and embroidery, that you would not think of giving attention to such unpoetic things as meals, but here you have one of the most delicious plum puddings I have ever eaten."

Blushing Bride: "Oh! I do not forget that you always liked nice things."

D. Y. H.: "But getting me such a delicacy must have taken you considerable time."

B. B.: "Well, it did; but that was because neither Bridget nor I knew how to get it open."

D. Y. H.: "Get what open, love?"

B. B.: "Why, the can the pudding came in."

THIS IS FOR MEN ONLY.

The following is not intended for the ladies. We call particular attention to this fact to avoid any misunderstanding that might arise if any should accidently peruse it. We know they will skip it now after we have called attention to the matter:

BEWARE LADIES—DON'T READ.

WOMAN'S CURIOSITY.

If there is anything that worries a woman,
It's something she ought not to know,
But you bet she'll find it out somehow,
If she gets the least kind of a show,
Now we'll bet ten cents to a farthing,
This poem she's already read,
We knew she'd get it somehow,
If she had to stand on her head.

A newly-married couple from Wayback sauntered into a down-town restaurant and the blushing bride allowed that she would try a few clams. "What kind of clams," asked the waiter; "Little Necks?" "Naw, sir," interrupted the groom. "We are on our weddin' tower, young man, and for two or three days money ain't a-goin' to be no object with me. Bring us big neck clams—the biggest you've got."

An exchange thinks the time may come when thunder storms may be called up by artificial means. Come? Why, bless you it is here. The only artificial means necessary is to get up a Sunday school picnic. There may be an occasional failure, but it is about as sure as anything in this ever-changing globe—save death and taxes.—*Norristown Herald.*

Some inventive genius has produced a machine for darning stockings. One by one the few remaining inducements for men to marry are being withdrawn, and it is not surprising that women are casting about for new spheres.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE GOVERNMENT CHEMIST ANALYZES TWO OF THE LEADING BAKING POWDERS, AND WHAT HE FINDS THEM MADE OF.

The best baking powder is made from pure Cream of Tartar, Bicarbonate of soda, and a small quantity of flour or starch. Frequently other ingredients are used, and serve a purpose in reducing the cost and increasing the profits of the manufacturer.

We give the Government Chemist's analysis of two of the leading baking powders:

I have examined samples of "Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder," manufactured at Albany, N. Y., and "Royal Baking Powder," both purchased by myself in this city, and I find they contain:

"CLEVELAND'S SUPERIOR BAKING POWDER."

Cream of Tartar.
Bicarbonate of Soda.
Flour.

Available carbonic acid gas 12.61 per cent, equivalent to 116.2 cubic inches of gas per oz. of Powder.

"ROYAL BAKING POWDER."

Cream of Tartar.
Bicarbonate of Soda.
Carbonate of Ammonia.
Tartaric Acid.
Starch.

Available carbonic acid gas 12.40 per cent, equivalent to 116.2 cubic inches of gas per oz. of Powder.

Ammonia has 0.43 per cent, equivalent to 10.4 cubic inches per oz. of Powder.

Note.—The Tartaric Acid was doubtless introduced as free acid, but subsequently combined with ammonia, and exists in the Powder as a Tartrate of Ammonia.

E. G. LOVE, Ph. D.

NEW YORK, Jan. 17th, 1881.

The above analyses indicate a preference for "Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder," and our opinion is that it is the better preparation."—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

HOT WEATHER

Is now here, with all its depressing and debilitating effects. If your blood has not been purified and your system strengthened by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla, take this reliable medicine before it is too late. It will correct biliousness, cure dyspepsia, and drive scrofula from the blood.

"TIRED ALL THE TIME."

"I had no appetite or strength and felt tired all the time. I attributed my condition to scrofulous humor, but as soon as I had taken half a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla my appetite was restored and my stomach felt better. I have now taken nearly three bottles and I never was so well in my life. I would not be without Hood's Sarsaparilla for twice its cost."—Mrs. JESSIE F. DOLBEARE, Pascoag, R. I.

"I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla in my family for some time with good results. I freely recommend it to my friends and patrons as the best blood purifier on earth."—WM. S. GAFF, Druggist, Hamilton, Ohio.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

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100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR.

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DR. DAVID

KENNEDY'S

FAVORITE

REMEDY,

FOR THE CURE of KIDNEY and LIVER COMPLAINTS, CONSTIPATION, and all disorders arising from an impure state of the BLOOD.

To women who suffer from any of the ills peculiar to their sex it is an unfailing friend. All druggists. One dollar a bottle, or address, Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

AMONG RAILROAD MEN.

Popularity and usefulness of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy—Thrilling Letter from a Master Mechanic.

Master Mechanic's and Superintendent's Office, Lowell Repair Shops of the Boston & Lowell R.R. LOWELL, MASS., March 25, 1881.

Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

Dear Sir: I think it is due to you that I should make the following statement, and I make it voluntarily and willingly: On the 4th day of June, 1881, I was taken with what was called paralysis of the bowels. The seizure was unexpected and terrible. The stomach and other organs seemed to sympathize with it and to have lost all power of action. For a long time my life was despaired of, but at length I recovered so far as to be able to ride out. By the advice of my physician I visited Poland Springs (Vt.), hoping to benefit from the waters. But they did me no good. Neither were the best physicians of Lowell or Boston, whom I consulted, able to afford me more than transient relief. I gained no strength and my case appeared almost hopeless. In the Fall a friend advised me to try KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, and although opposed to patent medicines, I made the trial. To make a long story short—FAVORITE REMEDY, in my opinion, saved my life. I consider it the best preparation in the world for stomach difficulties, as well as of the liver and other organs. I am glad to say it is in general use among the railroad men in this vicinity. Yours, etc.,

A. J. GIFFORD.

Mr. Gifford is the Master Mechanic of the Lowell division of the Boston & Lowell Railroad, and his illness and recovery are known to many who can testify to the facts in his letter.

Use this medicine for all diseases of the blood, Kidneys, Liver, Stomach, Bowels and Skin. It may save you and yours from pain and death.

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HAY FEVER.

HAY FEVER

Is a type of Catarrh having peculiar symptoms. It is attended by an inflamed condition of the lining membrane of the nostrils, tear-ducts and throat, affecting the lungs. An acrid mucus is secreted, the discharge is accompanied with a painful burning sensation. There are severe spasms of sneezing, frequent attacks of blinding headache, a watery and inflamed state of the eyes. ELY'S CREAM BALM is a remedy founded on a correct diagnosis of this disease and can be depended upon. 50 cents at druggists; 60 cents by mail. Sample bottle by mail 10 cents.

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The Indian Cough Balsam

is one of the very best medicines for Lung troubles. It has been in use for over 30 years, and always gives satisfaction. Prepared by

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The advantages of a first-class Oil Stove are convenience, comfort, economy. Try one and keep cool this hot weather.

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The Palmer Journal.

VOLUME XXXV. PALMER, MASS., FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 8, 1884. NUMBER 19.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY EVENING
—BY—
CHARLES B. FISK.

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Original.

Our Dead.*

Cousign our loved dead to fire and smoke,
Destroy all our anguished hearts have left us now,
Disdain the words the Great Jehovah spoke,
Stamping his own likeness on human brow?
Blasphemously burn God's image?

"Into smoke shall they consume away,"
Says holy writ of Judgment's awful doom.
Shall those words in metaphor array,
And be the sentence we pronounce on whom
We treasured most in life?

Benignant mother Earth, from earliest age of time,
In Christian lands calls back her own;
Shall cold philosophy and cruel science now combine
To join with heathen in rites before unknown—
Save to Idolators?

And shall there be no cities of the dead—
No room for forms of the "gone before?"
In the teeming years that are still ahead
Shall the living crowd out the friends of yore?
Wise men would have it so.

What! burn those hands—sacred by deeds of love—
Those wearied, toil-worn hands now resting?
Feet led by wisdom from above
On mercy's errands, unshrinking in the testing
Of years now passed away?

Destroy the lips, where love and wisdom hung—
Which spoke comfort, sympathy and cheer,
And prayer and praises to the Savior sung?—
Those eyes now closed? What! burn a form so dear?
Our instinct bids us "Never!"

Tenderly clothe the lifeless form,
Lay gently the hands, smoothe softly the hair,
Strew flowers on the coffin: thus check the wild storm
Which with utter destruction would lead to despair.
In grief for the lost.

"The graves shall be opened, the dead come forth,"
Then cherish this chamber with tenderness rare,
Since God is so mindful of creatures of earth,
Cry not "sickly sentiment," the world would be bare
Of sentiment, and feeling bereft.

No ruthless violence in example divine,
When God, from Nebo's lofty hight,
With wondrous tenderness, eternally to shine,
In Moab hid Moses from mortal sight,
Safe with earth and time.

A. JENNIE BARTLETT.

*Suggested by a sermon.

JOHN REYNOLDS' LESSON.

"What's the matter, little woman?"

"Only tired, John."

Lina Reynolds looked up as she spoke, to smile bravely into the face bending anxiously over her.

"Tired, Lina?" he said, lifting the little figure as he spoke and taking his wife like a child upon his knee. "What have you been doing to tire you?"

"Only the day's work. Don't worry, John," for a shade passed over the kindly face.

"I don't worry; but I can't see what makes you complain so often of being tired. I am sure the housework ain't so much. Other women do it."

There was just a little fretfulness in John's tone, though he did not mean to be unkind.

"I know they do. Mrs. Harper has four children and takes care of them in addition to housework, besides doing piles of sewing. Perhaps, John, it is because I haven't had any experience in country work and don't manage well. I will learn better after awhile. Now tell me what you did in town."

"I did quite well. Sold the whole crop of wheat at a good price, and put another installment in the bank for the Stanley farm."

"Your heart is set on that farm, John."

"Indeed it is! Let me own that clear of debt, and I shall be a happy man. It is the best land in the country, and the house is twice as large as this!"

Lina thought of larger floors to scrub, more rooms to clean, and additional work of all kinds, and swallowed a little sigh that nearly escaped her.

"John," she said, rather timidly, "don't you think if you had spent part of the money on this house we might be very comfortable here?"

"Spend money on this house?" cried the astonished John. "Why, what on earth ails this house?"

"I mean things for it. Now, the parlor looks so stiff, and is always shut up. I was thinking if we had a pretty carpet and a nice set of furniture, and—and—a piano. Oh, John! if I could have a piano!"

John Reynolds looked at his wife as if she had proposed to him to buy up the crown jewels of Russia.

"A piano! Do you know what a piano costs?"

"No. Aunt Louise had one, you know, ever since I can remember. But I think if we had a pretty parlor to rest in in the evening I could play for you and sing. You never heard me play or sing, John,"

"I have heard you sing, but not lately," said John, rather gloomily.

"Oh! that was just humming around the house. I mean real singing. I have lots of music in my trunks."

"But you are only a farmer's wife now, Lina. I thought you understood when we were married that you were not to have city finery and pleasures."

"So I did, John. I don't want finery. I don't want any pleasure but your love, John. Don't scowl up your face so. I am silly to think of these things at all. There, kiss me and forget it. I am nicely rested now. I'll have your tea in ten minutes."

John put her down with a very tender kiss, and straightway fell into a reverie.

Lina Rivers had been a district school teacher in Scottfield just four months when John Reynolds offered her his hand and heart. She was an orphan from infancy, but her father's sister had adopted and educated her in a life of luxury, and died without altering a will made years before, leaving her entire estate to a charity asylum. Lina, left alone, had thankfully accepted the position of country school teacher, procured for her by some friends, and was thinking life a hard burden, when John came to brighten it. She gave her whole, gentle little heart into his keeping at once, appreciating at their full value his honest, true heart, his frank nature, his sterling good qualities, and looking with the most profound admiration upon his tall, strong frame and handsome face.

It was a perfect love match, for John fairly worshipped the dainty, refined little beauty he had married. And, having married her, he took her to his home, and, in all ignorance, proceeded to kill her.

There was no blame to be laid upon him. Living in the old farm-house where he had spent his entire life, the one ambition of his heart was to own land, stock, barns—a model farm. He had seen his mother cook, churn, feed poultry, and drudge all her life—all the women he knew done the same, and if Lina made odd mistakes she put a willing heart into her work and soon conquered its difficulties. Surely, he thought, it was an easier life to be mistress of his home, with the Stanley farm in prospect, than to toil over stupid children in a district school. He had never seen velvet carpets and lace curtains, grand pianos, dainty silks and other surroundings that were Lina's from babyhood. He had never heard the wonderful music the little white hands, all rough and scarred now, could draw from the ivory keys of an organ or piano, or the clear, pure voice in song. It was an unknown world to John where his wife's memory lingered as she strained the milk, scoured tins and cooked huge dishes of food for the farm hands. He would have thought it wicked waste, if not positive insanity, to draw from the bank his hard-earned savings to invest them in beautifying his plain but comfortable home.

And Lina lashed her conscience sharply, telling herself she was ungrateful, repining and wicked. Was not her John tender, true and loving? Where among her city friends was there a heart like this? Had she not known he was only a farmer?

And so the loving little woman toiled and slaved, undertook tasks far beyond her strength, worked early and late until just one year after his wedding day, John Reynolds, coming home to tea, found lying upon the kitchen floor a little senseless figure with a face like death, and hands that sent a chill to his very heart.

The doctor, hastily summoned, looked grave, and advised perfect quiet and rest. A girl was hired and John tenderly nursed the invalid, but though she grew better she was pale and weak.

"Take her away for awhile," said the doctor. "Try change of air. She is overworked."

"But," said honest, puzzled John, "she does nothing but the housework for us two. She has no child, and our sewing is not much."

The doctor looked into the sad, troubled face.

"You are a good man, John Reynolds, and a strong one," he said; "will you let me tell you a few truths?"

"Yes. About Lina?"

"About Lina. You remember, do you not, the tiny antelope that you admired so much in the menagerie we had here last summer?"

"Certainly," said John, looking more puzzled than ever.

"Suppose you had bought that little creature and yoked it with one of your oxen to the plow to do the same work?"

"I'd been a fool," said John; "that little thing couldn't work. It was just made pretty to look at and to play."

"That's it, John. Now I don't think God ever made a woman to look pretty and play, but he made some for the rough work of this world and some for the dainty places, some to cook and scrub, and some to draw men's soul's to heaven by gentle loveliness. Your wife is one of the latter. If you were a poor man I would have held my tongue, but you are a rich one. Give your wife a servant; let her have books, music, pretty things around her. Let her rest from toil, and you may keep her by your side. Put her back in her old place and you may order her tombstone, for she will soon need it. Don't put your antelope beside your oxen, John."

"I will not! Thank you! I understand. Poor, loving, patient heart!"

"That's right! Take her now for a little pleasure trip, and get back her roses."

Lina clapped her hands when John asked her if she would like to spend a week at New York, and really seemed to draw in new life from the very idea.

It was delicious fun to see John's wide open eyes as they entered the parlor of the great city hotel and were shown into the bedroom, whose beauties were quite bewildering.

"The best room," he had told the landlord, and Lina could not repress a cry of satisfaction at the vista of the cosy sitting room with a piano standing invitingly open.

"O John!" she said, "won't you go in there and shut the door for five minutes, please?"

John obeyed, of course. John refused her nothing now, she thought gratefully.

"How lucky I brought some of my old dresses!" Lina thought. "I have not worn them since I was a school marm. Fancy Mrs. Reynolds scrubbing the floor in this dress!"

John rubbed his eyes and pinched himself as a little figure sailed into the sitting room, made him a sweeping courtesy and went to the piano.

Was that the little woman who had worn prints and sunbonnets so long? The fair hair was fashionably dressed, and bands of blue velvet looped the golden curls. A dress of blue silk, with softest lace trimmings, and ornaments of pearls, had certainly made a fine lady of Lina. The piano was yielding its most bewitching tones to the skilled little fingers, and John's bewilderment was complete when a voice of exquisite sweetness, though not powerful, began to sing.

Only one song, full of trills and quavers, and then Lina rushed from the piano into John's arms.

"John, darling," she said, "hold me fast. Don't let me slip from you!"

"Oh, Lina!" he groaned. "I was not fit to marry such a dainty bird! But I loved you, little one."

"And I love you, John, rough old John! Let me sing again. I am very happy, today, my husband."

But no wonderful trills filled the room now. In a clear, pure voice, full of expression, Lina sang:

"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Every word fell like hot tears on poor John's heart, until, as the last chord trembled upon the air, Lina turned to him and stretched out her arms:

"Take me in your arms, John!"

He took her tenderly to the room she had quitted so gaily and replaced her finery by a white wrapper, whose lace trimmings looked like fairy work to his unaccustomed eyes.

"Are you tired, love?" he asked, with a great spasm of terror at his heart, as he looked at the white, wasted face.

"Yes, very, very tired, but so happy, John!" and with a little sigh of entire content, Lina nestled down against the warm heart whose every throb she knew was all her own. The white lids fell softly over the violet eyes, and she slept peacefully as a child.

Softly, as she rested, the faint pink flush gathered on her fair cheek and a smile crept over her lips, while John, bending over her, lifted his heart in earnest prayer for the life that made his own so bright.

Mrs. Reynolds was to experience her share of astonishment during her holiday, and it commenced by the apparition of John the second day, in a suit of handsome clothes that well became his manly figure. There was no foppery, but he looked a gentleman, though he "made more than one grimace," as he said, "before he got well shaken into his store clothes."

Can I describe that week? What was new to John was old, familiar ground to Lina. Central Park was not soon exhausted, and the little guide grew stronger and rosier every day in John's thoughtful care, that provided plenty of pleasant excitement but guarded against fatigue.

It was early in the afternoon of a sunny day, when the train drew up at the Scottfield station, and John handed his wonderful wife into a neat little one horse carriage waiting for them.

"A new purchase, dear," he explained, but Lina rubbed her eyes and wondered if she had been suddenly carried into fairyland.

The dull little sitting room had been papered, carpeted, curtained and transformed into a cosy dining room. The stiff parlor was a very bower of beauty, with a fine piano, the daintiest of furniture, soft muslin curtains, and a carpet covered with bouquets of exquisite flowers; the bedrooms were carpeted brightly, and rejoiced in cottage sets, and in the kitchen the most good-natured of stout German girls fairly shed tears when Lina addressed her in her own language.

"But, John!" she cried, "the Stanley farm?"

"Is sold, dear. You were right; we will make this home so lovely the Stanley farm will never cost me a sigh. Dr. Greyson and his wife took all the trouble here, and I have hired two new hands, so as to have a little more leisure."

"But, John," the little wife said earnestly, "I do not want you to think I am a fine lady, a doll to wear fine clothes and live in idleness. I want to be truly a helpmeet to you."

"So you will be, Lina. God meant no one to be a drone in the busy hive of the world. You are not strong and you will find plenty to keep you busy in superintending indoor arrangements and directing Gretchen. And in our drives, love, we'll see if we cannot find some poorer than ourselves to comfort and aid. That will be my thank-offering for you, my little wife.

The neighbors stared and wondered. Comments upon John's folly and improvidence fell from many lips, and old men, shaking their heads, prophesied ruin for the Reynolds farm.

But John was as much astonished as any of them, when, after a few years, he found the farm yielding him a larger income than ever before.

"I do believe, Lina," he said one day to a matronly little woman who was dressing a crowing baby, "that your flower garden was worth a thousand dollars to me."

"John!"

"One book after another crept into the house, and the time I thought would be wasted, taken from farm work, was spent in reading. Now, look at the labor-saving machines I have bought. See the new stock. My orchard is going to be the best in the county, too."

"And my poultry yard, John! It was the papers and magazines that first gave me the idea of a model poultry yard. What fun we had, John, getting it started!"

"Yes, indeed. That New York trip was the best investment I ever made, Lina. I saw so many things there that I recognized as old friends when I met them again in print—the threshing machine, the rotary harrow, the improved plows."

"And," said Mrs. Reynolds, mischievously, "the Milton watch, the sewing machine, the corals for Johnnie!"

"Come, Lina, are you ready for your drive?"

"As soon as I put on my hat and get the basket of things for Mrs. Goodwin."

"It beats me, John," said his uncle, one bright day, "where you find so much money for tomfoolery, new-fangled nonsense, and fallals for Lina, and yet give so much in charity. I thought you were crazy to buy the Stanley farm."

"I was once, but I have something better now than the Stanley farm. I have learned how to manage my antelope."

"What?"

But to this day John has never explained that riddle to his puzzled relative.

Buttermilk has taken the place of liquors in Iowa since the prohibitory law went into effect, and is proving very popular.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S POSITION.

I intend to vote the Republican Presidential ticket. While at chicago I told Mr. Lodge that such was my intention; but, before announcing it, I wished to have time to thing the whole matter over. A man cannot act both without and within the party; he can do either, but he cannot possibly do both. Each course has its advantages, and each has its disadvantages, and one cannot take the advantages or the disadvantages separately. I went in with my eyes open to do what I could within the party; I did my best and got beaten; and I propose to stand by the result. It is impossible to combine the functions of a guerrilla chief with those of a colonel in the regular army: one has greater independence of acton, the other is able to make what action he does take vastly more effective. In certain contingencies the one can do most good, in certain contingencies the other; but there is no use in accepting a commission and then trying to play the game out on a lone hand. During the entire canvass for the nomination Mr. Blaine received but two checks—one was at the Utica convention the other was the Powell Clayton incident. I had a hand in both, and I could have had a hand in neither had not those Republicans who at Utica elected me at the head of the New York state delegation supposed that I would in good faith support the man who was fairly made the Republican nominee. I am by inheritance and by education a Republican; whatever good I have been able to accomplish in public life has been accomplished through the Republican party; I have acted with it in the past, and wish to act with it in the future; I went as a regular delegate to the Chicago Convention, and I intend to abide by the outcome of that convention. I am going back in a day or two to my western ranch, as I do not expect to take any part in the campaign this fall.

MODERN AXIOMS.

The man who gets bit twice by the same dog is better adapted to that kind of business than any other.

There is a great deal of religion in this world that is like a life preserver, only put on at the moment of immediate danger and then half the time put on hind side before.

Experience is a school where a man learns what a big fool he has been.

The man who doesn't believe in any hereafter has got a dreadful mean opinion of himself and his chances.

There are two kinds of fools in this world—Those who can't change their opinion and those who won't.

A doctor is a gentleman to whom we pay three dollars a visit for advising us to eat less and exercise more.

The world is filling up with educated fools—mankind read too much and learn too little.

Every man has his follies and oftentimes they are the most interesting things he has got.—*Josh Billings.*

WHAT A CHURCH MEANS.

A crew of sailors who, to use their own phrase, "Did not take any stock in missions to the cannibals," by a somewhat rough experience changed their minds. Cruising among one of these Pacific groups their vessel struck a reef and foundered. There was no alternative but to take to the boats and row ashore, although according to their information it was a choice between the sharks and the natives. The part of the coast where they landed happened to be uninhabited, so they hid themselves in a hollow until it became necessary to procure something to eat, even at the risk of being eaten themselves. At length one of the boldest ventured to climb to the top of a hill where he could look over into the populous valley beyond. All at once his fear-stricken companions saw him spring to his feet and swing his hat, shouting: "Come on boys, I see a church!"—*Presbyterian.*

It is Mrs. Patrick Sullivan, of Sheboygan, who at present holds the belt for finding things in the yolk of an egg that are not commonly believed to have grown there. In breaking an egg the other day she found a minnow imbedded in the yolk of it. When will the hens of this country learn and act on the good old motto of "A place for everything and everything in its place."—*Detroit Free Press.*

The hero of Mr. Reade's best is an Irishman, who was requested by a lady to do some work for her, which he performed to her perfect satisfaction. "Pat," she said, "I'll treat you." "Heaven bless your honor, Ma'am." "What would you prefer? A pint of porter or a tumbler of grog?" "Well, Ma'am, I don't wish to be troublesome, so I'll take the one awhilst you're making the other."

Heard on the street: "That handsome gentleman seemed to know you. Why did you not bow to him? Was he mistaken?" "No, not exactly. We were engaged all summer; but, you know, the season is now over, and it would never do to recognize him here in the city. He don't belong to our set."

Waiter—"What will you have, miss?" Customer (looking over the restaurant bill of fare)—"Permit me to cogitate. In the correlation of forces it is a recognized property of atomic—" Waiter—(shouts across the hall to head server)—"Baked beans for one!"—*Rochester Union.*

Jones—Hello! Where were you all last week?

Smith—Down to the seashore.

Jones—Did you have a comfortable time?

Smith—Oh, yes; I made friends with the cook and she let me sit by the stove.

City restaurant: First client, in a hurry—"Water, fried sole." Second ditto, ditto—"Waiter, fried sole; fresh, mind." Waiter (equal to the occasion, shouting down tube) "Two fried soles, one of 'em fresh!"—*Baltimore Day.*

Her Bonnet.

When meeting bells began to toll,
And pious folks began to pass,
She deftly tied her bonnet on,
This little, sober meeting lass—
All in her neat, white-curtained room, before her tiny looking-glass.

So nicely, round her lady-cheeks,
She smoothed her hands of glossy hair,
And innocently wondered if
Her bonnet did not make her fair;
Then sternly chid her foolish heart for harboring such fancies there.

So square she tied the satin strings,
And set the bows beneath her chin;
Then smiled to see how sweet she looked;
Then thought her vanity a sin,
And she must put such thoughts away before the sermon should begin.

But, sitting near the preached word,
Demurely, in her father's pew,
She thought about her bonnet still,—
Yes, all the parson's sermon through,—
About its pretty bows and buds which better than the text she knew.

Yet sitting there with peaceful face,
The relics of her simple soul,
She looked to be a very saint—
And may be was one, on the whole—
Only that her pretty bonnet kept away the aureole.
—*Century Brie-a-Brac.*

EXERCISE FOR THE NERVOUS.

"When I reflect on the immunity of hard working people from the effect of wrong and over-feeding," says Dr. Boerhaave, "I cannot help thinking that most of our fashionable diseases might be cured *mechanically instead of chemically*, by climbing a bitterwood tree, or chopping it down, if you like, rather than swallowing a decoction of its disgusting leaves." For male patients, gardening in all its branches is about as fashionable as the said diseases, and no liberal man would shrink from the expense of a board fence, if it would induce his drug-poisoned wife to try her hand at turf spading, or, as a last resort, at hoeing, or even a bit of wheelbarrow work. Lawn tennis will not answer the occasion. There is no need of going to extremes and exhausting the little remaining strength of the patient, but without a certain amount of fatigue the specific fails to operate, and experience will show that labor with a practical purpose—gardening, boat rowing, or amateur carpentering—enable people to beguile themselves into a far greater amount of hard work than the drill master of a gymnasium could get them to undergo. Besides the potential energy that turns hardship into play-work, athletes have the advantage further of a greater disease-resisting capacity. Their constitution does not yield to every trifling accident; their nerves can stand the wear and tear of ordinary excitements; a little change in the weather does not disturb their sleep; they can digest more than other people. Any kind of exercise that tends to strengthen—not a special set of muscles, but the muscular system in general—has a proportionate influence on the general vigor of the nervous organism, and thereby on its pathological power of resistance.

For nervous children my first prescription would be the open woods and a merry playmate; for the chronic affections of their elder comrades, some diverting, but withal, fatiguing form of manual labor. In the minds of too many parents there is a vague notion that rough work brutalizes the character. The truth is that it regulates its defects, it calms the temper, it affords an outlet to things that would otherwise vent themselves in fretfulness and ugly passions. Most school teachers know that city children are more fidgety, more irritable and mischievous than their village comrades, and the most placid females of the *genus homo* are found among the well-fed but hard-working housewives of German Pennsylvania.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

DIVERTING.

"Papa," asked a little boy, "a man who steals a loaf of bread is a thief, isn't he?"

"Yes, a dastardly thief."

"Is a man who steals $10,000 a thief, too?"

"Well, no, my boy, scarcely. Defaulter. I think is the more appropriate word."

"And what is he called when he steals a million dollars?"

"There is no such thing as stealing a million dollars, my son. It is termed 'diverting.' When a gentleman diverts a million dollars he is spoken of as a financier.—*Burlington Free Press.*

A COOK WITH A LEVEL HEAD.

Mrs. Walmsley is a widow. Her husband, who was a wealthy auctioneer, died a few months ago. Mrs. Walmsley had an Irish cook who got married without consulting that lady.

"Bridget, what sort of a man is it you have married?"

"He's a very intelligent gintleman."

"Does he belong to a good family?"

"Indade he does. He dhrives a coach for wan of the best families in the city."

"Pshaw! a coachman ain't much."

"Maybe you're right, Widdy Walmsley, but I'm thinking a live coachman amounts to more than a dead auctioneer."—*Siftings.*

If a musket ball be fired into water it will not only rebound but be flattened: if fired through a pane of glass it will make a hole the size of the ball without cracking the glass; if suspended by a thread it makes no difference, and the thread will not even vibrate.

Parent (angrily)—"You have been in the water! You were fishing!" Son (tripping)—"Yes, ma'am; I was in the water; but I got a boy out who might have been drowned." Parent—"Indeed! who was it?" Boy—"Myself."

"When I die," said Mrs. Fishwhacker, "I want to be buried in good, old-fashioned style, and not burned to ashes in one of these creameries you hear of."

Cork, if sunk 200 feet in the ocean will not rise on account of the pressure of water.

"ROUNDING UP" OUT WEST.

Mr. James Vance, a ranchman, who resides in Southwest Dakota, who has worked in the mines, hauled thousands of pounds of machinery through the Black Hills, served his apprenticeship as cowboy and "rounder up," was yesterday corralled by the lariat of a *Sun* man and induced to stand and deliver up some interesting matter on the subject of stock raising, which is becoming to be the great and money making business of the Western prairies. "Tell us about your round-ups. What are they, and how are they managed?"

"The roundup is the great event of the stockman's year. It's his Fourth of July, and generally lasts a month and a half. The Territorial paper publishes such a notice as this," said Mr. Vance, taking a slip of paper from his wallet: "Roundup No. 5.—Laramie Plains Roundup will meet at the Lower Bridge, near McGillis ranch, on the Big Laramie River, on June 1, and proceed to work the country between the river and the Black Hills divide as far south as Red Buttes; from thence it will work in two divisions as far south as Twin Mountains; thence back to Diamond Peak, working up Boulder and intermediate creeks up to the source of the Big Laramie River."

"That," proceeded the gentleman, "is an official announcement to all the stockmen, and they combine and join in together. The ranges are generally about ten miles in extent, though some of them are thirty."

"What's a roundup party?"

"That's an expression we have, and means about ten wagons and as many cowboys, a cook going with each wagon, and every cowboy has a string of about six or ten ponies. The 'out' comes off at 3 o'clock in the morning, under the charge of an experienced foreman. Everybody is on horseback and the foreman operates something in this manner: He sends one party out on the divide as out pickets, and other parties along the canons and gulches with orders to drive the cattle up to the roundup centre—a point previously agreed upon."

"The boys will be gone several days?"

"Oh, no. A good cowboy will ride from thirty to forty miles in a morning, coming up to his pony herd and taking out another one of his ponies, just as he needs them. Sometimes a cowboy will ride down three or four ponies in a day. When the foreman 'covers his dog,' as it's called, the cattle are gathered in the prairie in small herds, and then comes the fun. On the wiry, little, fleet-footed Indian ponies who'll dodge and back and stop in a twinkling, the cowboys rush into the herds, and shouting, yelling, and swearing, separate the herds, and drive out those having the brands of the different owners."

"Then every man has his own brand?"

"Most assuredly. There are no two brands alike. Some are slits, some letters, some holes, and some figures. In fact, there is every conceivable form of mark. When a man wants a brand he gets it up and has it recorded in the office of the county clerk, in a book that is especially kept for the purpose. All the cowboys are not engaged in 'cutting out'—that is, getting the cattle that have the same brand all together. Others are busy in holding the herd to prevent a stampede. Thus all the herd is worked out."

"What's done with those that are left?"

"Those where the owner is not known are called estrays, and calves that are away from their mothers are called 'marevicks.'"

"What do you do with these?"

"These marvericks are branded with the mark belonging to the largest female herd in the neighborhood."

"How and when is the branding done?"

"Always at the windup of the roundup. The cattle are all divided into a corral, where a fire is burning and the branding irons heated. A cowboy rides in, and swinging a lariat over the head of a calf or around his hind legs, secures the hand end of the lariat to his saddle pommel. The calf is quickly thrown and lies wallowing on the ground. The brand is either burned into his side, or his shoulder or rump, or perhaps the ear is slit, and it's done in a second, quicker than I'm telling you. There's a great noise made, but very little confusion. They have the business now systematized so that everything goes like clockwork."—*Cincinnati Sun.*

Not long ago a member of the Kentucky legislature called at the executive mansion one evening, and the governor's wife asked him if he had recently attended church. "Oh, yes," he said, "I've been 'round to the tin top," referring to the Episcopal church, which had a tin roof. "And how did you like the service?" she asked. "Purty well," was the reply, "I riz and fell with them every time."

The aptness with which some children make comparisons was clearly shown in the remark of Ned, a little fellow of two and one-half years. Coming in from the yard, where a number of cows were quietly chewing their cuds, he exclaimed to his mother: "Come and see, mamma; all the cows are chewing gum that they found up in the woods."

In the Arctic regions, when the thermometer is below zero, persons can converse more than a mile distant. Dr. Jamieson asserts that he heard every word of a sermon at a distance of two miles.

A Zulu church in South Africa has the following regulation: "No member of this church shall be permitted to drink the white man's grog, or native beer, nor touch it with his lips."

A young fellow who was courting was at last permitted by his lady love to kiss her. In telling a friend of the ecstacies of the blissful moment, his friend asked: "How did you feel?" "Just as if I was a mile and a half beyond heaven."

What are called good manners are good for nothing if they are not based on sincerity.

The Journal.

FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 8, 1884.

THE Prohibitionists will hold their state convention at Boston on the 4th of September.

THE business men of Portland, Me., gave Mr. Blaine a big reception Wednesday evening.

WAR seems inevitable between France and China, as the Celestials refuse to pay an indemnity of four or five million dollars demanded by France.

GOV. CLEVELAND visited Mr. Tilden the other day, propably to talk over his letter of acceptance, which is expected to appear within a week or two. The governor has now gone to the Adirondacks for a fortnight.

SPRINGFIELD'S valuation this year is $35,123,016, an increase of only $185.757 over last year. There are 9880 polls, a gain of 459. The tax rate is $14, against $12.50 for the last three years, and is the highest rate since 1876.

THE corner stone of the pedestal for the Bartholdi statue was laid with appropriate ceremonies, Tuesday. The committee have only funds enough on hand to carry the pedestal 20 feet higher. It is an up-hill job in more ways than one.

WITH Butler out of the field, Massachusetts Democrats are leaning toward Judge Abbott as their candidate for governor. It is a long step but a good one, from Butler to Abbott. But the latter may not consent to run, with the certainty of being defeated by Gov. Robinson.

LIEUT. GREELY and his companion survivors of the Arctic expedition were given a royal reception at Portsmouth, N. H., last Monday. The city was filled with people, there was an imposing parade, and speeches were made by Secretary Chandler, Samuel J. Randall, Gen. Butler and others.

EX-SPEAKER KEIFER is getting down to his proper level. His own county goes against him heavily, and there is no doubt that he will be nicely laid out in his desperate efforts to secure a renomination to Congress. If he had a proper sense of decency he would be glad of the chance to stay at home.

OVER four thousand poor children have been given a two-weeks' vacation in the country already this season, through the fresh air fund of the New York *Tribune*. The receipts have been $13,400, the expenses about $1000 less, and there are more applicants for children than can be accommodated.

THE annual meeting of the national civil service reform association was held at Newport, R. I., Wednesday, and President George William Curtis delivered an address giving an encouraging report of the progress of the reform, especially in the states of Massachusetts and New York. Mr. Curtis was unanimously reëlected president.

CARL SCHURZ presented his views on the political situation before a large audience in Brooklyn, Tuesday evening, reviewing the charges against Mr. Blaine and presenting them in the strongest light. It was as serious an arraignment, probably, as can be made, and yet he entirely failed to show that in the whole of his career Mr. Blaine's vote was ever influenced by selfish motives, or that he made an improper ruling as speaker, to further his own ends.

IF GOV. Robinson should write a letter to an influential politician urging him to do what he could to defeat the renomination of a member of the Senate who had incurred the governor's displeasure, it would be said that he was meddling in matters with which he had no business, and was making an offensively improper use of his official influence. And yet that is precisely what Governor Cleveland did last fall, trying to induce Boss Kelly to defeat Senator Grady. And Mr. Cleveland, be it remembered, is a model civil serviee reformer.

GEN. BUTLER has kindly rolled away the cloud of uncertainty which has veiled his political intention, and announces, in a letter to the New York *Sun*, that he will stand by the nominations of the Greenbackers, the laboring men and the anti-monopolists, and he hopes that everybody will vote for him "who thinks that it is the best thing to do." He will publish his reasons for his action after Mr. Cleveland's letter of acceptance is out, "so that wherein I disagree with him," he says, "I may do him no injustice." Uncle Ben seems to be reading himself out of the Democratic party pretty effectually.

GOV. ST. JOHN, the Prohibitory candidate for president, "takes the cake" in the biographical way. He ran away from his Indiana home when 12 years old, was married at 19; a widower at 20; became a California gold seeker, was chased, barefooted, over ice and snow for two days by red skins anxious for a lock of his hair, was wrecked on the Sandwich Islands, became a country lawyer in Illinois, was a soldier during the war, coming out a colonel, and finally became governor of Kansas. A man with such a history ought not to waste his talents in running for the presidency. His success would be far greater as the hero of a dime novel.

OUR commonwealth has a clear title to the Hoosac Tunnel at last, Gov. Robinson and the council having settled the equity claim of the old Troy & Greenfield railroad on the property by the payment of $300,000 for the title and stock of the company. The purchase includes the stock of the Troy & Greenfield road and all interest in that and the Southern Vermont road and the tunnel. The state pays $100,000 for the title and rights of the old company and $8 a share for the stock, a reasonable figure considering the price first asked, $1,500,000, and the necessity of obtaining a clear title before the state could dispose of the property. Now if anybody is anxious to buy the big hole, it is to be hoped that they will not be backward about coming forward and helping the state out of the railroad business.

LETTER FROM SPRINGFIELD.

Correspondence of the JOURNAL.

SPRINGFIELD, August 7th, 1884.

The political campaign of '84 opens quietly at the county center, though efforts are making by both parties for a vigorous movement on the enemy's lines as soon as the word of command comes from the state committees. The wilting experienced as the news of the nomination of Blaine came over the wires, is followed by a general straightening up among Republicans, and a number of those who said in their haste as they turned sorrowfully from the bulletins, "I will never vote for Jim Blaine, no never," are today "whooping her up" for the Plumed Knight. I do not know a single Republican in the city who says now that he will vote for Cleveland in preference to Blaine. Cleveland stock has fallen several points with those who were seeking human perfection, since the unfavorable news of his private character was given the public. Many say if all the accusations are not true, enough is admitted by those who defend him to satisfy them. The Simon pure Democrats, however, affect to believe that the scandal reports will not harm their candidate; they say, first, they do not believe the story true, and if it is, he is as good as some of the good men of olden times, whose lives are held up as our examples. The *Republican* is exceedingly sensative over its position in defending Cleveland, when it sinks private character in a presidential candidate into insignificance compared with official integrity, and shows its teeth to those who report its sayings. It was undoubtedly a slip of the pen, for the *Republican* has always contended earnestly for personal character in public men, and the proper thing for it to do would seem to be—not to deny its position, but admit it was a mistake.

For the state canvass but little is said; the fear that came over some Republicans before the last Chicago convention, that Butler would come out of the scuffle with colors flying and run for governor again this fall, is abated, and the coast appears clear for a second term of Gov. Robinson. There is no other man the Democrats can name who will at all menace the success of any candidate the Republicans might nominate, and it is conceded that Gov. Robinson should have a second term. He has been reported as saying that he did not care for the office longer; that he preferred to return to his profession; that he could not afford to neglect his business for the paltry sum the state pays its chief executive; but those acquainted with his business aver that his law practice never paid him over $2500 a year; so there does not appear to be a very great financial sacrifice in being governor, even at the low figure of $4000. What Gen. Butler may or may not do is now a matter of small consequence in this state. His drooping feathers as he left Chicago tell only of departed glory. If he should run as the presidential candidate of the Greenbackers he would have considerable of a following in the state, and cut down the vote of both parties, but the Republican plurality would not be seriously affected by it.

The breach in the local Democratic ranks which has been so threatening since the Chester convention, appears to be healing. There was a general striking of palms at the flag raising the other evening, and the coldness so perceptible of late yielded to the warm pressure as they came in contact. There may still be under the vests a rankling and a secret purpose to "get even" when the opportunity favors, but to the naked eye all was harmony and sweetness as they looked at the canvass and thought of the offices possible if the faces represented should be so fortunate as to see the inside of the white house. The Weavers and Callanans smiled as they passed, and the Riees and Donohues exchanged compliments, as if nothing had happened. It was a happy sight to see the lions and lambs lying down together, after they had been lying about each other so. The two campaign flags floating over Main street are the most ornamental ever thrown to the breeze in this city.

The damp and cool weather of the past month has been unfavorable to new residents—those born since the last gubernatorial election. There have been an unusual number of deaths among children this summer. The malaria, which has been so prevalent in this section for two or three years, seems to be disappearing; or at least yields so readily to remedies that it is not dreaded as formerly.

More local trunks and valises have been checked at the depot the past week than in all the previous season. I suppose the wail from the summer hotels excites sympathy, and those who have time and money feel like chipping in and giving them a lift. A number of our citizens who have planned for a trip across the ocean this summer have changed their minds on account of the cholera, and will spend a portion of the money they had laid by for the purpose gazing at the blue deep from the shore.

SUNNY COOK.

The automatic drawbridge signals in use on the New York & New Haven railroad prevented what might have been a terrible disaster last week. As the train approached an open bridge the engineer failed to observe the automatic 1200-foot signal and ran on. Nearer the bridge was another signal, which the engineer also failed to see. The opening of the draw not only shows this signal, but also opens a switch to a side track with a bed of sand at the end, upon which the train runs. This was what occurred at the Cos-Cob bridge last week, and certainly speaks well for the system of signals.

Last Friday that wonderful little horse, Jay-Eye-See, astonished the world by trotting a mile on Narragansett Park at Providence, with a running mate, in 2.10, lowering his own record ¾ of a second, and that of Maud S. ¼ of a second. His triumph was of short duration, however, for on Saturday Maud S. trotted a mile at Cincinnati, O., without a running mate, in 2.09¾, and still remains queen of the turf. No doubt it will be but a few years before we shall see some of the flyers lower the record to two minutes.

A bad collision occured on the Thames, near Gravesend, Eng., last Saturday night, when a passenger steamer loaded with pleasure seekers collided with an iron steamer and was sunk, 17 persons being drowned.

LOCAL NOTICES.

After being forced to look with dissatisfaction upon crockery carried by a peddler, go to Weld & Longley's and get standard goods.

PALMER AND VICINITY.

Mrs. J. B. Naylor has gone to Connecticut.

Revs. Mr. Hunt and Hunter exchanged pulpits last Sabbath.

The skating rink will be open to-morrow afternoon and evening.

Mrs. W. P. French has returned from a a visit to friends in Warren.

W. E. Fay is vacationizing at Easthampton and Mt. Holyoke.

Mrs. J. B. Shaw and daughters have returned from Marblehead Neck.

H. T. Huntington has the frame up for a two-story house on Pine street.

Joseph Thompson's two tenement blocks on Pine street have been re-painted.

Mrs. E. N. Fay is visiting friends in Hartford and South Manchester, Ct.

Mrs. F. L. Brooks has returned from a week's visit to her sister in Westfield.

F. L. Carpenter and wife start next Monday for a carriage drive of two weeks.

Concrete walks are being put in from the street to the entrances of the Universalist church.

Masters Victor Frost and Johnnie Rohen of Chestnut street, Springfield, are in town visiting relatives.

We print this week a letter from Rev. Mr. Perry, concerning Block Island, where he is spending his vacation.

The fields of buckwheat are showing quite white, and visions of buckwheat cakes next winter begin to appear.

The schools will commence September 1st instead of the last Monday in August, as has been the custom heretofore.

Misses Carrie and Alice Hoyt of New York city are visiting their sisters, Misses Addie and Minnie Hoyt, on Pine street.

Only one case of drunk at the district court during the past week, that of Joseph Wemett, who was sent up in default of $5.33.

W. C. Comier, ticket clerk at the depot, has resigned his position, and will go to Kansas City as soon as his successor arrives.

Rev. Mr. Canfield of Brooklyn, N. Y., is to preach at St. Paul's church next Sunday morning. There will be no service in the evening.

Mrs. Geo. D. Whiting and daughter and Mrs. E. E. Keith and son have gone to Guilford, Ct., to enjoy the sea breezes for a few weeks.

W. M. Tucker of Monson remembered "ye editor" this week with two dozen ears of green corn, for which he will please accept our thanks.

Rufus Stimpson of the telephone exchange leaves to-morrow for a ten-days' vacation. His brother takes his place while he is gone.

A communication from the well-known pen of "Sunny Cook" of Springfield, concerning politics in the city, will be found in another column.

L. E. Moore is adding a sitting room to the east side of his West Main street residence, and making some alterations in the interior arrangements.

Persons who wish to spend a day on the salt water can get tickets to Block Island and return the same day for $2.90, or $4.25 for an unlimited ticket.

There will be no services at the Advent chapel the next two Sundays on account of the camp-meeting at Springfield, which will be in session at that time.

A. E. Park is rapidly completing his residence on Pine street, and when finished will have one of the warmest and most substantial houses in town.

W. H. Hellyar and party have returned from Newell's pond, and a party consisting of Stever Knox, Jos. Weeks, Charlie Sanders and Fred Winter have taken the camp for a couple of weeks.

The "Great Jubilee Minstrels," advertising Morse's Yellow Dock, gave entertainments to large crowds Monday and Tuesday evenings from a wagon in front of the Nassowanno House.

Monday was one of the worst, if not the worst day this year. The heat was not very strong, but there was not a breath of air stirring, and the atmosphere was unusually heavy and close.

The Boston & Albany road ran an excursion train from Springfield to Boston this morning. We hope the road will give our citizens a chance before long to spend a day at the Hub at reduced rates.

Our devil is off for a vacation this week. If by any accident some slight inaccuracy should creep into the columns of this issue, please bear the above fact in mind, and we will have it rectified when he returns.

An immense sign bearing the legend, "Haynes & Co., Clothiers, Springfield," has been put up on the side of the hill across the river, and can be read from almost any part of the village west of Church street.

The county commissioners have been petitioned to re-locate the bounds of the road leading from the Catholic church at Bondsville easterly toward Ware, and have named September 16th as the day for a hearing in the matter.

The late rains have done an immense amount of good to growing crops. Corn is looking fine, and gives promise of a first-rate yield, while many of the farmers will get a good crop of rowen from their fields, in some instances more than the first yield.

Mrs. S. Edgerton has been at Troy, N. Y., for a couple of weeks, where she went to attend the funeral of her only brother. There are four sisters left in the family, whose ages are 85, 82, 77 and 64 years, Mrs. Edgerton being the youngest of the four.

Work has been commenced this week on repairs and alterations on the Converse House. Just what the nature of the changes are to be we are unable to state at this time, but a Mansard roof is to be put on, and some new rooms added. We hope to be able to report more fully next week.

The concreters are still at work in the village, and have put down quite a number of walks in the past week. A crossing at the junction of Main and Knox streets has been made, and C. W. Johnson has re-covered the walk in front of his house on Thorndike street. These we believe are all the ontside walks put down so far.

Officer Palmer went to Enfield, Ct., on Tuesday and arrested and brought back James Goss, who was wanted here for breaking into the house of A. H. G. Meserve, at East Brimfield on the 5th of last December. He was found with the Church family of Shakers, where he has been working for some time. He was sent up for four months.

There is much need of a new cross walk at the junction of Thorndike street with Main. The present crossing is low, and in winter it is a wet and nasty crossing for pedestrians. There is a good foundation for concrete already there, and why not have it done while the concreters are here? A very small sum from each one most directly interested would do the work.

A young man of this village who took one of Palmer's fair daughters for a ride behind his span last Friday evening, must have had a very enjoyable time, for we cannot imagine what else should have so occupied his mind that he allowed the horses to escape from him while putting them out at the stable, and wander off into the woods where they were not found until late the next day.

Thomas Stevens, the bicyclist who started three months ago to ride from San Francisco to Boston, reached this place Saturday evening, and spent the night at the Nassowanno House, going to Worcester on Sunday. He intends to ride from Boston to New York, where he will take a steamer for Europe, where he intends to make an extended tour on his wheel.

H. B. Knox of Farmington, N. H., who has had charge of the high school at Eastport, Me., for several years, has been engaged as principal of the high school in this village for the coming year. Miss Maggie A. Sullivan, who has taught for several years at Thorndike, will have charge of the primary school here. The teachers in the other departments remain the same as last year.

A street peddler, claiming to be an Indian, drew a small crowd last Friday evening in attempting to sell some salve warranted as a corn remover, wart extractor, pain destroyer, and good for anything and everything. Finally, some one got behind him, and, sharply pinching his leg, exactly imitated a snarling dog. He nearly jumped off the box in his fright, but seemed to take the joke good naturedly.

A number of times in the past few weeks the citizens living on West Main street have been disturbed in the middle of the night by some one running their horse at the top of his speed from the village to the Point of Rocks. The first thought is that a terrible runaway is taking place, and perhaps one of these nights the persons will meet with a set-back which will spoil their fun for some time.

The question is often asked us, "Why didn't you say something about me when I went away for a week? You mentioned all the rest of them, but didn't notice me at all." We are but human, and owing to our inability to be in more than eight or ten places at once, do not always hear of such items until we do in the manner above mentioned. If you will only let us know of it, we will be glad to make mention of any such thing.

A woman in the west part of our village became extremely jealous last Sunday because she saw her husband talking a moment or two with a girl the day before, and along in the afternoon declared that she had taken poison. A physician was hastily sent for, but could discover no traces of the poison which she claimed to have swallowed, and as she got speedily better it is the opinion that she was only shamming, and the whole thing was a put-up job to give the husband a scare.

G. W. Thomas & Co., who are now numbering the houses of our village, come here with the best of recommendations as men who are thoroughly competent to do the work, and what they undertake they carry through. We have seen very favorable notices from the press of larger towns. Mr. Thomas sees to the work in person. All vacant lots are registered, and all should avail themselves of the opportunity now that there is a chance to have the work done well. This is a railroad center, and it is very difficult to direct strangers where there are no numbers to guide them. North Adams, and Burlington, Vt., speak very highly of Mr. Thomas, who numbered those places.

BELCHERTOWN.

J. R. Gould has returned from Buffalo, N. Y., where he has been to a hospital to undergo an operation for a hernia brought on by an excessive strain while handling beef in his market.

LUDLOW.

Rev. H. M. Tupper of Illinois, a son of Rev. Martin Tupper, a former pastor, preached at the Congregational church last Sunday.

The total tax of the town is $10,350, and the rate $12.25 on $1000. There are 325 polls, 285 horses, 588 cows, 156 sheep, 295 dwellings. There are three who pay over $100 tax, the Ludlow manufacturing company $3563, Lucius Dimond $1395, and James M. White, $259.

BONDSVILLE.

The scholars of the M. E. Sunday school held a picnic in the Boston Duck Co's. grove last Wednesday. About fifty members of the school were present and all had a very pleasant time.

The people of this village and vicinity were treated to quite a rare sight last Wednesday evening at the store of Murdock Bros., it being a night blooming cereus in full blossom, the property of E. B. Murdock. It was a beautiful sight. The same plant blossomed twice last season.

HAMPDEN.

The tax rate is $10 on $1000.

There are quite a number of cases of whooping cough in the village.

There was no preaching at the Congregational church last Sunday, the pastor being out of town.

Deputy Sheriff Thurber sold the stock and fixtures belonging to the grocery store of E. G. Vinica, on an execution last Saturday, to S. U. Stanton for 55 per cent of the inventory. As the sum realized from the sale will not satisfy the attaching creditor, those who refused a compromise on a 20 per cent cash basis will not get much.

WALES.

H. M. Needham and daughter have been here for a few days.

Mrs. W. H. Royce of Chicago is spending a few weeks in town.

Frank A. Royce and family are away to the sea shore for a vacation.

Mr. Clinton Rogers from Rochester, N. Y. has been making a brief visit here.

Mrs. David Boyden and children from Worcester are at her father's for a brief visit.

The board of health are around looking up drainage, etc., as advised by the state board of health.

Charles A. Royce and family, after having spent two weeks at his old home, have returned to Boston.

MONSON.

Messrs. Orcutt are engaged at building in Stafford.

Mrs. M. J. Seymour has been attending the school of languages at Amherst.

The Ellis mill shut down Saturday night for a few weeks to make necessary repairs.

The regular meeting of the Spare Minute Circle was held at the vestry of the M. E. church on Monday evening.

In consequence of not hitching a livery team one of our popular book-keepers became responsible for a wrecked carriage the other day.

Miss Kingsbury, clerk at Charles Fowler's, finished her labors Saturday night, her position being taken by Mrs. Stafford, formerly employed at the same store.

A new sidewalk and fence at Moore's block greatly improves the appearance of the building. A carriage shed and the cupola have been added to the barn connected with the block.

Rev. Mr. Byington started on his vacation last Wednesday. During his absence the pulpit will be supplied as follows:—August 10th, Rev. H. E. Barnes of Haverhill; 17th, Rev. Charles White of Maine; 24th, Rev. Dr. L. H. Blake of Fitchburg.

THORNDIKE.

Miss Nellie Haggarty of Boston is visiting friends in town.

The new sewer is being laid rapidly, and will soon be finished.

Miss Maggie Moriarty of Monson is visiting her sister, Mrs. Fay.

Station-agent Green is spending his two-weeks' vacation in York state.

James Loftus, clerk at Bishop's store, returned from his vacation on Saturday last.

Mr. Carter, yard boss, is having an office in part of the building now occupied by Mr. Houston.

There is some talk of a ghost having been seen on the hill leading to Pine avenue. Have you seen it?

Misses Gormarly of Somerville and Crowley of Cambridgeport are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Moynihan.

The corporation dwellings on Church street are being repaired. New timbers and new floors are being laid.

There is nothing said now in regard to shutting down No. 1 mill for repairs. We wonder if the report was true?

Part of the mule room at No. 2 mill is now filled with new linen frames from Fales & Jenks' shop, Pawtucket, R. I., and will be used to fill the vacancy of two pairs of mules which were run before the fire.

Sheriff Palmer discovered the horse which was stolen from Timothy Keefe on the night of the 23d of July, at Miller's Falls, last Saturday, and on Sunday found the thief, Geo. L. Jones, at Enfield. He was taken to Northampton and bound over to the December term of court in the sum of $300.

Martin Cronin, a carpenter, met with a serious accident on Monday while joining boards in the shop near a circular saw which was in motion. His foot striking some object on the floor he stumbled and fell on the saw and received a painful cut from the wrist to the elbow. Dr. Holbrook of Three Rivers dressed the wound.

WARREN.

N. P. Robbins is spending a few days in Pelham, N. H. with his father-in-law.

The passenger receipts at the depot for the month of July were $1167, and for freight $3366.

N. G. Pavro is off on a vacation. He intends to visit friends in both Connecticut and New Hampshire.

Mrs. P. J. Lewis and Miss Lewis of So. Lancaster are in town visiting the family of her brother, W. H. Warren.

W. H. Shepherd has moved his law office to the room in Hitchcock's recently occupied by the express company.

The ladies of the M. E. Church gave a lawn party Wednesday evening on the lawn of Mrs. S. Blair on Maple street. The Warren cornet band furnished music and a good time generally was enjoyed.

At the town meeting held last Saturday it was voted to build the sewer asked for by the people of West Warren. The matter of the school house was referred to a committee who are to report at the October town meeting.

Rev. Mr. Heywood of Globe Village occupied the Congregational pulpit last Sunday, and that of the Methodist was filled by Rev. Mr. Clark of Thorndike, Rev. Mr. Richardson being away on a short vacation. He is expected to preach next Sabbath.

W. H. Whiting of Amherst has declined the offer of the school committee, and the position of school superintendent and teacher of the high school has been offered to A. H. Blood of East Douglass, a graduate of Harvard, and for several years teacher at East Douglass and Walpole.

At the meeting of the Warren Prohibition Club, Monday evening, a permanent organization was effected, and the following officers elected: President, James Goodrich; vice presidents, S. W. Anderson and J. A. Manley; secretary, W. H. Warren; treasurer, Charles Heritage; executive committee, S. A. Brown, J. M. Camphell, H. A. Field, N. G. Payro and Charles L. Smith, Jr.

WILBRAHAM.

Mrs. Henry Burt is recovering from her recent illness.

Prof. C. H. Raymond goes to Block Island next week.

Howard Gates is having a good time on the coast of Maine.

Prof. Chas. Parker is spending a part of his vacation in Maine.

Prof. Merrick and family of Pittsburg, Pa., have returned home.

Postmaster Hubbard and wife have been spending a few days at Ashfield.

Mrs. Dr. C. S. Scofield of Boston was in town at her old home over Sunday.

Miss Lucretia Gray Noble is spending the summer vacation at her Faculty street cottage.

Dr. Foskit and wife have gone to the Thousand Isles, accompanied by Misses Mary Hayes and Emma Brewer.

Triumph division of Sons of Temperance have voted to hold a lawn party on the campus some evening next week.

It is reported that the entire grain crop of W. L. Phelps at De Smet, Dak., has been destroyed by a recent tornado.

Edward H. Twing left for Washington, D. C., this week, having received an appointment to a clerkship in the treasury department.

Rev. Mr. S. Howard and daughter have returned from Block Island, and services will be resumed at Congregational church next Sabbath.

According to the assessors' report the total valuation of the town is $702,693, of which $538,640 is real estate, and $164,053 personal; the rate of taxation is $11.70 per $1000. There are in town 297 houses, 217 horses, 469 cows, 117 sheep, 11,870 acres of land taxed. The town property and cash amounts to $14,746, and the town is free from debt. The following persons pay a tax of $80 and over: Joseph Baldwin, $169; Henry T. Bolles, $95; Marcus F. Beebe, $84; Benjamin Butler, $181; estate Horace Clark, $83; Warren Collins, $137; Warren L. Collins, $80; Henry Cutler, $600; Joseph A. Gillett, $84; Harvey Kent, $80; James Merrick, $81; Nelson Mowry, $81; Ira G. Potter, $90; Collins Manufacturing Company, $1469; D. W. Ellis & Bro., $147; Ludlow Manufacturing Company, $232.

WARE AND VICINITY.

The Clippers won the game of ball with the Spencers last Saturday by a score of 30 to 3.

Prof. L. Pratt of Hartford Seminary will preach at the East Congregational church next Sunday.

O. O. Cross and family are in New Hampshire for their vacation, and will return Aug. 23. The camera went with him.

The annual Farmer's Picnic, that for years has been held at Hoyt's grove on August 8th, has been postponed for a few weeks.

It is reported that there is to be an excursion on the Ware River road to Boston and Nantasket Beach next Wednesday, the 13th inst.

It is reported that G. K. Cutler will build a two-story house on his lot in the rear of his dwelling on the corner of Bank street and Park avenue.

The Cadet band gave a fine concert at the skating rink on Tuesday evening, and there was a large attendance for this time of year and the warm weather.

Rev. John T. Blades of Brockton gave two excellent sermons to the East Congregational people last Sunday, that ought to make all who heard him better men and women.

M. M. Campbell is rebuilding his house, that was recently burned, larger and better than before; he is also building a tower upon it from which can be obtained one of the finest views in this vicinity.

It seems that the rejoicing of the friends of C. A. Tuttle, principal of the High school, in view of his return, has been rather short-lived, as it is now reported that he will spend the coming year studying in Germany.

Joseph Boyle was fined $50 and costs, amounting to over $80, at the district court in Brookfield Wednesday for illegal liquor selling at a picnic in Collins' Grove, Hardwick pond, the arrest being made by an officer from Gilbertville.

William Weir died suddenly of heart disease at the residence of his son-in-law, C. A. Julia, on Tuesday. Mr. Weir was a resident of Dracut, but had been stopping here for several weeks in hopes the change might be favorable to his health.

Not a great deal of excitement in regard to politics yet, but as a reminder of what is to come a fine Blaine and Logan flag was hung across South street last Saturday from the premises of the Geo. H. Gilbert Mfg. Co., to those of C. A. Stevens & Co.

Notice has been received at the postoffice that the "wheel" on which letters of those not holding boxes are placed must be abolished. We understand this not only applies to the office in this place but to all offices in the country which have a similar arrangement.

About thirty of the friends in this village visited Uncle David Barlow at Ragged Hill last Sunday, holding a prayer meeting with him, it being his 91st birthday. This was a token of respect for him, and not because he is unable to attend meeting, for he is still as spry and hearty as many men of a score less years.

The committee appointed by the town at the town meeting last spring to investigate the subject of a water supply and sewerage for the village, have been at work for some time past with the assistance of the county surveyor. From reports that are current it seems that Hardwick pond has not the required elevation. All will, or ought to be, interested in the report of this committee, for the day is not far distant when a better water supply must be had.

CARD.—I take this method of thanking the people who visited me and were so kind to me in my recent affliction.

MRS. OLIVER DEPLISSES.

Palmer, August 5th, 1884.

The employes of O'Brien's circus made an unprovoked attack upon the people on the show grounds at Portsmouth, N. H., last Friday night, with tent stakes, stones, etc., and several persons were injured.

The annual camp meeting of the Spiritualists began at Lake Pleasant last Sunday, with something more than the usual crowd in attendance.

A four-story tenement house at New York was burned early last Friday morning, and it was with difficulty that the inmates escaped.

THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER.

The Brooklyn bridge is the bridge of size.

A man who rooms in the attic may be said to live high.

As a girl does not become of age until 21 years old, there are but few of them who ever get beyond their minority.

The average community now rejoices that the ice man is located among them, and much enjoys his daily visits; but next fall when he brings in his bill: !! ? + ! *.* & ¿ 8 !! ». 8 !—or words to that effect.

Of 200 poems sent to the editor of the *Century* last month, only one was accepted. We'll have those sent to us last month counted, and then the editor of the *Century* will be glad he don't run a country newspaper.

There's a land that is hotter than this,
(So the preachers tell us,)
A place where they don't shovel snow,
(Though we can't tell from experience.)
And if you don't pay your printer's bill,
(As a good many of you don't,)
We hope that that's the place to which you'll go.
(We do, with all our heart.)

"Julia" writes to us with the question, "What are the 'signs of the times' that I see mentioned in the papers?" That depends, Julia, on the druggist who draws your soda water. Sometimes it's a wink, and then again it's only a motion imperceptible to the uninitiated. But the sign is there, just the same.

A Hartford man arrested in New York the other day was "sent up" for having in his possession "four bowie knives, two revolvers, two razors and two railroad sandwiches." It is supposed that he contemplated wrecking a train by placing the sandwiches on the track, and then robbing the passengers by intimidating them with his arsenal.

New York refused to allow Dr. Donnelly to exibit his Chinese lepers, which he brought from San Francisco, in that city recently. Why he should imagine that Eastern people want to see a lot of scabby, sickly, half-dead, moon-eyed Celestials we can't understand. The healthy Chinaman is generally considered enough of a dose, but a Chinese leper—we congratulate New York.

A Montreal man gets a verdict of $5 and costs against the sexton of his church because the latter passed him by in taking up a collection. The sexton wanted to humiliate the man but the man did not want to be humiliated.

The janitor of the Poughkeepsie, (N. Y.) post office was to have been married soon, and not having enough cash on hand he began to tamper with the mails and help himself to remittances, for which he has been arrested.

The price of ostrich feathers has gone up 33 per cent in New York since the red, white and blue plumes appeared on the table of the national republican committee's head-quarters on Fifth avenue.

A child was recently born at Castleton, Ind., which weighed only 17 ounces when five days old. A common goblet placed over its head reaches to its lips. Mother and child are doing well.

There are 3348 policemen of various grades in the German empire, 501 government night watchmen, 765 firemen, 311 lamplighters, 647 street cleaning functionaries, and so on.

The passenger station and docks of the Pennsylvania railroad company at Jersey City were burned on Monday night by an explosion of gas caused by a leaky main.

A wing of the United States hotel at Washington, 100 feet long and five stories high, fell about 7 o'clock last Sunday evening, burying eight persons in the ruins.

The saddest feature in regard to the shocking scandal about Gov. Cleveland is that no moral reprehension of it is expressed by the press generally, even where its truth is tacitly admitted. The treatment of the matter shows a debauched conscience in regard to one of the most debasing vices. Admitting the essential charges, it is claimed that they do not militate in the least against a candidate for President of the United States. One is shocked to see the sins of other public men quoted as a defence or exense for the present case. This revelation shows the need of another element in politics—something that will demand purity in men who are to be intrusted with public interests. If a woman against whom charges of gross immorality could be made, should by any chance be nominated even for a position of small public trust, she would be hooted from the list by popular reproach and disgust. That such is not the fact in the case of men is an alarming symptom of the times.—*The Women's Journal.*

Our grievance is of the simplest and plainest nature. There is nothing about it to require investigation. We have published it repeatedly, and will publish it again whenever it is asked for. We hold that Grover Cleveland is not fitted to be President, and that he has done nothing to merit such promotion.—*New York Sun, (Dem.)*

There is talk of renewing the bridle path from the Crawford House to the summit of Mt. Washington and perhaps converting it into a carriage way. Its ascent continues to be one of the most fascinating as of the most exhausting and dangerous feats in the mountains.

An inventor has discovered a way to manufacture illuminating gas out of garbage, and at a public exhibition the other night he secured from 17 ounces of garbage 22 feet of gas, which supplied two jets for half an hour.

There are now about 325,000 pensioners of all classes, of whom 226,000 are soldiers, and the rest widows, minor and dependent children. There are 1200 survivors of the war of 1812 and 3000 widows of soldiers in it.

Over 100 bushels of grasshoppers have been captured this summer on one farm in Plymouth, N. H., by the owner, for which he received a bounty of $1 per bushel.

The New York *Mail* says one of the biggest blots on Long Branch is the gambling houses. They are running night and day, and lead hundreds of young men astray.

A knife-grinder who died a short time ago at Savoy left $20,000 to be divided between three parishes for the clothing of poor school children.

A Buffalo man, after fifty years of total blindness, has just recovered his eyesight, of which he was deprived by sickness when four years of age.

Although Frenchmen were the original frog-eaters, it is asserted that more frogs are now eaten in New York alone than in all France.

NOTES FROM BLOCK ISLAND.

Correspondence of the JOURNAL.

CAMP SEA BLUFF, }
BLOCK ISLAND, R. I. }

The personal experiences of an acquaintance are often interesting to us, though they be not very striking or thrilling. This fact will serve as an apology, if one be needed, for the present letter.

At the outset one cannot but note the contrast between the undersigned's last year surroundings and these of the present. Then in the "dark Canadian forests," now upon an island; then feasting upon trout and venison, now upon sword and blue fish; then gazing into the depths of the wild-wood, now looking upon hundreds of sails each day; then listening to the winds as they swept through the sturdy forest trees, now to the surf as ceaselessly it beats upon the shore. Surely if a contrast be interesting and restful here is one that will satisfy all needs.

Block Island has its peculiarities. Let us mention a few of them. On this little island are more than one hundred ponds, varying in size from the duck pond near the farmer's barn to the Great Pond, said to contain a thousand acres, which was once an arm of the sea, and the ancient harbor of the island.

The island stands high. Especially on the west, south and east sides is the shore made up of bluffs of clay, in some cases considerably more than a hundred feet high. On the south and east sides numerous springs of fresh, cool water burst out along the bluffs and offer grateful refreshment to the weary pedestrian. Large quantities of the Irish moss and other algæ are washed ashore and are used to fertilize the soil by the farmers of the island. I noted also large quantities of zoöphytes commingled with the so-called sea mosses.

Another peculiarity is that the people all attend the Baptist church. There are two Baptist churches here, and, in addition, an ex-pastor of one of them who runs a hotel and preaches during the season of visitors, either in the skating rink or the parlors of some hotel. Perhaps this is enough for the peculiarities of the place for the present.

Be it known to your readers that the undersigned, who shall be known as Uno, and his son, known in these letters as Junior, are camping on the bluff about a mile southerly from the landing near the cottage of a well-known citizen of Palmer, who is busy most of the year in guiding the iron horse on one of our railroads. Uno has learned from some experience that freedom, ease, romance, and that hard-to-be-defined feeling of being our own master can join to render camping out the most enjoyable way of spending vacations.

We reached our camping place Thursday afternoon, July 31st, and before the tent could be pitched the rain came. However, it kindly delayed its full strength until matters were in better shape. That night we were lulled to sleep by music of the composite order;—I say composite order, and yet I am not sure that there is a composite order in music, as in architecture, nor am I sure that all music is not of the composite order. The elements of the music were these: The surf was beating heavily upon the shore a few feet away. Certainly there is music in the roaring of the sea. Many find music in the pattering of the rain upon the roof. The rain fell upon ours in torrents, so our ears were filled with that melody. A mile to the south of us is a light-house, a part of whose warning apparatus is a fog-horn of well-nigh unlimited powers. Once a minute all through the hours of the night its hoarse voice was heard above the roaring of the surf and the patter of the rain. Am I not right in calling it music of the composite order?

Uno and Junior took a walk yesterday, an account of which may possibly be interesting. They followed the shore and bluffs to the landing, passing near some half a dozen of the hotels, by the bathing beach, an interesting feature of the island because a smooth, hard sand beach is a rarity here; thence along the shore of the Great Pond mentioned above, and through the cemetery to the shore on the west side of the island. Here they turned to the south and followed the coast, sometimes by the water's edge where in some places there was barely room to pass between the waves and the bluff; sometimes at the top of the bluff, a hundred feet or more above the waters. They must have walked more than fifteen miles, but felt well repaid for their labor.

Soon after they struck the shore they noticed a wreck lying in the sand a few rods out. The vessel was the Augusta from St. Johns, N. B. She was lost last winter. Two of the inhabitants of the island lost their lives in rescuing the crew. She looked quite staunch, but is probably buried deep in the sands. The winds and waves of next winter will doubtless tear her in pieces. Junior was quite disappointed that he could not visit her. As the next best thing they sat down upon one of her masts lying upon the beach and ate their lunch. A mile or two further on they found another wreck, or rather a part of one, the bow only. This was lying high and dry on the rocks. A mile or so beyond they came upon another, or possibly a part of the last one, so Junior was satisfied. In their walk they gathered some quite pretty quartz crystals, some large pieces of iron ore, shells of various kinds, and what are to Uno a new mineral formation. These are geodes, made of sand cemented together by iron into the form of irregular spheres, and filled with sand. Junior found a compound one which was brought home as a curiosity. They are found nearly as large as one's head at several places along the shore. The goose barnacle is found here. In early days when knowledge of nature's ways was young a very curious view was held regarding them. It was supposed that they changed into geese in due time. A certain variety of geese were known as the barnacle geese. Having such an origin it was held by many good Catholics to be perfectly allowable to eat them on Friday. The curious in this matter will find an account of it in the *Popular Science Monthly* of several years ago.

I will reserve what more I have to say till another occasion. UNO.

The work on the new watch factory at Waltham is progressing rapidly, and it will probably be ready for occupancy about Oct. 1.

Crickets an inch and a half long are eating up the crops of Washington Territory at an alarming rate.

The new missionary steamer "Morning Star," was launched at Bath, Me., on Wednesday. Her dimensions are: Length, 131 feet, three inches; breadth, 28 feet, nine inches; depth 12 feet, two inches; gross tonnage, 471. She will steam seven knots and has accommodations for 75 passengers. The figure head is a female figure representing a missionary holding an open Bible in her left hand and pointing to the same with the index finger of the right. On the stern is a large silver star with gold rays above which is "Morning Star," and below "Boston, Mass." The steamer is owned by the American Board of commissioners for foreign missions. It is expected that she will be ready for sea September 10 and will sail from Boston with a cargo for Honolulu. The cost is rising $40,000.

Two hundred and twenty-five dozen eggs shipped from Cape Breton to Boston were accidentally found to have been cooked by the heat of freshly cut grass in which they were packed.

The deposits in the state and savings banks of the country since 1880 have been nearly $500,000,000.

The forests of Prussia have been largely increased by cultivation during the last ten years.

Washington's underground system of telegraphy is said to be a complete success.

The average number of persons to a family in this country is five.

BEECHER'S BAD HEAD.

For two months in the year Henry Ward Beecher can't preach. In August and September he takes his vacation and endures the onset of the hay-fever. A man with hay fever isn't accountable for his actions. He is frantic with smiling, sneezing and headache. Every nerve in his skull thrills with distress, and his head is a fountain of tears. He lives only to fly from seaside to mountain-top in search of relief. This form of catarrh (hay-fever) Ely's Cream Balm will cure. Placed in the nostrils it penetrates and soothes the affected parts at once, restores the impaired senses and creates healthy secretions. You cannot run away from hay fever, but you can drive it from you by using Ely's Cream Balm. 2w18

O. P. Allen and O. J. Winslow wish it known that they guarantee Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets to be the best remedy for indigestion ever made, they always relieve headache. cow 1y 52

RECIPE FOR THE TROUBLED MIND.—The thought often arises, and the question asked "What shall I do? I have tried all the doctors, and patent medicines, and my money is gone, and still no better. Recipe—Go to your druggist, and get a bottle of Rice & Co's Eclectic Liniment and a box of Eclectic Pills—for our motto is, no cure, no pay. For sale by G. L. KEENEY, Druggist and Stationer, Monson. 6

O. P. Allen and O. J. Winslow guarrantee positive relief for any cough, cold, croup, or lung complaint by using Acker's English Remedy, or will refund the money. cow 1y 52

GRAND EXCURSION TO RICE & CO'S ECLECTIC LAKES, U. S. A.—All who are suffering from rheumatism, neuralgia, headache, toothache, or any pain, are invited to come. Motto—No cure, no pay. Fare round trip and cure, 50 cents. For sale by GEO. L. HITCHCOCK, Palmer. 6

Ask O. P. Allen and O. J. Winslow about Acker's Blood Elixer, the only preparation guaranteed to cleanse the blood and remove all chronic diseases cow 1y 52

UNNECESSARY SUFFERING.—Why need I suffer from biliousness, liver complaint, malaria, torpor of the bowels, etc? Because I have never used Rice & Co's Eclectic Pills, which are purely vegetable, gelatine coated, and cause no griping pains, (cathartic and cholagogue.) Price, 25 cents. For sale at C. E. BLOOD'S Drug Store, Ware. 6

The microscope demonstrates that consumption, asthma and bronchitis are produced by disease germs. Fontaine's Cure is the only remedy. Sold by Z. F. Beverly. 1y13eow

Oh, how beautiful it makes the complexion! For eruptions, Lady Camelia's Secret of Beauty is superior to soap or liniments. Price 50 cents. At Allen's Pharmacy. 3 4w37

Thousands are daily having freckles removed by a trial of Lady Camelia's Secret of Beauty. Price 50 cents, at Allen's Pharmacy. 1 4w y29

"ROUGH ON RATS"
Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers; 15c; druggists.

HEART PAINS.
Palpitation, Dropsical Swellings, Dizziness, Indigestion, Headache, Sleeplessness, cured by Wells' Health Renewer."

"ROUGH ON CORNS."
Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns;" 15c; quick, complete cure; hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

"ROUGH ON COUGHS."
Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for coughs, colds, sore throat, hoarseness. Troches, 15c; Liquid, 50c.

"ROUGH ON DENTIST" TOOTH POWDER.
Smooth, refreshing, harmless, elegant, cleansing, preservative and fragrant; druggists; 15c.

THIN PEOPLE.
"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Headache, Nervousness, Debility; $1.

BED-BUGS, FLIES.
Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

MOTHERS.
If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use Wells' Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.

LIFE PRESERVER.
If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to the spot.

"ROUGH ON TOOTHACHE."
Instant relief for neuralgia, toothache, faceache. Ask for "Rough on Toothache;" 15 and 25 cents.

PRETTY WOMEN.
Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

"ROUGH ON ITCH."
"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

NIGHT SWEATS.
Headache, fever, chills, malaria, dyspepsia, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.

THE HOPE OF THE NATION.
Children, slow in development, puny, scrawny, and deficient, use "Wells' Health Renewer."

"ROUGH ON PAIN."
Cures colic, cramps, diarrhœa; externally for aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. For man or beast. 25 and 50 cents.

"ROUGH ON PAIN" PLASTER.
Porous and strengthening, improved, the best for backache, pains in chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia; 25c; druggists or mail. 1y12

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The greatest medical wonder of the world. Warranted to speedily cure Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Cancers, Piles, Chilblains, Corns, Tetter, Chapped Hands, and all skin eruptions, guaranteed to cure in every instance or money refunded. 25 cents per box. For sale by G. L. Hitchcock. 1y32

VOX POPULI, VOX DEI.—The HOMEOPATHIC MEDICINES best adapted for family use are those sold at O. P. Allen's, Palmer, and G. L. Keeney's, Monson. The guide-slip attached to each bottle enables one to treat most of the ordinary ailments common to a family. 3m12*

MUME, the new remedy, is acknowledged by leading physicians to cure *Headache, Neuralgia* and *Malaria* when everything else fails. For sale at Palmer by O. P. Allen, and at Monson by G. L. Keeney, druggists. 3m12*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she was a Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.
1y11

A Great Surprise

Is in store for all who use Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs, the great guaranteed remedy. Would you believe that it is sold on its merits, and that each druggist is authorized to refund your money by the proprietor of this wonderful remedy if it fails to cure you? O. P. Allen has secured the agency for it. Price 50 cents and $1. Trial size free. 1y16eow

Unto the third and fourth generation! yea, scrofula and salt rheum is cured by Fontaine's Great Discovery. Sold by Z. F. Beverly. 1y13eow

A Sensible Man Would Use

Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. It is curing more cases of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and all throat and lung troubles, than any other medicine. The proprietor has authorized O. P. Allen to refund your money, if, after taking three-fourths of a bottle, relief is not obtained. Price 50 cents and One Dollar. Trial size free. 1y16eow

Cause and Effect.

At times symptoms of indigestion are present, uneasiness of the stomach, &c., a moisture like perspiration, producing itching at night, or when one is warm, cause the Piles. The effect is immediate relief upon the application of Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, 50 cents, sold by G. L. Hitchcock, Palmer, G. L. Keeney, Monson, and C. E. Blood, Ware. cow16

Want of Faith.

If G. L. Hitchcock, Palmer, G. L. Keeney, Monson, and C. E. Blood, Ware, the druggists, do not succeed it is not for want of faith. They have such faith in Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup as a remedy for coughs, colds, consumption and lung affections, that they will give a bottle free to each and every one who is in need of a medicine of this kind. cow16

A Startling Discovery.

Physicians are often startled by remarkable discoveries. The fact that Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and Throat and Lung Diseases is daily curing patients that they have given up to die, is startling them to realize their sense of duty, and examine into the merits of this wonderful discovery, resulting in hundreds of our best physicians using it in their practice. Trial bottles free at Geo. L. Hitchcock's drug store. Regular size $1 4

BORN.

At Palmer, 5th, a daughter to CHARLES E. FISH.
At Palmer, 2d, a daughter to ANTHONY ALLEN.
At Palmer, 2d, a son to JAMES GLYNN.
At Monson, 2d, a daughter to WM. MCAFLIFFE.

DIED.

At Ware, 5th, WILLIAM WIER.
At Ware, 3d, CHARLES DONALDSON, 74.
At Westfield, Vt., 1st, SANDS HULL, 82, father of Mrs. Richard Stacy of Monson.
At Limerick, Pa., 4th, FLAVIA WOOD, 82, mother of E. Wood of Monson.

WANTED.—A competent girl for general housework.
MRS. L. E. MOORE, Palmer.

WANTED, FOUR TENEMENTS!
Parties having same to rent send description, location and terms of lease to the office of
THE FLYNT BUILDING & CONSTRUCTION CO.
Palmer, Mass.

FOR SALE.
Three second-hand Buggies, one of them a Concord, all in good repair; also, 1 light Express Wagon. Cheap for cash, or would exchange.
MONSON HOUSE STABLES.
Monson, Mass. 4w19

THE SUBSCRIBER RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCES
TO HIS
OLD PATRONS AND THE PUBLIC IN GENERAL,
That he will continue the sale of
Paper Hangings,
Inasmuch as the party to whom he sold does not carry on the business in this place.
MY BUSINESS HEADQUARTERS
WILL BE AT MY
My Residence
FOR THE PRESENT,
And I shall sell the above goods at less prices than could be afforded if I had to pay rent and clerk hire. Shall be prepared to furnish paper for the nicest jobs as heretofore.

I still have on hand a supply of
—OIL STOVES—
FOR SALE OR TO RENT.
E. J. WOOD.
Central St., Palmer.

BONDSVILLE, Dec. 3, 1883.

TO THE HONORABLE BOARD OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS OF THE COUNTY OF HAMPDEN, MASS.—We, the subscribers, citizens and tax payers of the town of Palmer, Mass., humbly petition your honorable board to view the premises and change the line of the street running easterly toward Ware on the south side of said street, starting at a stone monument near the Catholic church, being an angle or corner of the streets, and run east on old line of said street to a point near the barn of Luther Collis, and change the line of said street as recently located from four to six feet north of its present location, and move the monument recently erected near said point westerly to the angle caused by said change.

Said change will cause the line of said street to run at right angle with the buildings on said street; furthermore, the street is fifty feet wide at said point, so the change does not interfere with the rights of other parties, and the public will be just as well served by said change.

O. B. SMITH AND OTHERS.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.—HAMPDEN SS. At a meeting of the County Commissioners holden at Springfield, within and for said county, on the fifth day of August, in the of our Lord 1884.

And now upon the petition aforesaid, the County Commissioners, deeming a view of the premises expedient and proper, give notice that they will meet for the purpose of said view, and hearing all parties interested, at Murdock's store, in (Bondsville) Palmer, on Tuesday, the sixteenth day of September next, at 8.30 o'clock a. m.; and it is ordered by the County Commissioners that a copy of said petition be served by the sheriff of said county, or his deputy, upon the clerk of the town of Palmer, in said county, thirty days at least before the said sixteenth day of September, and that all other persons and corporations interested therein be notified, by publishing a copy of said petition and this order thereon, once a week, in the Palmer Journal, a public newspaper printed in said county, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before the time of said view and hearing. And it is further ordered by the Commissioners that copies of said petition, or abstracts containing the substance thereof and this order, be posted by said sheriff or deputy in two public places in the town of Palmer, fourteen days before said sixteenth day of September, and that notice be given in manner aforesaid to all persons and corporations interested, that the County Commissioners deem a view of the premises expedient and proper, and that a view of the same will be taken by them at the time and place aforesaid, and that they will hear the parties interested at the time of said view.

ROBERT O. MORRIS, Clerk.

True copy of the petition and order of the County Commissioners thereon.
3w19 Attest: ROBERT O. MORRIS, Clerk.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.—HAMPDEN, SS. PROBATE COURT.—To all persons interested in the estate of Laura A. Parks, late of Monson, in said county, deceased, Greeting:

Whereas, Enos Calkins, the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance the second and final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Springfield, in said county, on the first Wednesday of September next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said executor is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week in the Palmer Journal, a newspaper printed at Palmer, three weeks successively, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court, and to mail a copy hereof to each devisee and legatee under said will who may reside out of this Commonwealth, fourteen days at least before said court.

Witness, William S. Shurtleff, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this sixth day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four.
3w19 SAMUEL B. SPOONER, Register.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator of the estate of Polly Richards, late of Brimfield, in the county of Hampden, deceased; and has taken upon himself that trust, by giving bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased, are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to
SANFORD BOOTH, Administrator.
Brimfield, Aug. 4, 1884. 3w19*

DR. F. W. ANDREWS' Dental Rooms 357 Main Street, Springfield. Artificial teeth $10

FOR SALE AT THORNDIKE.
My house and land of the late Cornelius Kelliher, deceased. Said place is situated on the road leading from the post office in said village to Palmer village. The home comprises one new two story and a half house, two good barns, wood shed, and wagon shed. There are also about 25 acres of land, suitably divided into woodland and tillage, and an abundance of wood already in piles.
For futher particulars apply to the owner,
MRS. CORNELIUS KELLIHER.
Thorndike, Aug. 6, 1884. 3w19

WE
Are Closing Out
THE BALANCE OF OUR
Summer Goods
REGARDLESS of COST.
GREAT DISCOUNT ON
CLOTHING
WITH WHICH WE ARE
Very Much Overstocked.
REMNANTS
—IN—
PRINTS & GINGHAMS
ARE GOING VERY RAPIDLY!
CALL EARLY AND SECURE THE BEST PATTERNS.
OUR PRICES ON
BLACK SILKS
RATHER DISCOUNT SPRINGFIELD,
AND THEY ARE WARRANTED IN EVERY PARTICULAR.
YOURS RESPECTFULLY,
S. H. HELLYAR & CO.,
CROSS'S BLOCK, PALMER.

BROOKS BROS.,
Successors to ROBINSON & BROOKS,
—DEALERS IN—
HARDWARE,
Iron and Steel,
PAINTS, OIL AND GLASS,
SPRINGS AND AXLES,
WHEELS AND RIMS,
AGRICULTURAL
IMPLEMENTS,
SEEDS AND FERTILIZERS,
JOHN W. MASURY'S COLORS and RAILROAD PAINTS
A SPECIALTY.
☞ All goods warranted as represented, and low prices for cash.
Give us a call; we will try and please you.
Yours, respectfully,
BROOKS BROS.

THE MODEL SINGER.
A NEW BOOK FOR CLASSES, SCHOOLS AND CHOIRS.
By W. O. PERKINS and D. B. TOWNER.
All teachers of Singing Classes, of all descriptions, are invited to examine this new Class Book. 192 pages. The Elements contain an ingenious Modulator, good explanations, the Manual Signs, and 124 exercises. There are 57 Glees and Part Songs, 25 Hymn Tunes, 4 Gospel Songs, 18 Anthems and 4 Chants. Surely a well-filled and practically useful book to the teacher at a moderate price.
☞ PRICE 60 CENTS, OR $6 PER DOZEN.

SINGING ON THE WAY.
A TRULY GOOD BOOK FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND SOCIAL WORSHIP.
☞ By MRS. BELLE M. JEWETT, Assisted by Dr. J. P. Holbrook.
PRICE, - - - - - 35 cents.
SINGING ON THE WAY has been before the public a few months—just long enough to be tested—and has received unequivocal praise from the persons best able to judge. It is in the shape and size of the well-known "Gospel Hymns," and admirably fitted for a Vestry or Social Meeting Singing Book, as well as for the Sunday School.
175 of the best Songs and Tunes.
Any book mailed on receipt of price.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., BOSTON.

FOR SALE—Or exchange for a 52-inch machine—a 54-inch CORNELL BICYCLE. Has not been run 30 miles. Good as new. Too large for owner. 4w18 H. B. LEETE, Palmer, Mass.

WANTED—A thoroughly competent girl for general housework.
MRS. C. B. FISK, Palmer.

Come to Our Store
AND GET PRICES ON
READY-MADE
CLOTHING
FOR THE
NEXT THIRTY DAYS.
YOU CAN SAVE 20 PER CENT,
AS ALL GOODS ARE MARKED DOWN, IN ORDER TO REDUCE STOCK.
READ THESE PRICES!
$10 SUITS at $8.00,
8 " " 6.00,
6 " " 4.50.
J. L. Shaw & Co.,
CLOTHIERS, HATTERS, and FURNISHERS,
MOORE'S BLOCK,.....MONSON, MASS.

HITCHCOCK'S
Jamaica Ginger
EXTRACT.
Put up in LARGEST BOTTLE, and made from the strongest, purest and best materials. As a speedy anodyne and energetic, vigorous and effective remedy for
Colic, Diarrhœa, Flatulence, Cramps, Chills, Colds, or Sudden Pains in the Back, Stomach, Bowels or Limbs,
Or similar ailments in which immediate relief is required,
It has no Equal.
This is not a new and untried medicine, nor an experiment in any respect; on the contrary, it combines and contains all the good and well-tried medicinal properties of some of the oldest and most highly esteemed remedies of the age.
ITS IMMEDIATE EFFECT IS MARVELOUS.
BETTER, STRONGER, CHEAPER THAN ANY OTHER. TRY IT.
Hitchcock's Pile Cure
IS A NEW THING,
AND WE WARRANT IT TO CURE EVERY CASE OF PILES.
GEO. L. HITCHCOCK, Pharmacist,
PALMER, MASS.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed administratrix of the estate of George M. Mixter, late of Monson, in the County of Hampden, deceased; and has taken upon herself that trust, by giving bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to
EMMA S. MIXTER, Administratrix.
Monson, Mass., July 21, 1884. 3w17

SHEPARD'S CELEBRATED
$60 SCREW CUTTING FOOT LATHE.
Foot and Power Lathes, Drill Presses, Scroll Saw Attachments, Chucks, Mandrels, Twist Drills, Dogs, Calipers. Send for catalogue of outfits, for amateurs or artesans. Address
H. L. SHEPARD & CO.,
341 and 343 West Front Street,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

TO RENT, IN SOUTH MONSON, on the Branch road, near the corner, House, Saloon, Garden, Hen House and Yard, to a man and wife that can fight well and fit harness, dry goods and fowls, and have plenty of onions in the fall. House in good order and will rent low, rent to be paid in advance. Colored people preferred. Or I will let two dwellings low and on easy terms.
Inquire of EARL PARKER,
3w17* South Monson.

FOR SALE.—My Cottage on Fox Avenue, containing 10 rooms. Good barn on the place.
C. E. FISH.
Palmer, Nov. 16, 1883. 33tf

The Time Has Come,
—AND—
WE Are READY
ONE GLANCE AT
THE BARGAINS
IN OUR LARGE AND ATTRACTIVE NEW SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK
—OF—
Clothing,
Gents' Furnishings,
Hats, Caps, Trunks,
Valises, Bags,
Umbrellas, etc.,
WILL CONVINCE YOU THAT AN
ERA OF PEACE AND PROSPERITY
HAS AT LAST DAWNED UPON YOU,
—AND—
Our Low Prices
WILL ACTUALLY SET YOU WITH DELIGHT.
FOSTER & GAMWELL,
ONE PRICE CLOTHIERS,
PALMER, - - MASS.

ASK FOR
M. A. Packard & Co's.
$2.99 Shoe
FOR GENT'S WEAR.
MADE IN THE LATEST STYLES!
BUTTON, BALS. and CONGRESS, LOW BUTTON OXFORD and STRAP.
These goods are made only from the
BEST CALF UPPER AND GLOVE KID TOPS.
THEY ARE ALL SOLID AND WARRANTED
FOR SALE BY
H. A. CLARK, Palmer.

A NICE LINE OF
STATIONERY,
— ALBUMS, —
LADIES' HAND BAGS, POCKET BOOKS,
TOILET AND FANCY GOODS,
JEWELRY, BIRTHDAY CARDS,
Etc., Etc., Etc.
Orders taken from catalogue for
SILVER WARE AND MUSICAL MERCHANDISE.
AT
G. L. KEENEY'S
DRUG AND STATIONERY STORE,
MONSON, MASS. 3

NEW LUMBER YARD!
F. F. MARCY, PALMER, MASS.,
DEALER IN
All kinds of LUMBER and SHINGLES, at retail and wholesale by the car-load. Windows, Doors Blinds and Mouldings. Carpenters' and Joiners Work done to order.
Yard and shop junction of the B. & A. and N. L. N. railroads, west of depot.

FOR SALE!
A GOOD DOUBLE-BARREL BREECH-LOADING
REMINGTON SHOT GUN.
JAMES COWLES, Palmer.

C. H. HOBBY, PIANO TUNER.
Orders for tuning may be left at O. P. Allen's Drug Store, Palmer, or may be sent to me by mail to Stafford Springs, Conn.

Seasonable Goods
IN GREAT VARIETY
—AND—
LOW PRICES
JUST OPENED!
PARASOLS
FROM 25 CENTS TO FIVE DOLLARS!
SUMMER UNDERWEAR
MOSQUITO NETS,
CHAMBRAYS, NEW GINGHAMS,
CAMBRICS AND PRINTS,
Which with an unusual stock of
STAPLE GOODS,
MAKES OUR STOCK FULL AND COMPLETE IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.
J. B. SHAW.
Palmer, May 29, 1884.

1884. 1884.
VOTERS, ATTENTION!
James Gillispie Blaine,
From the state of Maine,
For President next year,
Which now is drawing near;
Jim—he knows enough,
Is made of good stuff,
And if he wins the fight
We hope he will do right.
But to secure his election
We have some time for reflection.
Meantime we all want food—
We want that which is good;
At Palmer, Central Street,
Is what we need to eat.
Weld & Longley keep the place,
Where we hope to see your face,
And give you the right price
On Groceries, really nice.
You also get full weight,
And everything is straight;
Our tastes should be cultivated
To use food unadulterated,
And thereby maintain health,
Which is better than wealth.
We did not start in 1850,
But our place is growing thrifty.
We strive to sell goods pure,
And thus your patronage secure.
So when you chance to draw near
Do not pass us with a sneer,
But step in and see our shelves,
And examine for yourselves.

GET YOUR
LETTER HEADS,
BILL HEADS.
NOTE HEADS,
STATEMENTS,
Or anything of that kind printed at the
JOURNAL OFFICE,
And have them put up in
NEAT BLOCKS OF 100 EACH,
Thus preventing them becoming scattered and wasted.

BY LICENSE OF THE PROBATE COURT for the county of Hampden, the subscriber, administrator of the estate of Sabra M. Lemon, late of Wilbraham, in said county, deceased, will sell at public auction, on the premises, Saturday, August 23d, 1884, at ten o'clock a. m., the following described real estate, to wit: About 2½ acres of land, with house and woodshed thereon, situate on the easterly side of the Peak road, so called, in said Wilbraham, and nearly opposite of the Orrin Webster place. Also about four acres of pasture land, situate about one-quarter of a mile west of the first named tract, in said Wilbraham. Both said tracts belong to the estate of said deceased. EDWIN F. LEMON, Administrator.
Wilbraham, Aug. 1st, 1884. 3w18

NICHOLS ACADEMY,
DUDLEY, MASS. INCORPORATED 1819.
Open to both sexes. New Buildings. Large Library. Reading Room and Observatory. Observatory is a U. S. Signal Station. Students fitted for any college or technical school. Tuition free to deserving students. Fall term commences Tuesday, Sept. 2d. Send for catalogue to
5w18 MOSES BARNES, Treasurer.

The Editor.

BEFORE.

Who in his sanctum sits up late
And strives, with sentences of weight,
To set to right affairs of state?
The editor—admire him!

Who deftly moulds the public thought?
For money who can ne'er be bought?
Who always for the right has fought?
The editor—respect him!

Who notes what great men do and say?
And files obituaries away,
When they shall die to print next day?
The editor—revere him!

Who gives us cure for cough or cold?
Who suffers patiently and long,
And seldom uses language strong?
The editor—don't chide him!

Who ignorance must ne'er confess?
Who knows of all things more or less—
Or what he don't know sure can guess?
The editor—consult him!

When youthful talent seeks to rise,
Who views its growth with friendly eyes?
Its merits quick to recognize?
The editor—oh, bless him!

AFTER.

Who doth good judgment sadly lack?
Who has of taste not e'en a smack?
Who sent my little poem back?
The editor—confound him!

ILLUSIONS OF THE STAGE.

With the increase of realism on the stage, there is also an increase of illusions which tax the ingenuity of clever men behind the scenes, and often bewilder the most intelligent of the auditors. Some of these affects that occasion an uproar of applause, and necessitate the raising of the curtain repeatedly on a favorite tableau, are ridiculously simple.

For instance, when the young hero of the modern melodrama plunges into the canvas river from the set dock in the left fourth entrance, his disappearance is marked by a dash of spray uprising in foamy drops that glitter in the glaring calcium light. The effect of this from the front is thrillingly real. If you stood at the side scene, however, and saw the rough carpenter crouching in the trap behind the set waters, with a handful of rock salt ready to throw up after the hero has landed on the mattress placed to receive him, you wouldn't feel quite so enthusiastic. The inclination would be rather to laugh than to cheer.

For some time even old stagers were puzzled by an illusion in one of the French operas, as played by Aimee last season. In one of the comic scenes, while the comedienne, disguised as a waitress, was pouring out tea at a table on the scene, she poured it inadvertently down the neck of the dignified comedy character of the play. It seemed a boiling liquid that came from the vessel—even the steam seemed to rise from it—and yet the actor submitted to the scalding every night, and showed no evil effects the next day.

At last it came out that the French property man filled the teapot with a very fine saw-dust, which ran out smoothly like a liquid, a dust of its finer particles of the same rising from the spout like steam. With the footlights between, the illusion was made complete.

In nothing has the property man improved so much of late years, as in the quality and effectiveness of stage lightning. Only three or four years ago the old method was adhered to. A torch with a flame surrounded with a tin box filled with powdered rosin escaped in small quantities and flared up. This was the nearest the stage could come to counterfeiting the artillery of Jove. Now a calcium, (or better, an electric) light is completely masked in the wings. When the cue is given for the lightning, the light is unmasked for a second, and the rays allowed to flash on the stage through a lens of greenish glass. The effect of the blinding flash of lightning is perfect. And yet it is so simple; but it is the simplest things on the stage that gain the greatest success.

A favorite scenic effect is an illuminated city in the distance by night. The audience will always go wild over this—yet the effect is produced by merely cutting holes in a dark drop, and keeping the gas at back of it at full head, while the burners in front of the scene are reduced to a blue glimmer. The illusion was taken out of this scene to the writer, who, one evening, at 6 o'clock, called at a city theatre to have an interview with the manager, and found him on the stage hacking holes with his penknife in a black daubed canvas hanging near the rear wall of the theatre.

"I am making more lights in Liverpool," he said. "This scene is the biggest success of the whole piece."

The lovely Galatea might powder and plaster her face with bismuth in vain,—she would not look like a statue if she did not wear a wig of lamp-wick. Yes, lamp-wick! And isn't it a close simulation of the sculptor's idea of a head of hair in marble?

A handsome man, cast for the hideous Uriah Heep, transforms himself with ease by wearing a distending pad in either cheek, (painting, lining, and powdering the face to exaggerate the distortion), and covering his perfect set of teeth alternately with black wax. The disguise is perfect, artistically in character, and wins the artist more fancy than would be awarded for his best points of acting alone.

The moon was for a long time a puzzle to the stage folk. The best they could do was to slice a piece out of a drop diagonally, and set in another movable strip, an a part of which was a moon of greased muslin with a bright light behind it. This could be hauled up or lowered, according as Luna got a cue to rise or set, but the illusion was nothing. It was too often positively ridiculous to make the device popular with either manager or actor. All cursed the moon. Lately, however, the property man has worked on the principle of the stereoptican. He throws an illuminated disc on a transparent flat from behind the scene, and thus by moving the lens can establish Luna in any quarter of the stage firmament, and make her take any course without betraying her prospective orbit to the keen-eyed critics on the other side of the footlights.

Purling brooks of real water have been too common for many years to be worthy more than a passing remark, except that, viewed from the side scenes, unmasked by the set pieces of the painter and the property man, the effect is simply that of several faucets dripping water into a bathtub.

In old times, when "Mazeppa" was the rage, the writer joined the mob in howls of wonder and delight at the spectacle of the hero's "Firey, untamed Ukraine steed" thrusting his nose to his insensible master's face, and caressing him labially after his terrible ride. At a later day, when this deponent, from a coign of advantage in the second entrance, O. P., detected that Mazeppa held a carrot under his arm, and that it was not love of the hero, but a taste for vegetables, that actuated the noble steed, he felt sick at heart at the rude dispelling of the poetry of his boyhood.

Juliet's balcony scene looks real, and you imagine the lovely maid peering, indeed, from a rich boudoir to mourn to "the inconstant moon" for her prowling lover. But, viewed from the side scenes, with Juliet standing on a tottering ladder and growling at the grimy carpenter, who is steadying it, it is quite another thing.

The railroad train rushing by, was for a long time a thrilling sensation. Yet it is simply sections of painted canvas on a light frame-work, run across the stage in a greased groove by carpenters, and telescoping on itself when it touches the side wall of the theatre.

The effect of scudding clouds in a storm at sea, is only the dragging across the dark flat, a net with gauze patches sewed on it; and then touched up by the painter to resemble clouds, under the very uncertain light of the stage.

A fog or mist has always puzzled machinists, and puzzles them yet. The best they can do is to hang successive curtains of tarletan, or mosquito netting, (gauzes they call these curtains on the stage), across the stage at the different entrances, and raising them successively as the fog is supposed to disappear. There is no illusion at all. It is never used except when absolutely necessary, as in "Midsummer Night's Dream," and even then is often cut out after the first night's trial.

A great deal of illusion was carried on in the way of papier mache babies, turkeys, fruits and viands on the stage, but the rage for realism run mad has displaced them with the genuine articles.

Another great stage effect is the engulfing of a steamer at sea. Its disjointed parts roll off at the wings and sink down into traps and surging waves, in the form of a dusty piece of canvas called a sea-cloth, flow, or are hauled down to the first entrance, and agitating in wild billows until the curtain falls to an uproarous applause.

The lumpy nature of the waves, and their wild roaring, fill the audience with wonder. The explanation, though, is ridiculous. Each wave is a super. Under this cloth are from ten to twenty, (according to the extent of the ocean), of these wretched aspirants for dramatic fame, just humping themselves. According as they hump or loaf the sea is wild and tempestuous or smooth and billowy. As this scene is sure to be encored two or three times, there is no use in asking at the prompter's desk:

"What are the wild waves saying?"

They are swearing all the time.—*New York Star.*

WHERE SARAH WAS.

A —— county farmer had some wheat stolen a few nights since, and he was so sure that he knew who the thief was that he went into Detroit and secured a warrant for the arrest of a certain young man living near him.

When the case came up for trial in Justice alley, the defendent said he could prove an alibi. In order to do this, he had brought in "his girl," a buxom lass of twenty-two. She took the stand and swore that he sat up with her from seven o'clock in the evening till broad daylight next morning.

"People can be very easily mistaken," observed the plaintiff's lawyer.

"I don't care—I know he was there," she replied.

"What did you talk about?"

"Love!" she promptly answered.

"What time did the old folks go to bed?"

"I gave 'em the wink about ten."

"Sure he was there at midnight, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why are you sure?"

She blushed, looked over to her lover and laughed, and getting a nod to go ahead she said:

"Well, sir, just as the clock struck twelve, the old man jumped out of bed, up stairs, and hollered down: 'Sarah, yer ma wants some o' that catnip tea!' and we got such a start that we broke the back off the rocking chair, and went over on the floor kerplunk!"

"Then the jury must understand that you were seated on Samuel's knee?"

"I object," put in Samuel's lawyer, and his honor remembered the days of his youth and sustained the objection.

Since the introduction into our service of that convenient little missive, the postal card, millions have been utilized in forwarding messages of all descriptions. The following is one of the most unique. It was written on a postal card by a distinguished clergyman and sent to his mother:

From sweet Isaiah's sacred song, ninth chapter and verse six,
First thirteen words please take, and the following affix;
From Genesis, the thirty-fifth, verse seventeen, no more,
Then add verse twenty-six of Kings, book second, chapter four;
The last two verses, chapter first, the book of Samuel,
And you will learn what, on that day, your loving son befell.

Expressed in terse prose the message might have read: "I am a father. Mother and son doing well."

At Hamburg, in Germany, the longest day has 17 hours and the shortest 7. At Stockholm the longest has 18½ hours and the shortest 5½. At Finland the longest has 21½ hours. At Wondorbus, in Norway, the day lasts from May 21 to July, the sun not getting below the horizon during the whole time, but skimming along very close to it in the north. At Spitzenbergen the longest day lasts three months and a half.

It was on the piazza of a fashionable seaside hotel. Mme. Croesus, who had just come from her cottage, over a long stretch of concrete walk, seemed decidedly warm. "Don't you find it irksome to come so far for your meals?" asked a lady. "Oh, I wouldn't mind it," was the reply, "if those conseerated pavements were not so hot."—*Harper's Bazar.*

WHEN GIRLS ARE OF AGE.

There is a very prevalent opinion that girls become of age younger than boys; this is a mistake. A girl of sixteen may make a will of her personal property; a boy must be eighteen years of age. Neither can make a will of land until twenty-one.

A boy of seventeen may marry. A girl can marry at fourteen. If she marries under fourteen, she or either of her parents can commence a suit to annul the marriage, and the court will declare the marriage void because she, when married, had not attained the age of legal consent. But the husband cannot maintain such an action. He is bound by the marriage, and cannot escape the responsibilities, unless the wife or her parents have the marriage declared void by the courts. If the marriage is ratified by any mutual assent of the parties after the wife attained the age of fourteen years, both become bound by it.

A minor cannot submit to arbitration, but may sue or be sued. In a suit she must appear by a guardian appointed by the courts. If she be fourteen this is made on her application; if under fourteen, on the application of a relative.

He who deals with a minor does so at his peril, as contracts with them are voidable. If to the minor's advantage they can enforce. If not, their minority is sufficient excuse for refusing to perform. In the matters mentioned, and some others, girls are recognized by the law as being more forward than boys, and at an earlier age permitted to act for themselves. These distinctions are while they are minors. After they become adults there is no distinction on account of sex. Boys and girls alike attain full age when twenty-one years of age.

PETRIFIED FORESTS IN THE UNITED STATES.

Stone forests are in many parts of the world. A number of stony trees have been received at the Smithsonian Institute from the West. In many cases, they are hardened by the peculiar atmosphere as they stand and in other cases they are buried, the parts being replaced by mineral matter. The Little Colorado river in Arizona has long been a famous locality for such finds. At one place more than fifteen hundred cords of trunks and sections of logs were found by government surveyors. Most of them were silicified. Many are seven feet or more in diameter, and from twenty to seventy feet in height. The greater part of them have probably been covered in the marl that originally was one thousand feet thick. Some of the trees are changed to jasper assuming numerous hues, while others resemble opal, and when broken open the core is often found lined with crystals of the most beautiful tints. Louisiana and Ohio are noted localities for fossil trees. In the former state, several years ago, in turning up the ground an ancient forest layer was unearthed, and in succession two others below it; and scientists judge, from the size of the trees, that from the time of the first layer to the last, sixty thousand years must have elapsed. In the remains of the glacial drift in Ohio old forests are often discovered. Some have been buried beneath the water by the sinking of the land. Some of the Ohio trees are not yet entirely changed into stone, being soft, while others are found in all stages from rock to porous sponge matter.

It is doubtful whether the male head of a family often appreciates the opportunity he has for diffusing sunshine at home, or comprehends how much of gloom he can bring with him in a troubled face and moody temper from the office or the street. The house mother is within four walls from morning till dinner time, with few exceptions, and must bear the worriments of fretful children, inefficient servants, weak nerves and unexpected callers. And she must do this day after day, with monotonous regularity. The husband goes out from the petty details of home. He meets his friends. He feels the excitement of business competition. He has the braeing influence of the outdoor walk or ride. If he will come home cheerful and buoyant his presence is like a refreshing breeze. He has it in his power to brighten the household life, and add to the general happiness in a way that no man has the right to neglect.

An old bachelor who went to church last Sunday evolved a philosophy of the fan while he wasn't hearing the sermon. "Young girls," he said, "fan themselves rapidly, as if to say I'll catch him, I'll catch him, I'll catch him; while matrons are more calm about it, and teach their fans to softly murmur I've—got—him, I've—got—him, I've—got—him; while fans in the hands of widows tell the sad story as plainly as possible, I'-v-e—l-o-s-t—h-i-m, I'-v-e—l-o-s-t—h-i-m, I'-v-e—l-o-s-t—h-i-m."

The following complaints confined Smith to his bed for a week:

W-orms.
H-eadache.
I-ndigestion.
S-tomach-ache.
K-idneys out of order.
E-rysipelas.
Y-ellow jaundice.—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Little Eddie Bonner and Sammy Rose saw a worm crawling on the sidewalk in front of the latter's house. Sammy was going to mash it with a stone when Eddie said: "Don't mash it, Sammy! If you do Dod might mash you, for I heard mother say we ain't more'n the worms to Dod."—*Kentucky Journal.*

FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS.

Is there anything in any of the numerous advertisements of the Royal Baking Powder to show that the Royal does not use Ammonia and Tartaric Acid as cheap substitutes for Cream of Tartar? Or is there any charge, or the slightest insinuation in those advertisements, that Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder contains anything but the purest Grape Cream of Tartar and Bicarbonate of Soda, with a small portion of flour as a preservative?

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Combines, in a manner peculiar to itself, the best blood purifying and strengthening remedies of the vegetable kingdom. You will find this wonderful remedy effective where other medicines have failed. Try it this season. It will purify your blood, regulate the digestion, and give new life and vigor to the entire body.

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To women who suffer from any of the ills peculiar to their sex it is an unfailing friend. All druggists. One dollar a bottle, or address, Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

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Master Mechanic's and Superintendent's Office, Lowell Repair Shops of the Boston & Lowell R.R. LOWELL, MASS., March 25, 1884.

Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

Dear Sir: I think it is due to you that I should make the following statement, and I make it voluntarily and willingly: On the 4th day of June, 1881, I was taken with what was called paralysis of the bowels. The seizure was unexpected and terrible. The stomach and other organs seemed to sympathize with it and to have lost all power of action. For a long time my life was despaired of, but at length I recovered so far as to be able to ride out. By the advice of my physician I visited Poland Springs (Vt.), hoping to benefit from the waters. But they did me no good. Neither were the best physicians of Lowell or Boston, whom I consulted, able to afford me more than transient relief. I gained no strength and my case appeared almost hopeless. In the Fall a friend advised me to try KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, and although opposed to patent medicines, I made the trial. To make a long story short—FAVORITE REMEDY, in my opinion, saved my life. I consider it the best preparation in the world for stomach difficulties, as well as of the liver and other organs. I am glad to say it is in general use among the railroad men in this vicinity. Yours, etc.,

A. J. GIFFORD.

Mr. Gifford is the Master Mechanic of the Lowell division of the Boston & Lowell Railroad, and his illness and recovery are known to many who can testify to the facts in his letter.

Use this medicine for all diseases of the blood, Kidneys, Liver, Stomach, Bowels and Skin. It may save you and yours from pain and death.

Address, if desired, Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

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Boston, Jan. 1, 1884. 1y41

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HAY FEVER.

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—BY—
CHARLES B. FISK.

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Prospective.

SHE.

Well, here's summer come again,
And I hardly know,
(Watering places are such bores)
Where I'll have to go.

Saratoga? Balls and hops!
I've had enough, I guess.
I want to try some quiet place
Where I need not dress.

Lake George? Just the kind of place,
But mountains don't suit me.
Niagara? Why, I'm not a bride!
I guess I'll try the sea.

Newport? Really quite too swell.
Atlantic? Far too slow.
Cape May? Couldn't think of that.
Mount Desert? Well, no.

Let's see. I spent last summer there.
Well, so it always ends.
Fred told me when he went away,
We'd be the best of friends.

He said he might be there this year,
And then, perhaps—but no!
That really makes no odds to me.
I don't believe I'll go.

But still the air is always cool,
The isle with rocks begirt;
And Fred's canoe—yes, after all,
I'll go to Mount Desert.

HE.

Berkeley, Bowser, Canot too,
Now commencement's past,
Peaceful rest upon the shelves;
I'm A. B. at last.

This year will end vacation joys,
I wonder where to go
To spend the time until the fall,
And really I don't know.

How'd a trip to Europe do?
I'd have to go alone!
California? Just the same,
I'll try around near home.

I don't much like all these "resorts:"
Only dress and flirt!
It bores a fellow 'most to death!
Let's see now; Mount Desert?

I had a lark up there last year,
Paddling around with Bess;
I wonder if she'll be there now,
It couldn't be unless—

Pshaw! What use to think of that?
Even if she were there,
She'd hardly—no, it's better not;
But if not, pray then, where?

Nowhere is the air so fine;
Then there's my fine canoe,
I wish she were of Rushton's build,
Still, there's room for two.

I'll cruise all day about the rocks
Rigged in flannel shirt,
Pipe in mouth—Well, yes, I think
I'll go to Mount Desert.

—*Chaff.*

WOOING BY PROXY.

She is leaning back in the deep crimson chair, with a white dress sweeping in long, shining folds about her. She is talking to two or three men with that rather weary grace he has grown accustomed to see in her, and which is so different from the joyous smiles of Jeanne de Beaujen whom he loved so long ago. He is watching her from the opposite side of the salon, as he stands beside his hostess, and he tells himself that it is for the last time. He is going to her presently, and he knows just how coldly she will raise the dark eyes that once never met his without confessing that she loved him. He knows just what he will say and what she will answer, and there is no need for haste in this last scene of his tragedy.

"A man should know when he is beaten," he is thinking, while he smiles vaguely in reply to Mme. de Soule's commonplaces. "There is more stupidity than courage in not accepting a defeat while there is yet time to retreat with some dignity. For six weeks I have shown her, with directness that has, I dare say, been amusing to our mutual friends, that after ten years' absence my only object in returning to Paris is her society. She cannot avoid meeting me in public, but she has steadily refused to see me when I call upon her or to permit me a word with her alone. I have been a fool to forget that all these years in which I regretted her she naturally despised me, but at least it is not just of her to refuse me a hearing."

The moment he has been waiting for is come. The little court about her disperses until there is but one man beside her, and she glances around with a look of mild appeal against the continuance of his society.

De Palissier has escaped from his hostess in an instant, and the next he is murmuring with the faintest suspicion of a tremor in his voice:

"Will Mme. de Miramon permit me a dance?"

"Thanks, M. de Palissier, but I am not dancing this evening," she replies, with exactly the glance and tone he expects.

"Will madame give me a few moments serious conversation?" and this time the tremor is distinct, for even the nineteenth century horror for melodrama cannot keep a man's nerves quite steady when he is asking a question on which his whole future depends.

"One does not come to balls for serious conversation—" she begins, lightly.

"Where may I come, then?" he interrupts eagerly.

"Nowhere. There is no need for serious conversation between us, M. de Palissier," she replies, haughtily, and, rising, she takes the arm of the much-edified gentleman beside her and moves away.

It is all he has prophesied to himself, and yet for a moment the lights swim dizzily before him, and the passionate sweetness of that Strauss waltz the band is playing stabs his heart like a knife. For a moment he does not realize that he is standing quite motionless, gazing with despair in his eyes after Mme. de Miramon's slender, white-clad figure, that two or three people, who have seen and heard, are looking at him with that amused pity, which sentimental catastrophe always inspires in the spectator.

Some one touches his arm presently with a fan, and with a start he comes to himself and recognizes Lucille de Beaujen, a young sister of Mme. de Miramon, whom he remembers years ago as a child and with whom he has danced several times this winter.

"And our waltz, monsieur?" she asks, gayly. "Do not tell me that you have forgotten it. That is evident enough, but you should not admit it."

"Mille pardons, mademoiselle," he muttered hurriedly.

"I am very good to-night," she says, putting her hand on his mechanically extended arm. "Though the waltz is half through, there is still time for you to get me an ice."

So they make their way through the salon—she talking lightly and without pausing for a reply, while he, vaguely grateful to her for extracting him from an awkward position, wonders also that she should care to be so kind to a man whom her sister had treated with such marked dislike.

The refreshment room is almost empty, and she seats herself and motions him to a chair beside her when he has brought her an ice.

"Do you think, M. le Marquis, that it was only to eat ices with you that I have forced myself so resolutely upon you?" she asks, with a look of earnestness very rare on her bright, coquettish face.

"I think you an angel of compassion to an old friend of your childhood, Mlle. Lucille—"

"It was compassion, but more for my sister than you," she says, gravely.

"Your sister!" he echoes bitterly. "It has not occurred to me that Mme. de Miramon is in need of compassion, and yours is too sweet to be wasted—"

"Chut, monsieur," she interrupted. "Forget that I am as fond of pretty speeches as most young women, and think of me only as Jeanne de Miramon's sister, who believes that much as she loves her you love her even more—"

For the second time this evening, De Palisser forgets possible observers and clasps both the girl's slender hands in his; he murmurs unsteadily: "God bless you."

"You forget that we have an audience, monsieur," she says, withdrawing her hands quickly, but with a smile of frank comradeship. "I have a story to tell you, and not much time to tell it in. Years ago, when Jeanne left her convent on becoming fiance to M. de Miramon, she met you at her first ball, and you loved each other. It was very foolish, for you were a cadet of your house, and only a sous-lieutenant, and Jeanne had not a sou, so both the families were furious; but all would have ended as well as a fairy tale if you had been reasonable. Jeanne met you thus after time in secret, and promised any amount of patience, but she would not run away and marry you in defiance of her parents; so you tormented her with doubts, and shamed her with suspicions until she dreaded those secret meetings almost as much as she longed for them. At last, after making a more violent quarrel than usual, you exchanged from your regiment in Versailles to one stationed in Algiers, and left her no refuge from the reproaches of our father and mother but to marry M. de Miramon. He might have refused to marry her after hearing her confess, as she did, that she had given her heart to you, and that only your desertion had induced her to consent to their marriage. But he did not; he had a better revenge than that. He married her and for eight years he tortured her in every way that a jealous and cruel man can torment a proud, pure woman. He opened all her letters, he made spies of her servants, and not a day passed that he did not insult her with some mention of your name. Our parents died within a few months of the marriage, and I was at the convent. There was nothing to be done with her misery but endure it, knowing that she owed it all to your impatience. Can you wonder that she is unforgiving?"

He is leaning on a small table between them with folded arms and down-bent eyes, and he is very pale, even through the bronze of ten African summers.

"I loved her always—" he says, almost inaudibly; then pauses; nor does he finish his sentence, though she waits for him to do so.

"You love her? You could not have wrecked her life more utterly if you had hated her. Can you wonder that she has grown to fear the love that has been so cruel to her as yours and her husband's? Monsieur, my brother-in-law died two years ago—God is so good," continues Lucille, fiercely. "Since then Jeanne has been at peace, and she shrinks with absolute horror from disturbing the calm which has come to her after such storms. She fears you, she avoids you, because—shall I tell you why?"

She can see his lip quiver, even under his heavy mustache, but he neither speaks nor raises his eyes.

"She loves you," murmurs Lucille, just aloud.

He lifts his eyes now and looks at her dumbly for an instant; then, rising, abruptly walks away.

He comes back presently.

"My child," he says very gently, "do not try to make me believe that, unless you are very sure, for if I once believe it again—I—I—"

"I am as sure as I live that Jeanne has never ceased to love you, and that you can force her to confess it if you will make love to me."

"I? You? You are laughing at me!" with a rush of color into his dark face.

"Do you think so ill of Jeanne's sister!" she asked, softly.

"Pardon. I am scarcely myself, and I cannot imagine how—"

"Jeanne will not receive you because she knows her own heart and is afraid of it. She fears that you will destroy the hard-won peace she values so highly. But you are wealthy, distinguished, the head of your name—a very different person from what you were ten years ago—and she can find no reason for refusing you as my suitor if I consent, and as my chaperon she must be present at all our meetings. You begin to understand. Make her see that your love is not all jealousy; make her remember—make her regret."

"But, forgive me; when one has loved a woman for ten years," with a faint smile, "there is no room in one's heart for even a pretense at loving another."

"If there were, monsieur, I should never have proposed my plot," she replies, with dignity. "It is because I have watched you all these weeks and know your love is worthy of my sister that I trust you. But, it is not with one's heart that one pretends. Enfin, it is with you to consent or decline."

"Decline!" he echoes, with a passion none the less intense for its quietness. "Does a dying man decline his last chance of life, however desperate it may be?"

The next week is full of bitter surprises to the proud and patient woman, whose pathetic clinging to her newly-found peace Lucille so well understands. Though it is long since she has permitted herself to remember anything of the lover of her youth except his jealousy, she has believed in his faithfulness as utterly as she dreamed it, and when she receives De Palisser's note asking the consent of his old friend to his love for her sister, the pain she feels bewilders and dismays her. With a smile, whose cynicism is as much for herself as for him, she gives the note to Lucile, expecting an instant rejection of the man whose motives in pursuing them they had both so misunderstood. But, with a gay laugh: "Then my sympathy has been all without cause," the girl cries. "By all means, let him come, my Jeanne. It cannot wound you, who have long ago ceased to regret him, and he is the best *parti* in Paris, and *tres bel homme* for his age."

It is quite true there can be no objection to the wealthy and distinguished Marquis de Palissier if Lucile is willing—none but the pain at her heart, of which she is ashamed to confess, even to herself. So a note is written, fixing an hour for his first visit, and Mme. de Miramon prepares herself to meet the man whom she last saw alone in all the passionate anger of a lovers' quarrel.

There is a sound of wheels in the court-yard, and she rises with a hasty glance at her reflection in the mirror.

"His old friend!" she murmurs scornfully, "I dare say I look an old woman beside Lucille."

Then she turns with a look of graceful welcome, for the door is thrown open and a servant announces:

"M. le Marquis de Palissier."

"Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to receive as my sister's suitor the old friend of whom the world tells me such noble things."

She utters her little speech as naturally as though she had not rehearsed it a dozen times, and holds out her pretty hand to him.

"You are too good madame," he replies, very low; and she reflects that he is, of course a little embarrassed. "I am afraid you had much to forgive in those days so long ago, but time I trust has changed me."

"It would be sad, indeed, if time did not give us wisdom and coldness in exchange for all it takes from us," she says, with a quick thrill of pain that he should speak of ten years as if it were an eternity.

"Not coldness," he exclaims, coming nearer and looking at her with eyes that make her feel a girl again. "If you could see my heart you would—"

"May I enter, my sister?" asks the gay voice of Lucille, as she appears from behind the portiere at so fortunate a moment for the success of her plot that it is to be feared she had been eavesdropping.

De Palissier turns at once and presses her hand to his lips.

"Mademoiselle," he says, tenderly, "I am at your feet."

Then begins a charming little comedy of love making, in which Lucille plays her role with pretty coquetry and he with infinite zeal.

And the chaperon bends over her lace work and hears the caressing tones she thought she had forgotten and sees the tender glances she imagined she had ceased to regret, all given to her young sister in her unregarded presence. She is very patient and used to suffering, but at length she can endure no longer and, not daring to leave the room she moves away to a distant writing table, where she is at least beyond hearing.

There is an instant pause between the conspirators, and while De Palissier's eyes wistfully follow Mme. Miramon, Lucille seizes her opportunity with a promptness that would have done credit to a Richelieu or a Talleyrand, or any other prince.

"Courage, monsieur," she murmurs. "She has been cold to me ever since your note came. You would make a charming jeune premier at the Francais, only when you do say anything very tender do you remember to look at me instead of Jeanne." And she breaks into a laugh so utterly amusing that he presently laughs, too, and the sound of their mirth causes an odd blot in the poor chaperon's writing.

A month had dragged by wretchedly enough, both to the conspirators and their victim, and, like all things earthly, had come to an end at last. Even Lucille's energy could not keep De Palissier to his role if he did not believe that in surrendering it he must give up the bitter-sweet of Jeanne's daily presence, which even in its serene indifference, had become the one charm of life to him. Mme. de Miramon and her sister are spending a week at her villa near Paris, and De Palissier, who is to accompany them on a riding party, has arrived a little late, and finds both sisters already in the court-yard, with some horses and grooms, when he enters. Lucille comes to him at once as he dismounts, with a look of alarm instead of the usual coquetry.

"Do not let Jeanne ride Etoile," she said anxiously. "She has thrown Guillaume this morning."

Mme. de Miramon is standing beside an old groom, who is holding the horse in question, and she does not look at her sister or De Palissier as they approach.

"Let me ride Etoile, and take my horse to-day, madame," De Palissier says, eagerly.

"I should like to master a horse who had thrown so excellent a groom as Guillaume."

"So should I," she says with a hard little laugh, and she steps on the block.

"Jeanne!" cries Lucille.

"I entreat you for your sister's sake. She will be terribly alarmed," De Palissier says, hurriedly.

"Then you must console her. The greater the alarm the greater your delightful task, Monsieur," and she looks at him with a defiant pain in her eyes, like a stag at bay. "I shall ride Etoile."

"Then I say that you shall not," he answers putting his arms across the saddle and meeting her eye with a sudden blaze in his.

For an instant they gaze at each other in utter forgetfulness of any other presence than their own. Then she springs from the block and comes close to him.

"I hate you," she gasps, and, turning, gathers up her habit in one hand and runs into the house swiftly, followed by De Palissier. In the saloon she faces him with a gesture of passionate pride.

"Leave me," she says. "I forbid you to speak to me."

He is very pale, but the light of triumph is in his eyes, and, like most men, being triumphant, he is cruel.

"Why do you hate me?" he asked imperiously.

"I beg your pardon," she stammers, dropping the eyes which she knows are betraying her, "I should have said——"

"You should have said, 'I love you,'" he murmurs, coming close to her and holding out his arms. "Does it hurt you that I should know it at last—I who have loved you for all these years?"

"But Lucille," she falters, moving away from him, but with eyes that shine and lips that quiver with bewildered joy.

"Never mind Lucille," cries that young lady very cheerfully from the doorway. "It has been all a plot for your happiness, Jeanne, which would never have succeeded if you had known your sister as well as she knew you. To think that I would be content with the wreck of any man's heart! —*fi donc!* When my day comes,

Like Alexander, I will reign,
And I will reign alone.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

Collins were plain and burial caskets were unknown.

Tombstones had larger epitaphs and more verbosity upon them.

Eggs were a shilling a dozen and butter was considered high at 18c per pound.

Much of the silver currency, ilps, levies, and dollars, was of Mexican and Spanish coinage.

The country retail trade was much better, as people could not so easily run to the city by rail.

Business letters were more voluminous and formal, and were written in a precise round hand.

There was York currency, eight shillings to the dollar, and New England currency six shillings to the dollar.

The diet was more subcharged with grease, the winter breakfast usually being made of salted ham and hot cakes.

Dinner was simply a hasty lunch at noon, and little importance was attached to the necessity for good digestion or a period of rest after eating.

New Orleans and Muscavado molasses, black and thin, was the common sweetening for buckwheat cakes. Refined molasses was almost unknown.

The bank bills were of state banks, and the further west their locality the shakier they were. Illinois and Indiana hills would barely pass in New York.

Coffee was freshly ground every morning and the grinding of the family coffee mill was a familiar sound hours before the children arose.

Negro minstrelsy was just cropping out in the traveling circus. There were generally but two performers, who assumed male and female characters. The popular melody was "Jump, Jim Crow."

People did not live as long as they do now, nor was the average health as good as at present. They ate more grease, more hot bread, and more heavy dishes, and drank more at meals.

At funerals the undertaker cried with the mourners, the flow of tears being proportionate to the expense of the funeral.

Young people considered it a privilege to sit up all night with the corpse before burial.

A RULE TO BE ENFORCED.

Pat was a fresh arrival and had obtained a situation in a hotel as a sort of man of all work.

"Now, Pat," said the landlord, "you see that sign: 'Gentlemen must use the spittoons.' If you notice any of the guests violating that rule I want you to report the matter to me."

"Oi will, sor."

Pat kept a sharp eye out and after watching a gentleman for half an hour he went to him and said:

"D'ye moind the sign furninst the wall, sor?"

"Yes."

"Phy don't you obsarve it, thin?"

"I am not spitting on the carpet," said the gentleman, rather astonished.

"Oi knaw yer not, an' yer not usin' the spittune naythur. Spet, ye thafe, or Oi'll report yez."—*New York Sun.*

"Begorra, I've always been a Dimmycrat, but I'll vote for Logan this toime," exclaimed an enthusiastic Irishman on the Fourth. When asked his reasons, he replied: "Shure an' the papers sez he murders the English, and be the powers oim down on the English!"—*Norristown Herald.*

Little Freddie was talking to his grandmother who was something of a skeptic: "Grandma, do you belong to the Presbyterian church?" "No." "To the Baptist?" "No." "To any church?" "No." "Well, grandma, don't you think it's about time to get in somewhere?"

The Fault of the Age.

The fault of the age is a mad endeavor
To leap to heights that were made to climb;
By a burst of strength or a thought that is clever
We plan to outwit and forestall Time.

We scorn to wait for the thing worth having;
We want high noon at the day's dim dawn;
We find no pleasure in toiling and saving
As our forefathers did in the good times gone.

We force our roses before their season
To bloom and blossom that we may wear;
And then we wonder and ask the reason
Why perfect buds are so few and rare.

We crave the gain, but despise the getting;
We want wealth, not as a reward, but dower;
And the strength that is wasted in useless fretting
Would fell a forest or build a tower.

To covet the prize, yet to shrink from the winning;
To thirst for glory, yet fear the fight—
Why, what can it lead to at last but sinning,
To mental languor and moral blight?

Better the old slow way of striving
And counting small gains when the year is done,
Than to use our forces all in contriving
And to grasp for pleasure we have not won.

—*Ella Wheeler.*

HE DID THE BEST HE COULD.

An Irish laborer was recently killed on the railroad, and one of his fellow-workmen was deputed to break the news to his wife.

"Break it gently to her, Dennis, poor sowl," he was instructed. "Lead up to it by degrees, and not he too sudden like."

"Is this Mrs. McFadden?" asked Dennis, who was frightened at the task before him, of the woman who opened the door.

"It is. Phat do you want?"

"Is Mr. McFadden in?"

"He is not. He is beyant on the railroad working for 90 cents a day."

"It's a foine day, Mrs. Mc.Fadden. would ye moind givin' me a tashte of wather? Thank ye, bad cess to the stuff. It's a foine day, Mrs. McFadden."

"Yis, it's a foine day. Phat would ye he after doing wid Mister McFadden?"

"I want to say him on some private business. Will he be home this av'nin, do ye think?"

"He will."

"Misther McFadden is a very dacent man, and shure he has a foine looking wolfe. Yor of Oirish descint, av coorse?"

"Yis; me grandfather was an O'Rourke, and me father was the best man that ever left ould Oireland."

"I think Ol'l wait for Misther McFadden. I want to spake to him at wanct when he comes home."

"Poor crathur," communed Dennis as he seated himself, "Ol'm the man to break the news gintly to her, but it's hard wurrk. There they come now with all that is left of poor Mr. McFadden. Ol say, Mrs. McFadden," exclaimed Dennis, "they're bringin' yer husband to yer! a train ran over him and killed him."

And with the tears standing in his eyes, Dennis said: "Byes, I broke the news gintly, poor sowl!"—*Philadelphia Call.*

FRITZ'S BOY AND THE ROGUES.

"I leaf my son Shake in der shtore while I come down town," he began as he halted a patrolman, "und pooty quick a man vhalks in und looks all aroundt, und says:

"'Boy, I has got some badt news for you.'

"'How vas dot?' asks Shake.

"'Vell, your fadder falls down ou der shtreet und preaks his leg, und I vhas here to get a dollar to pay for a hack to bring him home.'

"'No?'

"'Dot vhas so.'

"Vhell, dot makes my poy Shake feel like a load of hay falls on him, but he don' go quite crazy. He tinks it all ofer und asks:

"'So my fadder proke his leg!'

"'Yes.'

"'Vhich leg was it?'

"'Der left leg.'

"'Are you sure?'

"'Of course; I help carry him in der city hall.'

"Den my poy Shake he laughs all ofer—shust so, and chuckles down in his poots, like dis—und den he plows police vhistle mit all his might, und dot schwindler runs avay."

"So Jake doubted his story, eh?"

"Of course."

"Why?"

"Vell, you look here a few times."

He reached down and pulled up the left trousers leg, and the officer saw a neat and handy wooden limb.

"You don't fool my poy Shake on wooden legs, und don't you forget him!" chuckled the old man, as he waved his hand for a street car to take him aboard.—*Detroit Free Press.*

He was seated across the room. "George," she said, "if a fire suddenly broke out in the house what would be your first impulse, do you think?" "Well, my first thought would be for you, of course. I would get you to a place of safety and then do what I could to extinguish the flames." "That would be very nice of you George, to think of me first; but if a fire were to break out now, for instance, wouldn't you lose valuable time reaching me from way across the room?" "I don't know but I would," said George, as he changed his seat.

The best thanniering that ever has been or that ever will be done, is that which enables men and women to live within their income, however small that income may be. That is the only honest living, the only safe living, and in the end the only successful living.—*Terre Haute Mail.*

A magazine writer declares that William Tell never shot an apple off his son's head. Next thing we know some dreadful iconoclast will come along and try to prove that Rip Van Winkle never took a twenty years' nap on the Catskill mountains.—*Norristown Herald.*

Men often judge the person but not the cause, which is not justice but malice.

A GENUINE LOVE STORY.

A young clergyman and his bride were invited guests at a large party given by a wealthy parishioner. In all the freshness and elegance of her bridal wardrobe the young wife shone among the throng, distinguished by her comeliness and vivacity and rich attire; and when, during the evening her young husband drew her aside and whispered to her that she was the most beautiful woman in all the company, and that his heart was bursting with pride and love for her, she thought herself the happiest wife in the world. Ten years later the same husband and wife were guests at the same house, where was gathered a similar gay company. The wife of ten years ago wore the same dress she had worn on the previous occasion, and of course it had been altered and made over, and was old-fashioned and shabby. Toil and care and motherhood and pinched circumstances had taken the roses out of the cheeks and the lithe spring out of her form. She sat apart from the crowd, care-worn and pre-occupied. Her small hands roughened with course toil, were ungloved, for the minister's salary was painfully small. A little apart the ten years' husband stood and looked at his wife, and, as he observed her faded dress and weary attitude, a great sense of all her patient loving faithfulness came over his heart. Looking up, she caught his earnest gaze and noticed that his eyes were filled with tears. She rose and went to him, her questioning eyes mutely asking for an explanation of his emotion; and when he tenderly took her hand, and, placing it on his arm, led her away from the crowd and told her how he had been thinking of her as she looked ten years before, when she was a bride, and how much more precious she was to him now, and how much more beautiful, for all of her shabby dress and roughened hands, and how he appreciated all her sacrifice and patient toil for him and their children, a great wave of happiness filled her heart, a light shone in her face that gave it more than its youthful beauty, and in all the company there was not so happy a couple as this husband and wife, their hearts and faces aglow from the flaming up of pure sentiment that transfigured and ennobled and glorified all the toils and privation they had endured.

BOB'S MOTHER-IN-LAW.

Why, what this country needs to keep it from going to the bow-wows is a few more mothers-in-law of the good old-fashioned school, to stand between young housekeepers and a greedy world. A home without a mother-in-law is a home without a guardian angel.

There never was but one home established without a mother-in-law. And that seems to have been a mistake. That mother-in-lawless home walked right into trouble, as the sparks fly upward. It went right out into the orchard and ordered fruit for two, and got all the rest of us into more trouble than all the good mother-in-laws of to-day can ever get us out of. Away with all this outrageous abuse of the mother-in-law. Have you no sense of gratitude, young man? Do you love your wife? Oh, most devotedly. Well, then, where would you have got your wife, had it not been for your mother-in-law?

And another thing, young man. Some day when you are saying smart things about your mother-in-law, sit down and fasten the tackle of your brilliant intellect upon the subject, and do not let go of it until you have calmly, honestly, impartially studied the question in all its bearings:

"My wife—how about her mother-in-law?"—*Burdette.*

IT BOTHERED THE DOCTOR.

Dr. McCosh is celebrated for his egotism and the best of it is he is never conscious of it.

He has a broad Scotch accent, and the habit of gnawing at the joint of his thumb when busily thinking.

Some years ago he was lecturing before the senior class of Princeton college. He had been discussing Leibnitz's view of the reason of evil, to the effect that mankind was put upon the earth because there was less evil here than elsewhere.

One of the seniors inquired: "Well, doctor, why was evil introduced into the world?"

"Ah!" said the doctor, holding up both hands, "ye have asked the hardest question in all feelosophy. Socrates tried to answer it and failed; Plato tried it and failed; Kahnt attempted it and made bad work of it; Leibnetz tried it, and he begged the whole question as I've been tellin' ye; and I confess"—(gnawing at his thumb knuckle) "I confess I don't know—what—to make of it myself."—*Troy Press.*

GUESTS.

Don't invite them if you don't want them.

Don't run into debt to entertain them in style.

Don't show them off too publicly if they happen to be distinguished individuals, and don't hide them if they are poor relatives.

Don't change the complexion of your family prayers to match the religion to which they happen to belong.

Don't tell them every minute to make themselves at home, but make your home so home-like that they can't help feeling at home.

"Does your head ever swim, Mr. Suifkins?" asked little Tom Popinjay of his sister's beau?" "Yes, Tommy, I suffer occasionally from dizziness," replied the slim. "I thought so," said Tommy. "Pa said he'd pitch you into the horse pond, only your head would keep you from sinking."

"By Jove!" said the enamored dude, "I shall have to propose to her by letter. I could never get down on my knees, ye knaw, in these trousers."—*Lowell Citizen.*

The Journal.

FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 15, 1884.

NEWBURYPORT welcomed Lieut. Greely to his home yesterday, with a procession, speeches and a crowd of some 15,000 people.

IT is reported that ex-Senator Conkling is ready to take the stump for Blaine and Logan in New York. If the report be true, there need be no further wonderment as to the cause of last Sunday's earthquake.

THE Wall Street Bank of New York closed its doors Monday, and the cashier, John P. Dickinson, has disappeared. The amount of his defalcation is not known, but it is expected that depositors will be paid in full.

NEARLY eighty-five years have elapsed since the death of George Washington, and the last layer of stone was placed on the Washington monument last Saturday. The monument is 500 feet high, and though not fully completed is now in a fair way to be before the century runs out.

THE city of Wheeling, West Virginia, is in rather a bad way, its constitutional limit of indebtedness, 5 per cent of its valuation, having been overrun, while it has no money in the treasury for current expenses, and the police and other officers are anxious to know where their pay is coming from.

THE Boston *Herald* has a couple of libel suits on its hands, having been sued by a western railroad for $125,000 for publishing a circular, while Rev. Dr. Ball, of Buffalo, one of the sponsors for the Cleveland scandal, wants $25,000 from the *Herald* for charging him with filching from an Indiana congregation, with falsehood and guzzling.

LAKE MARANACOOK, Me., was the scene of a rousing Republican rally Tuesday, it being estimated that 15,000 people were present. Mr. Blaine was there and spoke briefly, and speeches were made by Emory A. Storrs of Illinois, Senators Hale and Frye, Gov. Robie, Gen. John L. Swift and others. As an "opening gun" in the state campaign the gathering was a great success.

SINCE the Boston *Globe* has decided to stand by the Democratic candidate and let Butler paddle his own canoe in the presidential contest, it is reported that the General will establish a new daily at the Hub to further his candidacy. It will be an expensive amusement, but he can afford it, and the paper, if started, will undoubtedly be wideawake and aggressive enough to add not a little to the campaign music.

THE Indianapolis *Sentinel* published an editorial last Friday making scandalous charges against Mr. Blaine, and when the matter came to his notice, yesterday, Mr. Blaine at once telegraphed instructions to have the publisher sued for libel. A complaint was filed at once, demanding $50,000 damages, and the suit and criminal proceedings will be pushed with all possible dispatch. In doing this Mr. Blaine sets an example which Gov. Cleveland would do well to follow. The charges against the latter have been published with great minuteness, accompanied with a challenge to the governor to test their truth by a suit.

AN earthquake shock of greater severity than has been experienced in this latitude in many years, if ever, was felt over a wide area last Sunday, a few moments after 2 p. m. It extended from Portland, Me., to the Carolinas, and as far west as the Alleghanies. It lasted from three to five seconds, with several distinct vibrations, accompanied with a rumbling noise, but no damage was done. In some places dishes were rattled, bells rung and so on, and nervous people generally were more or less alarmed. The cause of the disturbance is not known, though generally ascribed to the cooling of the earth's surface, and people whose mental equilibrium was upset by this unwonted conduct on the part of Mother Earth, may console themselves with the reflection that no really severe earthquake has occurred in this part of the world since history began, and none is ever likely to in the future, though we may have a little shiver on rare occasions, as in this instance. Another shock of earthquake was felt on parts of Long Island Monday afternoon.

A HORRIBLE story has been published this week to the effect that the survivors of the Greely party ate the bodies of their dead comrades as a last resort, during the latter weeks of their slow starvation at Cape Sabine. The officers of the relief expedition, who exhumed the bodies and brought them home for burial, are very reticent, but the fact of cannibalism seems to have been clearly established at Rochester, N. Y., yesterday, by the unearthing of the body of Lieut. Kislingbury, one of the victims. An autopsy was made, and it was found that most of the flesh had been removed apparently with some sharp instrument, the bones being intact. Lieut. Greely, however, emphatically denies any knowledge of cannibalism. One man was shot by his order for repeatedly stealing rations, and it would seem that some of the party in their desperation eked out existance by secretly eating the flesh of their dead companions. But even if, in their extremity, they were forced to this terrible alternative, nothing can be gained by publishing the harrowing details, and it is a great pity that the matter could not have been kept from the public. The whole North Pole business is a terrible farce, anyway, with results in no way commensurate with the hardships endured, and the lives thrown away. It is time we were done sacrificing to this Arctic god.

Alexander Beckwith of Great Barrington, stabbed his 17-years-old son with a dining fork last Sunday afternoon, and it is feared that the boy will not recover. They had had some words at the table, and the father struck the boy under the arm as he rose to leave.

Hillsboro, Ill., and other towns in that vicinity, are making war on the "Mother Hubbard" dresses, and the police have issued orders that any woman appearing on the streets in one shall be arrested.

The wife of Thomas A. Edison, the inventor, died at Menlo Park, N. J., last Saturday, at the age of 29.

THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER.

When a minister marries a couple doesn't he enforce the unit(e) rule?

The first sugar plantation is supposed to have been run by Adam. At any rate, he was the first to raise Cain.

A child recently born at Amsterdam is reported as having two tongues. It is unnecessary to state the sex of the child.

There is a man in this state at the head of a very good looking JOURNAL who will have his effects con-Fisk-cated if he again tries to Palmer paragraph off like that which appeared in a recent issue. It will not Barry *Record*ing here.—*Middleboro News.*

It is reported that Vanderbilt's possessions have dwindled away until he has only a mere matter of $150,000,000 remaining. We are very sorry for Van; very sorry. But cheer up, old fellow; we'll give you shelter for a couple of weeks when you are totally stranded.

A small boy will tramp barefoot over valley and hill, through brush and briars, all day long, hunting after birds' nests or picking herries for a few cents of spending money, but when his mother asks him to go out after an armful of wood, the chips in the wood-yard hurt his feet so that he can scarcely walk.

A little green apple knocked at the door of a Masonic lodge room and begged the door-keeper to admit him, as he was a member of the fraternity in good and regular standing. "Give us the password," said that official. "Verily, I have forgotten it," replied the little green apple, "but just take me in, I will give you the grip, p. d. q."

"What have you in the basket?" asked Tompkins as he met Brown going along the street with a huge basket on his arm. "Watermelon; biggest one in the market," said Brown, as he put the basket down for his friend to look. "Why, w'at er melon it is!" said Tompkins, surprised at its size. When Brown recovered, some small boys had got basket, melon and all.

Sylvester of the Middleboro *News* says that in anticipation of a flood of campaign literature, with requests "to notice," he has taken out his waste basket and put a barrel in its stead. We used a barrel for that purpose until it came to emptying it every morning, and have now hired an unoccupied cellar next door. An interesting(?) amount of reading matter is now stored there until—1901.

The following was discovered in one of our exchanges:

> I lost a dime a year ago,
> And long its loss disturbed my rest;
> But time at length healed all my woe—
> I found that dime in last year's vest.

It was not credited, but we know that no newspaper man ever wrote it, not a bit of it. The idea of any one connected with the art of printing carrying a dime in his pocket a whole year, without knowing it, is too absurd for anything. And then that "last year's vest." That's too much. A printer is lucky to have a this year's vest, let alone a last year's one. No; you may safely gamble all your weekly salary on the statement that no newspaper man ever wrote the above.

A COMMITTEE of Buffalo Independents has published a refutation of the charges against Gov. Cleveland, smoothing over the betrayal case and denying the truth of the other charges. The *Commercial Advertiser* of that city says of the denial:

It has been asserted that this manifesto of personal purity and upright citizenship in Mr. Cleveland's behalf would be signed by hundreds of prominent citizens, irrespective of party, and would be strengthened by affidavits and other "conclusive proof." Well, the long-looked for "vindication" has appeared, and speaks for itself in the columns of this paper. It is signed by just sixteen gentlemen, all personal friends of the Democratic candidate, and all men who have from the first openly declared their intention to vote for him. They assert their entire confidence in the man's integrity and purity, and that is all there is to it. Let the readers of the *Commercial* carefully examine the list and they will see how utterly insignificant and uninfluential the signers are.

GEN. BUTLER says that "tinker's dam" is not a "swear word,"—and he really ought to know. He explains the origin of the expression as follows:—

In the olden time, when traveling tinkers went about the country mending the holes in the tin kettles and pans he frequently found one that was ragged and rusty, so that the soldering iron would not take, and he was obliged to fill it up with a mass of solder. To keep the solder *en masse* over the hole while in the melted state he was accustomed to take some crumbs of bread and moisten them and make a little ridge around the hole with the moistened crumbs, to hold the solder to its place as he melted it in. This was what was called a "tinker's dam," which he brushed away after he had finished, as it was utterly useless. So that our pilgrim fathers used the words "not worth a tinker's dam," never dreaming that they were profane.

Judge Thomas Drummond of Milwaukee is somewhat down on lawyers who attempt to bleed their clients unduly. To three Milwaukee lawyers who put in bills amounting to $25,000 for services in settling an estate worth $32,000, he said: "Gentlemen, those charges are infamous. They are such as men who are scoundrels and thieves at heart would make. This charge of $15,000 is cut down to $1,500, those of $5,000 each to $500. Repeat such a piece of rapine in this court and I will disbar every one of you."

Abraham Shipley, a Westfield colored boy of 18, and a hard case, was shot by an officer on Monday evening while he was attempting to arrest him. In the dark the officer saw the boy raise his arm, and, knowing him to be a hard case, thought he was going to shoot and so fired his weapon in self defence.

The weather at Block Island so far has been somewhat cool, wet and foggy, no doubt keeping many visitors away who would have gone there had it been warmer. But still the islanders say that if the present season will continue only three weeks more it will be the most successful ever known.

Emancipation day was celebrated by the colored people at Elmira, N. Y., on Tuesday by a big parade of military, fire companies, etc., speech making, and a general good time.

Boston's valuation for this year is $682,648,000, a gain of $215,300 over last year. The tax rate is $17 on $1000, or $2.50 more than last year.

LOCAL NOTICES.

A large line of fall style Hats have just been received at S. H. Hellyar & Co's.

PALMER AND VICINITY.

Cool nights.

Pleasant days.

Not very good weather for mosquitoes.

Mrs. F. J. Wassum is at Riverside, R. I.

The painters are at work on the exterior of the bank block.

The Converse House will look much better with its new roof.

Fred Harrison has gone to Milton, Ct., for a stay of two weeks.

The skating rink will be open again tomorrow afternoon and evening.

S. S. Taft and family are at Nantucket for an outing of a couple of weeks.

Joseph Thompson is having his Main street residence brightened by the painters.

W. W. Leach is away on a vacation. For further information consult another column.

Miss Dora Chapman, clerk for S. H. Hellyar & Co., has gone on a vacation of two weeks.

Mrs. L. M. Burleigh left for Chicago on Tuesday, where she will spend three or four weeks.

Many is the small boy or girl who gets a snug little sum for spending money by picking berries.

Frank Tupper has recovered from his sickness, and returned to his place as clerk in the post office.

Station Agent Bostock has broken ground for his house on the corner of Highland avenue and Squier street.

Rev. O. R. Hunt of the Baptist church exchanges with Rev. Homer A. King of Mystic, Ct., next Sunday.

The peach fiend was in our midst Wednesday. Pee—chiz! pee—chiz! m'lo' pee—chiz! Ten cen' squar!

Milton Holdsworth and Will Johnson have returned from Lake Dunmore, Vt., where they have been camping out.

Rev. Mr. Joy of Three Rivers will preach at the Methodist church at Four Corners next Sunday afternoon at 1 o'clock.

About one hundred and fifty tickets were sold at this station for the excursion to Boston and Nantasket Beach on Tuesday.

Work is progressing on the stone arch at the east end of the depot grounds, and the grading is being done by quite a force of men.

A good sized and very pleasant party attended the opening session of the roller skating rink at Wales Hall last Saturday evening.

An auction sale of hardware and farming tools was commenced in the west store of Strong's new block Wednesday evening, and is to continue a few days.

Lovers of autumn leaves can now begin to lay in a stock for the coming winter, many of the trees in the woods having taken on all sorts of brilliant hues.

Frank F. Marcy, whom Amedie Vigeant made trustee of his estate, has filed a bill in equity asking the superior court to accept his account and relieve him of the trusteeship.

The directors of the Eastern Hampden Agricultural Society had a meeting at the store of O. P. Allen this afternoon at 2 o'clock, to make arrangements for the annual exhibition in September.

The concreters have been kept quite busy the past week, and a number of new sidewalks are the result. Several new cross walks have also been put in, which will be much appreciated next winter.

An excursion train with about 900 on board came down the Ware River road on Wednesday bound for a day at the Hub and Nantasket Beach. They came from Barre Plains and intermediate stations.

While a horse was being harnessed to a carriage at Shepherd's stable Monday afternoon, it suddenly took a notion to go back into the barn, and did so, taking carriage and all with it, but doing no damage to speak of.

A number of "toughs" got into a drunken row on Main street about 12 o'clock last Saturday night, and created considerable disturbance for a time, refusing to be quiet until one of them, a lad who will not be out of his teens for some years, got "knocked out" in just one round by one of our hotel proprietors.

W. A. Deichmann of Monson is to open a class in the German language in this village about September 1st. As Mr. Deichmann is a native German, and his terms are very low, those who desire to acquire this language have a splendid opportunity to do so. Further information can be had by addressing him at Monson.

The towns constituting the 1st Hampden senatorial district, of which this is one, are entitled to two free scholarships to the Agricultural College at Amherst, and any of our young men who wish to try for one of them should send their names to W. R. Sessions of Hampden. A further description will be found in another column.

It is reported that the old passenger station has been sold to Caryl Bros., who are to move it into the corner of the depot grounds at Main and Commercial streets, to be occupied by them for their beer bottling business, they moving their Ware branch to this place. They are understood to have taken a five years' lease of the ground.

Those of our citizens who wish to spend a day at Lake Pleasant will have an opportunity to do so to-morrow, as the New London Northern road is to run one of it's popular excursions to that resort. The special train will leave here at at 9.20, arriving at the lake at 10.45, and the fare for the round trip is only 75 cents. Returning, trains leave the lake at 4 and 10 p. m.

An examination of the candidates for admission to the high school who failed to pass the first time, and all other scholars who may wish to avail themselves of this opportunity, will be held in the high school room in this village Saturday, the 23d inst., at nine o'clock in the forenoon. The examinations in grammer and arithmetic will take place at that hour, the other branches following.

The earthquake which visited this section of the country last Sunday was felt in this village about eight minutes past two in the afternoon. The shock was very perceptible, buildings being shaken, pictures on the walls being moved, and lamp shades and chimneys rattled. Many experienced a faintness, or feeling akin to seasickness, while some felt considerably alarmed for the time being.

Now that the houses in the town are being numbered, a Worcester firm proposes to issue a directory of the place, and their canvasser is already at work. The book, which will be ready for delivery some time in September, will be much more complete than anything of the kind heretofore published, and will fill a long-felt want in town for an accurate and systematic directory. It will also contain a list of Monson residents.

Would it not be a good idea to have the names of the streets painted upon boards and put up at the street corners in view of the coming directory of the town? As it now is there is nothing to tell a stranger what street he is on, and we doubt if one-tenth of the people in the village know where Highland avenue is located, or several other streets which we might name. Now a stranger has to hunt his way around the place as best he can.

We believe it was last spring that a benevolent citizen of this village offered the use of a commodious and pleasant room for a reading room if it would be fitted up for that purpose, but as yet we have heard of no step being taken in the matter, and not the slightest interest appears to be manifested one way or the other. A good reading room would no doubt keep many of our young men out of the saloons, and there are plenty of them with this year of license. A good reading room the village ought to have, and we hope to see one here the coming winter.

The fruit season so far this year has not been a very good one, and many housewives have fallen short in their supply for canning purposes. The strawberry season was almost a total failure, and no local berries came in at all. There have been no blueberries to speak of, and the low-bush blackberries are gone by. There are some huckleberries, though not a very large crop, and not nearly so many as last year, when they were retailed at 8 cents per quart, the present price being 13 cents, and costing the dealer 10. High-bush blackberries will probably begin to come in by the first of next week, and the yield promises to be a fine one. Peaches are in the market, but no very fine ones as yet, though good Crawfords may be looked for in about a week. The yield of this splendid fruit is reported very good.

DISTRICT COURT.

Aug. 11.—Hearing in matter of search warrant at premises of Earl Parker and John Carney, Monson, decision reserved.

The case of a seizure at the Monson House was continued until to-morrow.

12.—Timothy O'Grady, liquor keeping: fined $50 and costs; appealed.

13.—James Fagan, drunk; fined $1 and costs of $3.90; paid.

14.—Robert Martin, attempt to commit rape; found not guilty.

The item some weeks ago charging John Buckley with being drunk, was incorrect. Buckley was the complainant, and Daniel McCloud the victim.

HAMPDEN.

Dr. Bottum is quite ill with Bright's disease.

The old Warren homestead has been sold to F. L. Davis of Springfield for about $2500.

BRIMFIELD.

Rev. W. H. Peirce left on Monday for his usual summer vacation.

Sumner Parker, who has been sick since July 4th, is very low, and his physicians give no hope of his recovery.

N. M. Goodale has so far recovered as to be about the village, and his wife can walk about her room, but as yet is not able to talk.

NORTH WILBRAHAM.

Preaching at the Chapel by Rev. G. W. Mansfield at 6 o'clock next Sunday evening.

The Republicans held a meeting Wednesday evening to form a Blaine and Logan club and make arrangements for a flag raising, details to be arranged at a meeting to be held at the station next Tuesday evening. All interested in the campaign and permanent organization are invited to be present.

PALMER CENTER.

Mrs. King has received a number of boarders the past week.

Samuel Brown cut his right knee quite severely with a scythe last week Thursday. Dr. Stowe dressed the wound and it is healing nicely.

The sisters, three daughters, and a number of grandchildren of Mrs. Rufus Bacon paid her a visit last week, the occasion being her 61st birthday. A very nice time was enjoyed.

WALES.

Rev. H. P. Smith and family of Hartford are spending a few weeks in town.

A new bridge is being put up in place of the old rotten one at the Valley mill.

The Ladies' Aid society held an ice cream festival last evening in the vestry of the Baptist church.

Willie Willis is looking for a tin peddler who abused his wife while the family was absent. He is said to come from Ware.

The mills run only eight hours now, and people have ample time to pick whortleberries, which are quite plenty and sell at 8 cents per quart.

WILBRAHAM.

A. J. Blanchard has been re-appointed a justice of the peace for another term.

A Cleveland and Hendricks flag was thrown to the breeze last Saturday evening.

Constable Cooley has been authorized by the selectmen to kill all unlicensed dogs in town.

Mrs. A. P. Southerland and family are occupying Prof. Raymond's house while he is at the seashore with his family.

F. E. Clark has resigned his appointment as one of the registrars of voters, and the selectmen have appointed Joseph A. Parker in his place.

WEST BRIMFIELD.

Miss Kate M. Carey is visiting friends in this vicinity for a few days.

Mrs. Abner Shaw is spending a week at the Lake Pleasant camp meeting.

A decided improvement has been made at the homestead of Miss M. Rogers, which has just been painted.

Mrs. N. Knowlton of Wilbraham, and her daughter Mrs. F. S. King of this place, are attending the convention of the Boynton family at Newburyport.

Master Herbert A. King is gathering clams and taking salt water baths at Niantic, Ct., in company with his uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Dickinson of West Springfield.

BELCHERTOWN.

The foundation for the new library will be completed this week.

Rev. Mr. Lyman preached two sermons on the sin of gambling last Sunday.

The Baptist church has received two coats of paint, and will also be otherwise repaired.

The Masons and their wives picnicked at Slate's Grove last Thursday, and had an enjoyable time.

J. R. Gould is seriously ill, caused from over-exertion, after being treated at Buffalo for hernia.

Mr. Patterson, who has taught the high school for two years, will continue in charge the coming year.

The annual reunion and picnic of the Morse family will be held at Slater's Grove, South Belchertown, next Wednesday.

Rev. Mr. Oviatt, the oldest living pastor of the Congregational church, but now retired from active preaching, will occupy the pulpit next Sunday.

The people on the hill are somewhat excited as regards the location of the soldiers' monument, and it is quite likely that a special town meeting will be called in regard to the matter.

MONSON.

Rev. E. H. Byington is spending his vacation in the White Mountains, at present at Bethlehem.

Rev. Mr. Maxham of Stafford will preach at Evergreen Park Sunday afternoon at half past four o'clock.

Misses Inez Bills and Emma Leonard are spending a few weeks vacation at Block Island and Willimantic.

Wesley Squier, our post office clerk, starts next Monday for a two-weeks' vacation in the eastern part of the state.

A representative from a Worcester firm is canvassing the town for a directory, which will be issued some time in September.

There is to be another examination for admission to the high school, to be held at the school house in district No. 1 next Friday afternoon at 1 o'clock.

The Congregational Sabbath school had a very successful gathering in Flynt's Park last week. The day was perfect. The arrangements had been carefully made; ice cream and lemonade were provided for all, and an abundance of good things was provided for the tables, and the folks, little and big were there in good numbers. All enjoyed themselves.

THORNDIKE.

Genie Mitchell of Worcester is visiting with friends in town.

Miss Welch of Springfield is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Lawton.

Miss Marion Houston returned on Monday from her vacation at Worcester.

A gang of men are working nights in the rear of the No. 1 mill enlarging the canals, building a wall, etc.

Our agent, Mr. Green, is becoming every day more popular among his help and the public in general, and he seems to be deserving of the same, as he is a gentleman who would do only justice to all.

We are asked the question, "how is business in your place?" In reply we are only too glad to respond by saying it never was better than at present. Our mills are running full blast, and in fact all business is rushing.

Quite an interesting game of base ball was played here on the up-street grounds on Saturday last between the Palmer Centers and Bondsvilles. The Palmer Centers are composed of some players from this place, and between both places they make a good team the Bondsvilles were defeated by a score of 8 to 7.

It was rumored sometime ago that the No. 1 mill would be stopped some time for repairs, but now we hear nothing of the same, and if we understand matters correctly, we would say that the company are unable to fill some of their orders, and if such is the case we would say that the mill will stop but very little if at all.

WARREN.

Frank won the championship medal at the rifle club match last Saturday.

Rev. Mr. Danielson of Southbridge occupies the Congregational pulpit Sunday.

The drama "Little Brown Jug" is to be given this evening by the Sons of Temperance.

The grammar school will be taught next term by Miss Hattie M. Cleveland of Amherst.

The funeral of George S. Jennings of West Brookfield will be held in the Methodist church at this place next Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock with masonic honors.

The Knowles steam pump works have just completed the large compound duplex pumping engine destined to supply the city of Omaha with water. It has been tested, and gives good satisfaction; it throws a steady, continuous ten-inch stream, working smoothly and even. The total length of the pump is 37 ft. 6 in., width 14 ft. 5 in., height, including air chambers, 18 ft. 2 in. It has 29-inch high pressure cylinder and 50¼-inch low pressure, 22⅛-inch plunger, 48-inch stroke. It has four air pumps 22 in. diameter, 25 in. stroke, connected with 36 in. condenser. These are placed beneath the floor line and are connected with the crosshead. It is guaranteed to pump five million gallons of water every twenty-four hours against a head of three hundred feet. The water is to be taken from settling basin near the Missouri river. It is handsomely finished and lagged and has attracted much attention, being the largest pump of this class ever manufactured here. The weight is estimated to be about eighty tons. It has been examined by parties from other Western cities in view of getting one for a similar purpose. It was designed by George de Laval.

WARE AND VICINITY.

Miss Emma V. Hall leaves for the Sandwich Islands next Monday.

A. E. P. Perkins D. D., has returned from his vacation, and will preach at his church next Sunday.

Edward N. Anderson took part in the singing at the East Congregational church last Sunday morning.

There were 453 tickets sold in Ware for the excursion to Boston and Nantasket Beach on Wednesday.

Elliot E. Cleveland, formerly with G. K. Cutler, has found employment as second hand in the Otis Company's new mill.

There was a fair attendance at the Advent grove meeting at Hardwick Pond last Sunday. Elder F. W. Blackmer is to preach at the same place again next Sunday.

T. E. Nooman of Providence has taken the store of Reed & Hearn, and is making large additions to the stock. The Misses Reed & Hearn will remain in the dressmaking business.

It is reported that E. B. Barney and S. W. Coe are to go into the dry goods and grocery business in the south store of Gray's new block. They are enterprising young men who will have the good wishes of a host of friends for their success in business.

The earthquake of last Sunday was quite marked in some localities in town while in others it was not noticeable. At our own house the swaying motion of the building was so great that pictures upon the wall continued swinging for some time after the shock was over.

There is to be a clam bake and picnic at Sturtevant's Grove on Thursday, August 21st. We are informed that the disgraceful conduct at a former picnic there was not the fault of the proprietor, other parties coming upon the grounds and selling liquor. Measures have been taken to prevent a repetition of such scenes.

The Montezuma *Record* says that an old negro woman, who was at one time a dark ginger cake color, has turned white with the exception of a few liver colored spots on the face and arms. "Aunt Kitty" says that the remaining spots are disappearing very fast, and if the old negress is spared to live a few years longer it will be one instance to be recorded where a negress was born black and buried white. Her age and the fact that she now has great grandchildren is an evidence of her health.

Some Waterbury, Ct., blackmailers who have had things their own way for some time have at last come to grief. They have been in the habit of secreting themselves in the dense shrubbery at one side of a certain road and surprise any belated couple with a charge of improper conduct, and threaten to make a complaint against them, and many times secured sums from innocent persons who did not wish a scandal. It is supposed that they made fully $2000 in this way before they were arrested.

The village of Stockbridge is somewhat excited because a number of cows have died recently in a manner which was a mystery for sometime, but which was finally cleared up by the discovery that they had been fed on meal mixed with Paris green. No cause is known for the malicious deed.

Not long ago a young Florida negro named Romeo married a young colored woman named Juliet. They now have twins which they have named Romulus and Remus, and they are all driven to church every Sunday by a horse named Pontius Pilate in a carriage named Noah's Ark.

It is reported that many of the residents of Mehanicsville, Va., are suffering fearfully from want of food, many of them being on the verge of starvation. They are all operatives of the cotton factory which closed some weeks ago.

A man recently released from the insane asylum at West Springfield, Ill., jumped into a wagon containing three farmers, and cut the throats of two of them, the third escaping. He then put the whip to the team and escaped.

A stream of water near Harrisonburg, La., has petrifying properties. About two years ago a dead hog was thrown into the stream and was recently discovered to be solid rock. It will be sent to the New Orleans Exposition.

The Columbian mills at Southbridge, together with the office, boarding house and tenement house were burned last Saturday morning. The fire was supposed to be incendiary, and sixty hands were thrown out of employment.

The strength of the Brooklyn Bridge was shown in the last earthshake. Though the shock was felt at both the entrances of the bridge and at the depots, no jar whatever was noticed on the span and in the center of the bridge.

John H. Starin of New York gave his eighth annual free entertainment to the newsboys and bootblacks of that city last Saturday, when some 3000 of them enjoyed a free excursion to Alpine Grove, Long Island sound.

An old colored woman who died in Washington on Monday claimed to be 116 years old. It is said she was born on the farm of Gen. Henderson in 1768, and remained a slave until 1851, when she purchased her freedom.

A lot of Italian laborers who arrived at Castle Garden last week, were found to be little better off than white slaves, having been sent over here by an Italian padrone who had the most binding contracts with them.

A car of the Broadway railroad, at Brooklyn, N. Y., was struck by a train at the crossing of the Manhattan road on Monday morning and the conductor killed and several passengers seriously injured.

Rev. H. M. Collinson, pastor of a Presbyterian church near Chicago, shot his wife dead and then killed himself on Tuesday.

Rufus Porter, the founder of the *Scientific American* died in the hospital at New Haven, Ct., yesterday at the age of 93.

A $100,000 fire occurred at Boston Wednesday morning, and two of the city's best firemen were burned to death.

NOTES FROM BLOCK ISLAND.

Correspondence of the JOURNAL.

CAMP SEA BLUFF,
BLOCK ISLAND, R. I.

Perhaps some may be interested in the further adventures, if any happenings be worthy that name, of the undersigned.

Old residents tell us that the present is an unusual season in certain respects. The amount of rain-fall has been unprecedently large, and the fog has prevailed vastly more than common. For the first week of our stay the steam fog horn seemed to be at work night and day. We noticed a curious phenomenon in connection with the sounding of the horn, viz: a prolonged echo, lasting in some cases even thirty seconds after the sound from the horn had ceased. We supposed that the fog must give back the sound as a hill or forest would, or as Byron has daringly assumed the clouds might do, in the line:

"As if the clouds its echo would repeat,"

in his Battle of Waterloo. On inquiring of the keeper of the light about the matter, he gave us two bits of information which upset our theory. He said the cause of the echo was not known and that it was observed by the fog instead of being caused by it.

Blue fishing is all the rage just now, and much of it is done directly off our camp. As I write a fleet of fifteen or twenty yachts are in plain view, fishing for them. It is a beautiful sight as they glide back and forth like things of life. It is not an uncommon thing for two men to bring in a hundred of these fish as the result of a single forenoon's work. A blue fish is delectable eating, if used rightly, but is good for little away from the salt water. If dressed as soon as caught and then broiled, it is hard to beat.

Uno, Junior and a relative visiting camp for a few days started one morning to try the blue fish, but the wind died away so that we could not get to the fishing ground nor fish if we had been able to get there, so we went to a place where flounders are caught and fished for them. Our luck was as follows: Junior caught eight, Uno two and the third party one; and then a pouring rain came down and we went home. The expression on Junior's face as he continued to haul in these singular members of the finny tribe, while the others angled in vain, was worth seeing.

Another day the party went out to the whistling buoy to meet the New York Yacht Club race from Newport, which, however, did not come off. In the boat was a party of young men, four of whom spent most of the time in playing poker for money. One of them grew so filthy in his utterances that Uno felt obliged to give him such a rebuke that he grew silent. He claimed that they were out for a good time. What an idea of a good time such must have!

Junior and Uno took a walk last week along the bathing beach some three miles to the northward. Their object was a visit to a place where many years ago a whale was stranded. They sought for some relic of this leviathan. A rib or rather a part of one was found. This was eight feet long and as many inches broad, so could not be readily pocketed, hence was abandoned. In a few minutes, however, his ear was found. Now let no one imagine a whale's ear is carteligious like the ears of most other creatures, and hence wonder how it could have been preserved all these years. The substance of which the ear is made is as dense and heavy as ivory, and as indestructable. It is about the size and nearly the shape of the fist of a large man. It will be noted that the sense of hearing in the whale is not remarkably acute. This will make a welcome addition to Junior's cabinet.

Yesterday Uno walked across the island to the west side and attended divine services at a little Free Will Baptist church. The walk was about four miles and led through the fields for the most part. Roads are rare and paths numerous. Every stone wall (and stone walls are many) has some low place or places in it, so that one can step over readily. Although paths are numerous one cannot lose his way, for every few minutes he climbs some hill and can take his bearings anew. At least fifty stone walls were climbed before the church was reached. From the top of the hill on which the church stood, the east end of Long Island was plainly seen, and Montauk Light was just visible.

The services were simple and interesting. The sermon a plain, earnest and practical one on the impossibility of being, and hence folly of seeking to be neutral. One is either for Christ or against Him. There can be no third class. He closed with a strong appeal to his audience to choose whom they would serve. As this church is not Calvinistic but Free Will, the appeal was consistent with itself and the remainder of the discourse.

Other matters must lie over till another letter.

UNO.

During the three months just passed the Pittsburg, Pa., distillers have shipped over 5000 barrels of whisky to Europe for storage, and probably as much more will follow in a short time. This is done to avoid the tax caused by the refusal of Congress to extend the time of whiskey in bond. It costs only $6.25 to ship a barrel of the stuff to Bremen, store it for two years, insure it and land it in New York again, whereas it would cost $20 to keep it here for two years.

Tennessee has a way of dealing with Mormons which means business every time. Last Sunday night a body of men went to a house where some Mormon elders were holding a meeting, and knocking at the door called upon the owner to surrender. He refused, and was struck over the head with a gun, and in the row which ensued, two elders were killed outright, and three others are believed to have been killed.

Henry Tolman was arrested at Plymouth Wednesday morning for attempting to blow up the dyke and highway over Green river. There has been much trouble and many disputes about it, and several attempts have been made to destroy it. Tolman had 60 pounds of Atlas powder arranged with a time fuse when he was arrested.

It is said that 3000 Piegan Indians at the Blackfeet agency are almost without food, and many of them are actually starving to death.

THINGS IN GENERAL.

"Ice, fresh daily" is a Philadelphia sign.

Cincinnati claims a population of 300,000.

There are 40,000 news venders in England.

Worcester has adopted public Sunday concerts.

The Chinese empire has 28,000,000 inhabitants.

It is said that negroes hardly ever commit suicide.

The tax rate in the town of Orange is $19 on $1000.

The cotton crop in Northern Texas is in fine condition.

Brooklyn has the largest tin-box factory in the country.

Greek has been banished from Chicago's public schools.

Nine-tenths of European counterfeiters are from Italy.

Turin claims to make the finest church organs in Europe.

Ipswich will celebrate next Saturday her 250th anniversary.

There were 40 deaths from yellow fever at Havana last week.

Birch wood is coming into demand for floors for skating rinks.

Garden parties are the rage among the hotel guests at Saratoga.

The Mountain House at Mount Desert was burned Saturday night.

Women who are worth $20 are allowed to vote on the Isle of Man.

England has 143 bicycle factories and eighty-three tricycle makers.

The dead-letter office at Washington last year handled 4,500,000 letters.

The Warren Mill at Stafford Springs, Ct., shut down on Saturday night.

The funded debt of New York is nearly ninety-one and a half millions.

Fitchburg pays four dollars per pupil for text books under the new law.

Of three hundred murderers tried in Paris last year but five were convicted.

Commander Schley has a brother who is a journeyman printer in Baltimore.

A Coney island restaurant has "18 carrot vegetable soup," on its bill of fare.

Philadelphia dog-catchers have safely disposed of 37,151 animals in 11 years.

Thirty-six men and nine women committed suicide for love in Italy in 1883.

The condition of the New York police is said to be getting from bad to worse.

Rev. Newman Hall is en route to America for a two-months' tour of the country.

Parisians have discarded the word "lady" and speak in all instances of "woman."

It is said that there are only five genuine signatures of Shakespeare in existance.

Wheat has been carried from Chicago to Liverpool this year for 15 cents a bushel.

At Shubuta, Miss., the boys take the girls out riding in buggies drawn by oxen.

Last year there were 600 students at the University of Notre Dame at South Bend, Ind.

The Mexican minister of finance is preparing a plan of general real estate taxation.

The Republicans of Nashua threw out eight Blaine and Logan flags last Friday night.

Pink, white and blue water lilies grow as large as dinner plates in Queensland, Australia.

In 1875 there were 156 newspapers and periodicals published in Japan. Now there are 2000.

There are about 50,000 Italians in New York. Most of them speak the English language.

Great Britain had 550 war vessels in 1883, France 356, the United States 139 and Germany 100.

The rice crop in Louisania promises to be magnificent. The cane is growing at a rapid rate.

It is said that one-quarter of the visitors to Saratoga are made ill by too much mineral water.

At the South peanuts are generally eaten raw. Roasting is said to make them more indigestible.

A French almanac predicts that Emperor William and Gen. Moltke will die before Dec. 31, 1884.

Since the opening of the Brooklyn bridge fourteen months ago, 14,525,000 persons have crossed it.

There is more snow on the Sierras than has been known at this time in the season for twenty years.

The routes of some newspaper carriers in Philadelphia are said to be worth $10,000 as an investment.

A twenty pound shell from a Parrott gun was lately found imbedded in the roof of the Vicksburg Opera house.

A California Indian recently took over $3000 from a "pocket" he found in the mountains of Shasta county.

The Chesapeake Bay frog hunters send $100,000 worth of their commodity to northern markets every year.

A bed of rock salt five feet thick underlies the Michigan town of St. Clair, but it is 1632 feet below the surface.

There grows in Texas, it is said, a "drouth proof" grass that can be cut every four weeks from May till frost.

The London *Truth* says that among the occupations which are doing the worst in England is that of the builders.

A Cuban lady at one of the Saratoga hotels is fanned during meals by a colored lad to keep off the audacious flies.

The height of houses in Paris is governed by municipal regulations. The width of the street furnishes the standard.

An odd sort of straw hat is made from sea grass. The maker says that rain strengthens and improves the fabric.

Petroleum of such a limpid quality that it may be used in lamps without refining has been found near Palermo, on the island of Sicily.

Gen. Booth, the founder of the Salvation Army, declares that he has never drawn a penny from its funds since it started, nineteen years ago.

Oyster shells are being put on the roads around New Haven, Conn., this summer for the first time in a number of years. Oyster-growers refuse to buy them even at three cents a bushel, because the ravages of the star-fish and heavy taxation have almost ruined their industry. It is said that a single owner of oyster-beds has lost $1,000,000 this year through the attacks of star-fish.

Signor Tamberlik, "one of the greatest tenors of live and twenty years ago," is a remarkable instance of the vitality of a human being under difficulties. He was heard, according to the correspondent of English newspaper, singing at Grenada last year, with all his accustomed vigor, sixty-four years after his birth, and six months after his death.

Leverett boasts the heaviest girl of her age that can be produced in that part of the state. Lelia Marvel, aged 12, and daughter of Calvin Marvel, a "Cave Hill" farmer, tips the scales at 230 pounds, is in excellent health and specially fleet of foot, distancing many of her own age who are of slim build.

The "bad lands" of Dakota west of the Missouri River are turning out to be splendid pasturage for cattle. The country furnishes ample shelter, and not above two per cent of the stock has been lost from all causes.

The Norwich, Ct., papers report the discovery of a crude kind of coral in the Thames river below Fort Point.

The Washington monument is now 500 feet high, the last layer of stone having been placed in position last Saturday, and workmen will commence at once to put the 55-foot roof in position.

Salem is getting a great sufficiency of the Salvation Army, and is endeavoring to find some way by which it can get rid of the nuisance.

Literary Notes.

The *Pathfinder* for August is the result of a careful revision of all tables, changes have been added, and as a Railway Guide it approaches, at perfection. The large new map of New England and the Provinces accompanies the number and is valuable to the traveler. To meet the demands of the public a number of new tables are added monthly and the next issue will include the balance of the roads in New York state. It is a valuable assistant to all tourists.

Babyland for August will find a welcome from the babies with its bright, pretty pictures and easy stories. It is just the thing to interest and amuse the youngest.

The *Pansy* is an excellent magazine for children, and the August number seems superior to any previous issue. Much that is pleasing, as well as instructive will be found in its pages. Such publications form an educational influence of great value for the young.

August brings "*Our Little Men and Women*," full of bright little stories and poems, with a picture for almost every page and a flavor of mid-summer about the whole. Instruction as well as entertainment is aimed at, hence many little bits of information which are so attractive that children read and remember.

Our Little Ones for August is timely in its appearance and as attractive as any previous number of this deservedly popular child's magazine. Happy the child to whom it comes with as pleasant a greeting as in the dreary days of winter. "All of good and nought of ill" may justly be said of it.

The Boston and Bingham steamboat company issues a pocket pamphlet guide to Boston harbor and Nantasket beach, to which is appended a map of the harbor. Possessed of this the pleasure seeker can observe understandingly the many places of interest between the city and the popular beach at Nantasket.

FURNITURE.—The immense stock of new styles on hand in Chamber, Parlor and Sitting-room Furniture at Paine's, 48 Canal St., Boston, should be seen by all our towns people when they visit that city. We heartily recommend this as a reliable place to trade.

HAY FEVER.

I have been a Hay Fever sufferer for three years; have often heard Ely's Cream Balm spoken of in the highest terms; did not take much stock in it because of the many quack medicines. A friend persuaded me to try the Balm and I did so with wonderful success. This recommendation you can use for the benefit of Hay Fever sufferers.—T. S. Geer, Syracuse, N. Y. Price 50 cents. 2w20.

O. P. Allen and O. J. Winslow will refund the price paid if Acker's Blood Elixir does not relieve any skin or blood disorder. A new, but thoroughly tested discovery. eow 1y 1

UNNECESSARY SUFFERING.—Why need I suffer from biliousness, liver complaint, malaria, torpor of the bowels, etc? Because I have never used Rice & Co's Eclectic Pills, which are purely vegetable, gelatine coated, and cause no griping pains, (cathartic and cholagogue.) Price, 25 cents. For sale by GEO. L. HITCHCOCK, Palmer. 7

O. P. Allen and O. J. Winslow state that indigestion prepares every one for disease, but guarantee Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets to cure all forms of indigestion. eow 1y 1

RECIPE FOR THE TROUBLED MIND.—The thought often arises, and the question asked "What shall I do?" I have tried all of the doctors, and patent medicines, and money is gone, and still no better. Recipe—Go to your druggist, and get a bottle of Rice & Co's Eclectic Liniment and a box of Eclectic Pills—for our motto is, no cure, no pay. For sale at C. E. BLOOD'S Drug Store, Ware. 7

O. P. Allen and O. J. Winslow distinctly state that Acker's English Remedy has and does cure contracted consumption. Ask for circular. An entirely new medicine guaranteed. eow 1y 1

FORMULÆ FOR RICE & CO'S ECLECTIC PILLS.—May apple, extract dandelion, rhubarb, ext aloes and colocynth comp, and oil anise. Price 25 cents. Gelatine coated. Liver and malarial disease cannot exist where these pills are taken. No griping. Price 25 cents. For sale by G. L. KEENEY, Druggist and Stationer, Monson. 7

Fact—but, as the newspapers say, "nobody will believe it," Fontaine's cure for Consumption is guaranteed to cure diseases of the lungs. Sold by O. P. Allen. eowly12

Pimples, blotches, eruptions of the skin, indicate that you need a few doses of Fontaine's Great Discovery. Sold by O. P. Allen. eowly12

Oh, how beautiful it makes the complexion! For eruptions, Lady Camelia's Secret of Beauty is superior to soap or liniments. Price 50 cents. At Allen's Pharmacy. 3 4w37

Thousands are daily having freckles removed by a trial of Lady Camelia's Secret of Beauty. Price 50 cents, at Allen's Pharmacy. 1 4w y29

"ROUGH ON RATS"
Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers; 15c; druggists.

HEART PAINS.
Palpitation, Dropsical Swellings, Dizziness, Indigestion, Headache, Sleeplessness, cured by Wells' Health Renewer."

"ROUGH ON CORNS."
Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns;" 15c; quick, complete cure; hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

"ROUGH ON COUGHS."
Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for coughs, colds, sore throat, hoarseness. Troches, 15c; Liquid, 50c.

"ROUGH ON DENTIST" TOOTH POWDER.
Smooth, refreshing, harmless, elegant, cleansing, preservative and fragrant; druggists; 15c.

THIN PEOPLE.
"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Headache, Nervousness, Debility; $1.

BED-BUGS, FLIES.
Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

MOTHERS.
If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use Wells' Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.

LIFE PRESERVER.
If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to the spot.

"ROUGH ON TOOTHACHE."
Instant relief for neuralgia, toothache, facecache. Ask for "Rough on Toothache;" 15 and 25 cents.

PRETTY WOMEN.
Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

"ROUGH ON ITCH."
"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

NIGHT SWEATS.
Headache, fever, chills, malaria, dyspepsia, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.

THE HOPE OF THE NATION.
Children, slow in development, puny, scrawny, and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."

"ROUGH ON PAIN."
Cures colic, cramps, diarrhœa; externally for aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. For man or beast. 25 and 50 cents.

"ROUGH ON PAIN" PLASTER.
Porous and strengthening, improved, the best for backache, pains in chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia; 25c; druggists or mail. 1y12

MORE, the new remedy, is acknowledged by leading physicians to cure *Headache, Neuralgia* and *Malaria* when everything else fails. For sale at Palmer by O. P. Allen, and at Monson by G. L. Keeney, druggists. 3m12

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she was a Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.
1y11

Everybody Knows It.

When you have the Itch, Salt Rheum, Galls, or Skin Eruption of any kind, and the Piles, that you know without being told of it. G. L. Hitchcock, Palmer, G. L. Keeney, Monson, and C. E. Blood, Ware, the druggists, will sell you Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy for 50 cents, which is a sure cure for either of the above diseases. 1y15eow

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The greatest medical wonder of the world. Warranted to speedily cure Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Cancers, Piles, Chilblains, Corns, Tetter, Chapped Hands, and all skin eruptions, guaranteed to cure in every instance or money refunded. 25 cents per box. For sale by G. L. Hitchcock. 1y32

VOX POPULI, VOX DEI.—The HOMEOPATHIC MEDICINES best adapted for family use are those sold at O. P. Allen's, Palmer, and G. L. Keeney's, Monson. The guide-slip attached to each bottle enables one to treat most of the ordinary ailments common to a family. 3m12

An Eye to Business.

O. P. Allen, the druggist, is always wide-awake to business and spares no pains to secure the best of every article in his line. He has secured the agency for Kemp's Balsam for Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all affections of the throat and lungs. Sold on a positive guarantee. Price 50 cents and $1.00. Trial size free. eow17

Cause of Failure.

Want of confidence accounts for half of the business failures of to-day. G. L. Hitchcock, Palmer, G. L. Keeney, Monson, and C. E. Blood, Ware, the druggists, are not liable to fail for want of confidence in Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup, for they give away a bottle free to all who are suffering with coughs, colds, asthma, consumption, and all affections of the throat and lungs. 1y15eow

Take 15 Cents,

And get Kemp's Botanic Liver Pills for Headache, for Biliousness, for Torpid Liver, for the Complexion. Use no other. Sold by O. P. Allen. eow17

A Run on a Drug Store.

Never was such a rush made for any drug store as is now at Geo. L. Hitchcock's for a trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. All persons affected with Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Severe Coughs or any affection of the Throat and Lungs, can get a trial bottle of this great remedy *free* by calling at the above drug store. Regular size $1.00. 5

BORN.

At Ware, 9th, a daughter to C. C. HITCHCOCK.
At Greenwich Village, 5th, a daughter to CLARENCE D. and MARTHA M. BRADWAY.

MARRIED.

At Monson, 12th, by Rev. James Tufts, W. W. LEACH of Palmer and ELLEN SUTCLIFFE of Monson.

DIED.

At Palmer, 9th, Mrs. ELISHA WARNER, 56.
At Three Rivers, 10th, Mrs. NELLIE PARKHURST, 20.
At Three Rivers, 11th, JAMES ROSBOTTOM, 74.
At Thorndike, 7th, MARY O'CONNOR, 20.
At Ludlow, 9th, ASENATH, 70, widow of William Wait.
At Belchertown, 10th, Mrs. JONATHAN WEBBER, 94.
At Belchertown, 12th, CHARLES COOMES, 45.

FOR SALE—Best corner lot in Palmer, on corner Park and Thorndike streets. 4w20* Inquire of DR. DOWNING.

NOTICE.—There will be a second examination for the High School pupils in Monson Friday, Aug. 22d, at 1 o'clock p. m. at the school House in No. 1. 1w20

HITCHCOCK FREE HIGH SCHOOL,
BRIMFIELD, MASS.
ARTHUR A. UPHAM, Principal.
Thorough English and Classical Departments. *Tuition Free.* Fall term begins sept. 3d. Entrance examination Sept. 2d. For catalogue or information address HENRY F. BROWN, 3w20 Secretary.

FREE STATE SCHOLARSHIPS.
Massachusetts Agricultural College—The towns constituting the 1st Hampden Senatorial District, are entitled, without payment of tuition, to send to the College two young men, who will be required to pass an examination in English Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, through simple equations and the history of the United States. Application in own handwriting, giving name, age, residence and reference, may be addressed to the undersigned, until August 28, 1884. Notice will be given to applicants of the time and place for competitive examination. WM. R. SESSIONS, 2w20* Senator, Hampden, Mass.

6 PER CENT DISCOUNT.
TAX COLLECTOR'S NOTICE.
The collector of taxes will be at the Counting Room in Three Rivers from 1 to 4.30 p. m., and at the Wire Mill from 5 to 6 p. m. on Friday, Aug. 15.
At the Counting Room in Thorndike from 8 a. m. to 12 m., and at Murdock's store in Bondsville from 1 to 3 p. m., and at the Counting Room in Duckville from 3 to 6 p. m., and at the town clerk's office in the Depot village from 7.30 to 9 p. m. on Saturday, Aug. 16.
At the office of the Palmer Carpet Company from 7 to 8 a. m., and at Holden's Mill from 10 a. m. to 12 m. on Tuesday, Aug. 19.
And at the town clerk's office on Wednesday, Aug. 20th from 9 a. m. to 12 m., and from 1 to 6 and 7 to 9 p. m. to receive taxes.
1w H. A. NORTHROP.

HINMAN'S BUSINESS COLLEGE,
WORCESTER, MASS.
This institution is the most RICHLY APPOINTED, PAINSTAKING, ECONOMICAL and STRICTLY BUSINESS School in New England. It is superior to others in its training of students practically, through
AN ACTUAL BUSINESS EXPERIENCE
In completely appointed business offices. Its teachers are the finest penmen in the east, thorough masters of commercial branches, strict, yet kind and true. Young men and ladies seeking the best aid to PRACTICALLY TESTED business ability should send for circulars, mailed free, by
4w20 A. H. HINMAN, Worcester, Mass.

NOT ONLY TO THE SUFFERER WASTED BY DISEASE DOES
RIDGE'S FOOD
Supplement the proper medicine and bring back strength and comfort, but the delicate mother will find its daily use
JUST WHAT IS NEEDED
To check and supplement the drain made upon nature's forces. Try it, mothers, and be convinced. Recipes to suit different tastes accompany each can. It does not tax the digestive organs, but is strengthening to both invalids and children. Sold by Druggists. 35c. up. WOOLRICH & CO., on label. 4w20

TREASURY DEPARTMENT.
OFFICE OF COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY.
WASHINGTON, August 8th, 1884.
Whereas, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that The Monson National Bank, in the town of Monson, in the county of Hampden, and state of Massachusetts, has complied with all the provisions of the "Act of Congress to enable National Banking Associations to extend their corporate existence and for other purposes," approved July 12th, 1882.
Now, therefore, I, Henry W. Cannon, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that "The Monson National Bank," in the town of Monson, in the county of Hampden, and state of Massachusetts, is authorized to have succession for the period specified in its amended Articles of Association, namely, until close of business August 11th, 1904.
In testimony whereof witness my hand and seal of office this 8th day of August, 1884.
H. W. CANNON,
L.S. Comptroller of the Currency.
4w 20

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.—HAMPDEN, ss. PROBATE COURT.—To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Daniel G. Green, late of Monson, in said county, deceased, Greeting:
Whereas, a certain instrument, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for probate, by George E. Fuller of said Monson, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him the executor therein named,
You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Springfield, in said county of Hampden, on the first Wednesday of September next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.
And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Palmer Journal, published at Palmer, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said court.
Witness, William S. Shurtleff, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of August, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four.
3w20 SAMUEL B. SPOONER, Register.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.—HAMPDEN, ss. PROBATE COURT.—To all persons interested in the estate of Laura A. Parks, late of Monson, in said county, deceased, Greeting:
Whereas, Enos Calkins, the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance the second and final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased:
You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Springfield, in said county, on the first Wednesday of September next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.
And said executor is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week in the Palmer Journal, a newspaper printed at Palmer, three weeks successively, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court, and to mail a copy hereof to each devisee and legatee under said will who may reside out of this Commonwealth, fourteen days at least before said court.
Witness, William S. Shurtleff, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this sixth day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four.
3w19 SAMUEL B. SPOONER, Register.

FOR SALE—Or exchange for a 52-inch machine—a 54-inch CORNELL BICYCLE. Has not been run 30 miles. Good as new. Too large for owner. 4w18 H. B. LEETE, Palmer, Mass.

DR. F. W. ANDREWS' Dental Rooms 357 Main Street, Springfield. Artificial teeth $10

WE
Are Closing Out
THE BALANCE OF OUR
Summer Goods
REGARDLESS of COST.

GREAT DISCOUNT ON
CLOTHING
WITH WHICH WE ARE
Very Much Overstocked.

REMNANTS
—IN—
PRINTS & GINGHAMS
ARE GOING VERY RAPIDLY!
CALL EARLY AND SECURE THE BEST PATTERNS.

OUR PRICES ON
BLACK SILKS
RATHER DISCOUNT SPRINGFIELD,
AND THEY ARE WARRANTED IN EVERY PARTICULAR.
YOURS RESPECTFULLY,
S. H. HELLYAR & CO.,
CROSS'S BLOCK, PALMER.

BROOKS BROS.,
Successors to ROBINSON & BROOKS,
—DEALERS IN—
HARDWARE,
Iron and Steel,
PAINTS, OIL AND GLASS,
SPRINGS AND AXLES,
WHEELS AND RIMS,
AGRICULTURAL
IMPLEMENTS,
SEEDS AND FERTILIZERS,
JOHN W. MASURY'S COLORS and RAILROAD PAINTS
A SPECIALTY.
All goods warranted as represented, and low prices for cash.
Give us a call; we will try and please you.
Yours, respectfully,
BROOKS BROS.

THE MODEL SINGER.
A NEW BOOK FOR CLASSES, SCHOOLS AND CHOIRS.
By W. O. PERKINS and D. B. TOWNER.
All teachers of Singing Classes, of all descriptions, are invited to examine this new Class Book. 192 pages. The Elements contain an ingenious Modulator, good explanations, the Manual Signs, and 124 exercises. There are 57 Glees and Part Songs, 25 Hymn Tunes, 4 Gospel Songs, 18 Anthems and 4 Chants. Surely a well-filled and practically useful book to the teacher at a moderate price.
PRICE 60 CENTS, OR $6 PER DOZEN.

SINGING ON THE WAY.
A TRULY GOOD BOOK FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND SOCIAL WORSHIP.
BY MRS. BELLE M. JEWETT, Assisted by Dr. J. P. Holbrook.
PRICE, - - - - - 35 cents.
SINGING ON THE WAY has been before the public a few months—just long enough to be tested—and has received unequivocal praise from the persons best able to judge. It is in the shape and size of the well-known "Gospel Hymns," and admirably fitted for a Vestry or Social Meeting Singing Book, as well as for the Sunday School.
175 of the best Songs and Tunes.
Any book mailed on receipt of price.
OLIVER DITSON & CO., BOSTON.

FOR SALE AT THORNDIKE.
My house and land of the late Cornelius Kelliher, deceased. Said place is situated on the road leading from the post office in said village to Palmer village. The home comprises one new two story and a half house, two good barns, wood shed, and wagon shed. There are also about 25 acres of land, suitably divided into woodland and tillage, and an abundance of wood already in piles.
For futher particulars apply to the owner,
MRS. CORNELIUS KELLHER.
Thorndike, Aug. 6, 1884. 3w19

WANTED, FOUR TENEMENTS!
Parties having same to rent send description, location and terms of lease to the office of
THE FLYNT BUILDING & CONSTRUCTION CO.
Palmer, Mass.

WE ARE AGENTS
FOR THE
OLD STATEN ISLAND
Dyeing Establishment!
THE LARGEST WORKS OF THE KIND IN THE UNITED STATES.
ALL KINDS OF GARMENTS DYED OR CLEANSED IN BEST POSSIBLE MANNER.
GOODS SHIPPED EVERY THURSDAY.

TROY
Steam Laundry.
WORK RECEIVED UNTIL 8 O'CLOCK EVERY TUESDAY MORNING, RETURNING SATURDAY OF THE SAME WEEK.

Eighmie Dress Shirt.
Finest and cheapest Shirt in the world.
E. & W. AND COON & CO'S. COLLARS AND CUFFS.

J. L. Shaw & Co.,
CLOTHIERS, HATTERS, and FURNISHERS,
MOORE'S BLOCK.....MONSON, MASS.

HITCHCOCK'S
Jamaica Ginger
EXTRACT.
Put up in LARGEST BOTTLE, and made from the strongest, purest and best materials. As a speedy anodyne and energetic, vigorous and effective remedy for
Colic, Diarrhœa, Flatulence, Cramps, Chills, Colds, or Sudden Pains in the Back, Stomach, Bowels or Limbs,
Or similar ailments in which immediate relief is required,
It has no Equal.
This is not a new and untried medicine, nor an experiment in any respect; on the contrary, it combines and contains all the good and well-tried medicinal properties of some of the oldest and most highly esteemed remedies of the age.
ITS IMMEDIATE EFFECT IS MARVELOUS.
BETTER, STRONGER, CHEAPER THAN ANY OTHER. TRY IT.

Hitchcock's Pile Cure
IS A NEW THING,
AND WE WARRANT IT TO CURE EVERY CASE OF PILES.
GEO. L. HITCHCOCK, Pharmacist,
PALMER, MASS.

C. B. BIGELOW'S
LOAN AGENCY,
AMHERST, - - - - MASS.
We can furnish the
SAFEST OF ALL INVESTMENTS,
GUARANTEED
WESTERN FARM MORTGAGE BONDS,
Netting lender from SIX to NINE PER CENT.
Eight years' experience without delay or loss of a dollar.
Investigation solicited.
Choice of four companies.
Send for circulars and references before investing elsewhere. 2m16eow

FOR SALE!
A GOOD DOUBLE-BARREL BREECH-LOADING
REMINGTON SHOT GUN.
JAMES COWLES, Palmer.

FOR SALE.
Three second-hand Buggies, one of them a Concord, all in good repair; also, 1 light Express Wagon. Cheap for cash, or would exchange.
MONSON HOUSE STABLES.
Monson, Mass. 4w19

The Time Has Come,
—AND—
WE Are READY
ONE GLANCE AT
THE BARGAINS
IN OUR LARGE AND ATTRACTIVE NEW SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK
—OF—
Clothing,
Gents' Furnishings,
Hats, Caps, Trunks,
Valises, Bags,
Umbrellas, etc.,
WILL CONVINCE YOU THAT AN
ERA OF PEACE AND PROSPERITY
HAS AT LAST DAWNED UPON YOU,
—AND—
Our Low Prices
WILL ACTUALLY SET YOU WITH DELIGHT.
FOSTER & GAMWELL,
ONE PRICE CLOTHIERS,
PALMER, - - MASS.

ASK FOR
M. A. Packard & Co's.
$2.99 Shoe
FOR GENTS WEAR.
MADE IN THE LATEST STYLES!
BUTTON, BALS. and CONGRESS, LOW CUT TON OXFORD and STRAP.
These goods are made only from the
BEST CALF UPPER AND GLOVE KID TOPS.
THEY ARE ALL SOLID AND WARRANTED
FOR SALE BY
H. A. CLARK, Palmer.

A NICE LINE OF
STATIONERY,
— ALBUMS, —
LADIES' HAND BAGS, POCKET BOOKS,
TOILET AND FANCY GOODS,
JEWELRY, BIRTHDAY CARDS,
Etc., Etc., Etc.
Orders taken from catalogue for
SILVER WARE AND MUSICAL MERCHANDISE.
AT
G. L. KEENEY'S
DRUG AND STATIONERY STORE,
MONSON, MASS. 3

NEW LUMBER YARD!
F. F. MARCY, PALMER, MASS.,
DEALER IN
All kinds of LUMBER and SHINGLES, at retail and wholesale by the car-load. Windows, Doors Blinds and Mouldings. Carpenters' and Joiners Work done to order.
Yard and shop junction of the B. & A. and N. L. N. railroads, west of depot.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator of the estate of Polly Richards, late of Brimfield, in the county of Hampden, deceased; and has taken upon himself that trust, by giving bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased, are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to
SANFORD BOOTH, Administrator.
Brimfield, Aug. 4, 1884. 3w19*

FOR SALE.—My Cottage on Fox Avenue, containing 10 rooms. Good barn on the place.
C. E. FISH.
Palmer, Nov. 16, 1883. 33tf

Seasonable Goods
IN GREAT VARIETY
—AND—
LOW PRICES
JUST OPENED!
PARASOLS
FROM 25 CENTS TO FIVE DOLLARS!
SUMMER UNDERWEAR
MOSQUITO NETS.
CHAMBRAYS. NEW GINGHAMS,
CAMBRICS AND PRINTS,
Which with an unusual stock of
STAPLE GOODS,
MAKES OUR STOCK FULL AND COMPLETE IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.
J. B. SHAW.
Palmer, May 29, 1884.

GET YOUR
LETTER HEADS,
BILL HEADS,
NOTE HEADS,
STATEMENTS,
Or anything of that kind printed at the
JOURNAL OFFICE,
And have them put up in
NEAT BLOCKS OF 100 EACH,
Thus preventing them becoming scattered and wasted.

BONDSVILLE, Dec. 3, 1883.
TO THE HONORABLE BOARD OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS OF THE COUNTY OF HAMPDEN, MASS.—We, the subscribers, citizens and tax payers of the town of Palmer, Mass., humbly petition your honorable board to view the premises and change the line of the street running easterly toward Ware on the south side of said street, starting at a stone monument near the Catholic church, being an angle or corner of the streets, and run east on old line of said street to a point near the barn of Luther Collis, and change the line of said street as recently located from four to six feet north of its present location, and move the monument recently erected near said point westerly to the angle caused by said change.
Said change will cause the line of said street to run at right angle with the buildings on said street; furthermore, the street is fifty feet wide at said point, so the change does not interfere with the rights of other parties, and the public will be just as well served by said change.
O. B. SMITH AND OTHERS.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.—HAMPDEN ss. At a meeting of the County Commissioners holden at Springfield, within and for said county, on the fifth day of August, in the year of our Lord 1884.
And now upon the petition aforesaid, the County Commissioners, deeming a view of the premises expedient and proper, give notice that they will meet for the purpose of said view, and hearing all parties interested, at Murdock's store, in (Bondsville) Palmer, on Tuesday, the sixteenth day of September next, at 2:30 o'clock a. m.; and it is ordered by the County Commissioners that a copy of said petition be served by the sheriff of said county, or his deputy, upon the clerk of the town of Palmer, in said county, thirty days at least before the said sixteenth day of September, and that notice be given in manner aforesaid to all persons and corporations interested, that the County Commissioners deem a view of the premises expedient and proper, and that a view of the same will be taken by them at the time and place aforesaid, and that they will hear the parties interested at the time of said view.
ROBERT O. MORRIS, Clerk.
True copy of the petition and order of the County Commissioners thereon.
3w19 Attest: ROBERT O. MORRIS, Clerk.

BY LICENSE OF THE PROBATE COURT for the county of Hampden, the subscriber, administrator of the estate of Sabra M. Lemon, late of Wilbraham, in said county, deceased, will sell at public auction, on the premises, Saturday, August 23d, 1884, at ten o'clock a. m., the following described real estate, to wit: About 24½ acres of land, with house and woodshed thereon, situate on the easterly side of the Peak road, so called, in said Wilbraham, and nearly opposite of the Orrin Webster place. Also about four acres of pasture land, situate about one-quarter of a mile west of the first named tract, in said Wilbraham. Both said tracts belong to the estate of said deceased. EDWIN F. LEMON,
Administrator.
Wilbraham, Aug. 1st, 1884. 3w18

NICHOLS ACADEMY.
DUDLEY, MASS. INCORPORATED 1819.
Open to both sexes. New Buildings. Large Library. Reading Room and Observatory. Observatory is a U. S. Signal Station. Students fitted for any college or technical school. Tuition free to deserving students. Fall term commences Tuesday, Sept. 2d. Send for catalogue to
5w18 MOSES BARNES, Treasurer.

Some Signs of the Times.

"In court," said the card on the lawyer's door,
"Back in ten minutes" on many more,
"Gone to the hospital," on the doctor's slate,
On another, "Sit down and wait;"
"Gone to bank," on the notary's sign;
"Arbitration," that young clerk of mine.

"Back soon," on the broker's book;
"Collecting rents," on my agent's hook.
They were all too busy, a matter quite new,
Very sorry was I, I had nothing to do.
Then I died me hence to the base ball ground,
And every man on the grand stand found.

DROWN THE OLD CAT.

Passing along a prominent street not long since, I was attracted by a large concourse of people before a shop window, in which was displayed a motley collection of cruel weapons, consisting of clubs, sharp-pointed sticks, knotted ropes, an old frying pan—in fact almost every instrument of petty torture that a cruel mind could invent. Over these things was displayed a placard something like this: "The articles exhibited below were captured by the 'Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children,' from inhuman parents, and were actually used by them to inflict torture on their helpless children." Underneath were a dozen or more photographs of the "little innocents," who had been rescued by the society from their unnatural protectors, with a short printed history of each case of cruelty. But the strangest (?) part of it was that they all read nearly alike, something like this: "Maggie Burns, aged 11 years, seared with a hot poker by her drunken mother." "John Edwards, aged nine years, ribs crushed by an inhuman father jumping on him while in a beastly state of intoxication." And so on through the whole series—"drunken father or drunken mother."

"How atrocious!" sighed a lady in the crowd. "Haw-i-ble!" lisped a dandy. "Cannot something be done to stop this cruelty?" asked a venerable gentleman.

A good-natured, verdant-looking gentleman, who had been quietly gazing in the window, eyed the old man from head to foot, and finally answered:

"That reminds me of an old cat that I used to have at home. Every few months she would bring into the house a litter of kittens, and then I would have to take them down to the river and drown them. It got to be monotonous—a nuisance. My children called me cruel; my wife said I was inhuman. But I could better afford to have a kitten aquarium than a cat hospital. One time, while going on my regular tour to the river, I met a neighbor who inquired what I was doing. Upon telling him and also my frequent troubles that way, he asked: "Why don't you drown the old cat?" I went home, captured the old beast, and putting a stone around her neck, soon put a quietus to all further worry. Strange I did not think of that before. So it is with this trouble. You can't drown the worthless parents, but you can drown out those corner groceries, where they buy the vile poison that takes away their very nature and causes all the misery. This society is a grand institution, conducted by kind-hearted men and women, but they can't stop this evil by providing comfortable homes for the helpless children, any more than they can stop the flow of the Mississippi by putting a Virginia fence across its mouth! They must drown the old cat, then they will not have to take care of the kittens."

The old gentleman sadly shook his head, and hurried away to take a South End car. He owned a block of stores, and let one of them for a corner rum hole.

A FRENCH HUSBAND.

A Frenchman recently died, who, it is narrated, on his wedding day some twenty years ago, took the original—perhaps it may be said rather imprudent—resolution to keep a yearly account of the number of kisses exchanged with his wife until their union became severed by the death of one or the other. He was destined to be the first to go, but when on his sick bed, foreseeing that he would not recover, he begged a friend to let the world know the result of the twenty years' account keeping. During the first year of wedded life the kisses exchanged reached the colossal figure of 36,500, or 100 a day on an average; but in the following twelve months there was a notable decrease, not more than 16,000 being inscribed on his register; while the third year shows a still greater falling off, the average number of kisses being about ten a day. And after the lapse of five years a further reduction is recorded, and the account keeper's task was simplified, for only two kisses were exchanged during each twenty-four hours—"one on rising, and one on retiring to rest."

Later on, during the last ten years of his married life, they "only kissed each other on leaving for, or returning from, a journey," and he had very little trouble in making up his annual domestic statistics.—*London Standard.*

An ingenious horticulturalist of Philadelphia, noticing that almost every hour in the day some plant bloomed, has constructed on that principle a floral clock composed of twenty-four plants—one for every hour. At the top of the clock, at 12 o'clock, was planted the portulaca. At the hours of 1, 2 and 3 he had different varieties of the same plant, each of which bloomed at the hour opposite to which it was planted. At 4 o'clock the common plant of that name was placed; at 5 the garden nictago came out; at 6 the geranemn triste, and at 7 the evening primrose. At 8 he had the bona nox, at 9 the silence noctillora, at 10 a cactus, at 11 another kind and at 12 the night blooming cereus. The plants at 1 and 2 were cactus, at 3 the common salsify, at 4 the cnicary, at 5 the snow thistle and at 6 the dandelion.

When the late Lord Erskine, then going the circuit, was asked by his landlord how he had slept, he replied, "Union is strength, a fact of which your inmates seem to be unaware; for, had the fleas been unanimous last night they might have pushed me out of bed." "Fleas?" exclaimed Boniface, affecting great astonishment, "I was not aware that I had a single one in the house." "I don't believe you have," retorted his lordship; "they are all married, and have uncommonly large families!"

"Blessed be the man who invented barbed wire," as the father of six grown-up daughters said when he made his front gate of that material.—*Philadelphia Call.*

RUN ALONG NOW.

The evening was bitterly cold. Two children—a boy, with a manly face, and an expression of matured concern, as though some one had been dependent on him, and a pale-faced little girl—wandered around the streets of a western city. The children had been left by an immigrant train, having fallen asleep in the barn-like waiting room; and, among the hurry incident upon departure, no one thought of them. They begged the station-master to allow them to remain by the fire; but he discredited their story; declared that they had not been left by a train; that they lived in the city, and were only "hanging around" to steal something. Everybody hurried along. No one had a kind look for the waifs. They went into the warm corridor of a hotel; but a man said:

"Run along now. You don't want to be stopping here."

"We are nearly frozen," the boy replied, "and we want to get warm."

"Children ought to be at home such weather as this. Your mother ought to know better than to send you out."

"Our mother is dead, sir. She died two weeks ago; and we came away with people that are going South, where it is warm; but the train is gone and the man won't let us stay in the depot."

"Very good story, young fellow; but run along home. Parents that would send their children out to beg such weather as this should be punished.

"We are not begging."

"Run along with you,"—and he opened the door and they passed out into the cutting wind. The fierce blast seemed to blow the darkness close up to the lamps; the tired teams seemed to blow the chilling mists from their nostrils; and the heavy wagon-wheels seemed to sink deep into the darkness and pulverize the gloom.

The children went into a drug store—

"Run along there."

They went into a restaurant—

"Run along there."

They went into a saloon, where merry revellers sang wild songs, and where the mandlin man dropped a tear into his glass.

"Run along there," said the bar-tender. "This is no place for children."

"Let us warm ourselves," implored the boy, and he repeated his story.

"That's all very well, young man; but haven't I seen you around the streets begging, many a time?"

"No, sir."

"I think I have. I'll bet you haven't taken no less than $10 to-day. Run along."

Again they were in the freezing gloom.

"Oh, where will we wake in the morning?" came from the saloon and died on the soft air, as the boy and his sister turned the corner.

"Don't cry, my little pet."

"I'm so cold."

"Yes; but we may find some place. Let us go back to the depot, and maybe we can get on a train."

They wandered around in the blinding sleet.

"We are a long time getting there," said the girl.

"I believe we are lost," the brother replied. "Let us turn in here," and they turned into a narrow alley and crouched down by the wall.

Ah, Mr. Humanity, because you have been a few times deceived; because you have sometimes shown pity, and afterward found that it was ill-bestowed; you have hardened your heart.

Ah, Mr. Churchman, whose knees press the soft velvet at time of prayer; you who see suffering with dry eyes, and read with moisture the "simple annals of the poor," scratch from your Bibles the heart-warming sentence: "Suffer little children to come unto me,"—scratch it out or you are a hypocrite.

"If I could smell the dog-wood blossoms by the porch I wouldn't be so lonesome," said the little girl.

"It will be a long time before they bloom again, my pet."

"Will this cold weather kill the tree?"

"No; but it will be a long time before summer comes."

"Can people in heaven look down and see people on the earth?"

"Yes, I think so."

"I wish they couldn't."

"Why, pet."

"Because if mamma looks down and sees us, she wouldn't be happy any more."

He drew her closer to him. The neighboring lights went out one by one. The sleet seemed to be conquering everything. The dog that had barked over the hill was silent.

* * * * *

A cheerless, freezing morning broke. By an alley sat two rigid forms. The boy was in his shirt sleeves. He had put his tattered jacket around his little sister.—*Texas Siftings.*

A VALUABLE RECIPE.

The following recipe makes a delicious, refreshing and cooling wash for the sick room: Take of rosemary, wormwood, rue, lavender, sage and mint, a large handful of each; place in a stone jar, and turn over it one gallon of strong cider vinegar, cover closely and keep near the fire for four days; then strain, and add one ounce of powdered camphor-gum; bottle and keep tightly corked.

There is a French legend connected with this preparation (called *vinaigre a quatre voleurs.*) During the plague at Marseilles a band of robbers plundered the dying and dead without injury to themselves. They were imprisoned, tried and condemned to die, but were pardoned on condition of disclosing the secret whereby they could ransack houses infected with the terrible scourge. They gave the above recipe. Another mode of using it is to wash the face and hands with it before exposing one's self to any infection. It is very aromatic and refreshing in the sick room, so if it cannot accomplish nothing more, it is of great value to nurses.

Husband, airily (they having just returned from their wedding trip)—"If I'm not home from the club by ten, love, you won't wait?" Wife, quietly—"No, my dear," but with appalling firmness, "I'll come after you." He was home at 9.45 sharp.

An English advertisement lately announced "Ten dozen of port for sale, the property of a widow, full-bodied, and seven years in cellar."

A SCREED ON MAN.

Man that is born of woman is small potatoes and but few in the hill.

He riseth up to-day and flourisheth like a rag-weed, and to-morrow or the day after the undertaker has him in the ice box.

He goeth forth in the morning warbling like a lark, and is knocked out in one round and two seconds.

In the midst of life he is in debt, and the tax collector pursueth him wherever he goes.

The banister of life is full of splinters, and he slideth down with considerable rapidity.

He walketh forth in the bright sunlight to absorb ozone, and meeteth the bank teller with a sight draft for $357.

He cometh home at eventide and meeteth the wheelbarrow in his path, and the wheelbarrow riseth up and smiteth him to the earth, and falleth upon him, and runneth one of its legs into his ear.

In the gentle spring-time he putteth on his summer clothes, and a blizzard striketh him far away from home, and filleth him with woe and rheumatism.

He layeth up riches in the bank, and the cashier speculateth in margins, and then goeth to Canada for his health.

In the autumn he putteth on his winter trousers, and a wasp that abideth in them filleth himself with intense excitement.

He starteth down stairs with an oleander, and goeth firstly hastily, and the oleander cometh after him and sitteth upon him.

He sitteth up all night to get the returns from Ohio, and in the end learneth that the other fellows have carried it.

He buyeth a watch-dog, and when he cometh home the watch-dog treeth him and sitteth beneath him till rosy morn.

He goeth to the horse trot, and betteth his money on the brown mare, and the bay gelding with a blaze face winneth.

He marrieth a red-headed heiress with a wart on her nose, and the next day her paternal ancestor goeth under with few assets and great liabilities, and cometh home to live with his beloved son in law.—*Puck.*

MILLIONAIRES AND "TIPS."

Being known as a millionaire is awkward. The rarity of that kind of suffering may have caused the fact to be generally overlooked. It was impressed upon me by one of Vanderbilt's sons this same night at the Casino. A waiter had served him and a companion with lemonades, for which the charge was half a dollar, and then hung about, plainly disappointed because some of the change had not been left on the salver. After he had at length withdrawn, his behavior was commented on by young Vanderbilt.

"If I thought he knew me," said he, "I suppose I'd be just fool enough to give him a dime, or a quarter, perhaps, in order to save myself from being thought stingy. You've no idea how much of a quandary my father is put into by such things as that. Think it over. He is always recognized at sight. Everybody knows it's all one to him whether he tips a waiter with a nickel or a double eagle, so far as the money's concerned. But that isn't the point. If he ills every hand that's put out to him, folks say that he's splurging—shoddying—making a vain show of his wealth. On the other hand, if he doesn't let anybody take advantage of him, but tries to get for his money the same that other folks do, he is accused of disgraceful meanness. As a matter of fact, I guess the governor does the medium liberal thing, but that's far from being as easy as you might think."—*Boston Herald.*

CAN'T BE SATISFIED.

"Please, sir," said a bell-boy to a Texas hotel clerk, "number forty says there ain't no towel in his room."

"Tell him to use one of the window curtains."

"He says, too, there ain't any pillers."

"Tell him to put his coat and vest under his head."

"And he wants a pitcher of water."

"Suffering Cyrus! But he's the worst kicker I ever struck in my life! Carry him up the horse pail!"

"He wants to know if he can't have a light?"

"Here, confound him! Give him this lantern, and ask him if he wants the earth, and if he'd have it fried on only one side, or turned over?"

SHE GOT IT.

He wiped his heated brow, he did,
His brow so intellectual;
But all he said about the heat
Was sadly ineffectual.
But she, sweet lass, did say to him,
In mellow tones unwavering,
"Dear George, I am so warm; I'd like
Ice cream with lemon flavoring."

"My daughter," said a pompous old gentleman, "you must never listen to flatterers." "But, papa," said the young lady, "how can I tell they are flatterers unless I listen?"

THE GOVERNMENT CHEMIST ANALYZES TWO OF THE LEADING BAKING POWDERS, AND WHAT HE FINDS THEM MADE OF.

The best baking powder is made from pure Cream of Tartar, Bicarbonate of soda, and a small quantity of flour or starch. Frequently other ingredients are used, and serve a purpose in reducing the cost and increasing the profits of the manufacturer.

We give the Government Chemist's analysis of two of the leading baking powders:

I have examined samples of "Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder," manufactured at Albany, N. Y., and "Royal Baking Powder," both purchased by myself in this city, and I find they contain:

"CLEVELAND'S SUPERIOR BAKING POWDER."
Cream of Tartar.
Bicarbonate of Soda.
Flour.

Available carbonic acid gas 12.61 per cent, equivalent to 116.2 cubic inches of gas per oz. of Powder.

"ROYAL BAKING POWDER."
Cream of Tartar.
Bicarbonate of Soda.
Carbonate of Ammonia.
Tartaric Acid.
Starch.

Available carbonic acid gas 12.40 per cent, equivalent to 116.2 cubic inches of gas per oz. of Powder.

Ammonia has 0.43 per cent, equivalent to 10.4 cubic inches per oz. of Powder.

Note.—The Tartaric Acid was doubtless introduced as free acid, but subsequently combined with ammonia, and exists in the Powder as a Tartrate of Ammonia.

E. G. LOVE, Ph. D.
NEW YORK, Jan. 17th, 1881.

The above analyses indicate a preference for "Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder," and our opinion is that it is the better preparation."—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

SICK HEADACHE.

That oppressive, dull pain in the head, with which so many people suffer periodically, often so severe as to cause loss of rest or sleep, is entirely relieved and permanently cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Some who write to us say that words are incapable of expressing happiness at the relief Hood's Sarsaparilla has given them.

"I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla for sick headache and indigestion, and it has cured me of days and weeks of sickness and pain." MARY C. SMITH, Cambridgeport, Mass.

"I was a great sufferer from sick headache and dyspepsia. There was a constant misery in my stomach. By advice of my neighbor, Mrs O'Rourke, I made use of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I can say with truth I am free from headache, and my food does not distress me. I used two bottles." Mrs. P. O. GORMAN, Grand Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR.

2 teurm

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That he will continue the sale of

Paper Hangings,

Inasmuch as the party to whom he sold does not carry on the business in this place.

MY BUSINESS HEADQUARTERS WILL BE AT MY

My Residence

FOR THE PRESENT,

And I shall sell the above goods at less prices than could be afforded if I had to pay rent and clerk hire. Shall be prepared to furnish paper for the nicest jobs as heretofore.

I still have on hand a supply of

—OIL STOVES—

FOR SALE OR TO RENT.

E. J. WOOD.

Central St., Palmer.

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY,

FOR THE CURE of KIDNEY and LIVER COMPLAINTS, CONSTIPATION, and all disorders arising from an impure state of the BLOOD.

To women who suffer from any of the ills peculiar to their sex it is an unfailing friend. All druggists. One dollar a bottle, or address, Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

THE NARROW ESCAPE

Of a Massachusetts Engineer—Timely Warning of Mr. John Spencer, Baggage Master of B. & A. R. R.

Sleep after fatigue, and health after disease, are two of the sweetest experiences known to man. Fourteen years is a long time in which to suffer, yet Mr. Peter Lawler, of Dalton, Mass., had led a miserable life for that period through the presence of stone in the bladder. That he sought in all directions for a cure is an almost superfluous statement. He did obtain temporary relief, but nothing more. Last January he called on Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., who said, after examination: "Mr. Lawler, you have stone in the bladder. We will first try Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy before risking an operation." A few days later the following letter passed through the Rondout post office:

DALTON, Mass., Feb. 6

Dear Dr. Kennedy:—The day after I came home I passed two gravel stones, and am now doing nicely. PETER LAWLER.

Dr. Kennedy has now the stones at his office, and they are sufficiently formidable to justify the claim that Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is the leading specific for stone in the bladder. In his letter Mr. Lawler mentions that Favorite Remedy also cured him of rheumatism. The subjoined certificate tells its own story:

OLD BERKSHIRE MILLS.
Dalton, Mass., April 27th, 1882.

Mr. Peter Lawler has been a resident of this town for the past seventeen years, and in our employ for fifteen, and in all these years he has been a good and respected citizen of this town and community. He has had some chronic disease to our knowledge for most of the time, but now claims to to be, and is in apparent good health.

CHAS. O. BROWN, President.
DALTON, Mass., June 9th, 1884.

Dr. Kennedy—Dear Friend: Thinking you might like to hear again from an old patient, I am going to write you. It is now three and a half years since I first went to see you. As I told you then I was troubled with kidney disease for about fifteen years, and had seven of the best doctors to be found; but I received only temporary relief until I visited you and commenced taking your "Favorite Remedy." I continue taking the Remedy according to your directions, and now consider myself a well man. Very gratefully yours,

PETER LAWLER.

Our letter of April 27, 1882, holds good as far as Mr. Lawler's testimony is concerned regarding his health. CHAS. O. BROWN.
Dalton, June 9, 1884. 1m20nrm

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Should keep the ANTALGICA in the house for ready use. It is one of the best known PAIN-KILLERS in the market for either internal or external use. Be sure and try it.

The Indian Cough Balsam

is one of the very best medicines for Lung troubles. It has been in use for over 30 years, and always gives satisfaction. Prepared by

O. P. ALLEN, Druggist,
Palmer, Mass.

SALESMEN WANTED!

To sell first-class Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, Clematis, Grape Vine, etc. PERMANENT EMPLOYMENT. Good salary. Address, giving age and references to business men,

J. M. EDWARDS,
4w18nrm Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.

NEW LONDON NORTHERN R. R.

ON AND AFTER JULY 14, 1884,

Trains going South leave Palmer 7 and 8.30 a. m., 2.10 and 7.10 p. m., for New London, connecting with trains for Mystic, Stonington and Providence—New Haven and New York.

The 7.10 p. m. train connects at New London with steamer for New York, landing at pier 40, North River, making this a desirable route for passengers going South and West.

Going North—Leave Palmer 8.10 a. m., 2.08 and 8.50 p. m. The 8.10 a. m. train connects at Barrett's Junction with train on Athol branch for stations north to Athol; at South Vernon with train for Keene, and at Brattleboro for Montreal. 2.08 p. m. for Amherst, Millers' Falls, Brattleboro, Bellows Falls and White River Junction, and all points north.

C. F. SPAULDING, Supt.

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. 1y52

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4th. Is the most ECONOMICAL Oil, because it gives the most LIGHT in proportion to its price.

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If you are thinking of purchasing a machine for the coming season, write to or call upon me for terms and illustrated catalogue.

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We are prepared to name prices on the above articles, or any material used in the construction of buildings, delivered at railroad points.

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PRICE 5 CENTS EACH.

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VOTERS, ATTENTION!

James Gillispie Blaine,
From the state of Maine,
For President next year,
Which now is drawing near:
Jim—he knows enough,
Is made of good stuff,
And if he wins the fight
We hope he will do right.
But to secure his election
We have some time for reflection.
Meantime we all want food—
We want that which is good:
At Palmer, Central Street,
Is what we need to eat.
Weld & Longley keep the place,
Where we hope to see your face,
And give you the right price
On Groceries really nice.
You also get full weight,
And everything is straight;
Our tastes should be cultivated
To use food unadulterated,
And thereby maintain health,
Which is better than wealth.
We did not start in 1850,
But our place is growing thrifty.
We strive to sell goods pure,
And thus your patronage secure.
So when you chance to draw near
Do not pass us with a sneer,
But step in and see our shelves,
And examine for yourselves.

Summer Specialties!

CHOICE BUTTER, ON ICE.
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"Inventors cannot employ a person more trustworthy or more capable of securing for them an early and favorable consideration at the Patent Office. EDMUND BURKE, Late Commissioner of Patents."
BOSTON, October 19, 1876.

R. H. EDDY, Esq.—Dear Sir: You procured for me, in 1846, my first patent. Since then you have acted for me and advised me in hundreds of cases, and procured many patents, re-issues and extensions. I have occasionally employed the best agencies in New York, Philadelphia and Washington, but I still give you almost the whole of my business, in your line, and advise others to employ you. Yours truly, GEORGE DRAPER.
Boston, Jan. 1, 1884. 1y41

CATARRH.

Ely's Cream Balm CURES COLD IN HEAD, CATARRH, ROSE COLD, HAY FEVER, DEAFNESS, HEADACHE. EASY TO USE

HAY FEVER.

HAY FEVER

Is a type of Catarrh having peculiar symptoms. It is attended by an inflamed condition of the lining membrane of the nostrils, tear-ducts and throat, affecting the lungs. An acrid mucus is secreted, the discharge is accompanied with a painful burning sensation. There are severe spasms of sneezing, frequent attacks of blinding headache, a watery and inflamed state of the eyes. ELY'S CREAM BALM is a remedy founded on a correct diagnosis of this disease and can be depended upon. 50 cents at druggists; 60 cents by mail. Sample bottle by mail 10 cents.
ELY BROTHERS, Druggists,
1y42 Owego, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED—Send 50 cents for complete canvassing outfit for GEO. W. BELL'S COMPENDIUM OF FUN. Contains 540 pages and nearly 100 engravings. Two orders a day will pay you $14 a week. WILSON BROS.,
4w19 81 Kilby St., Boston, Mass.

WANTED—Energetic, reliable men to sell Fruit Trees, Grape Vines, Shrubs, Roses, etc. Salary and expenses paid. Full instructions given, so inexperienced men can soon learn the business. Address J. F. LECLARE, Brighton, N. Y. (1 mile east of Rochester, N. Y.) 4w19

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SEE THAT THE CHILDREN MAINTAIN THEIR VIGOR IN THE SUMMER MONTHS.

If your child has any symptoms of dysentery, or any trouble in the bowels, commence

RIDGE'S FOOD

As a diet without delay. Unless the trouble has become chronic, requiring medical aid, it will correct a difficulty; and, as a dietetic in sickness it is invaluable. A physician of large practice says: "It has never failed me and I have never lost a child by diarrhœa or cholera infantum." In cans 35 cents and upwards. jul

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$60 SCREW CUTTING FOOT LATHE.

Foot and Power Lathes, Drill Presses, Scroll Saw Attachments, Chucks, Mandrels, Twist Drills, Dogs, Calipers. Send for catalogue of outfits, for amateurs or artesans. Address
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C. H. HOBBY, PIANO TUNER.

Orders for tuning may be left at O. P. Allen's Drug Store, Palmer, or may be sent to me by mail to Stafford Springs, Conn.

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WE PAY CASH FOR OLD IRON. 1y14

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The Palmer Journal.

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—BY—

CHARLES B. FISK.

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THE WORST CASE OF DYSPEPSIA.

One trial will convince any person that they cannot go without them. Buy them, try them and be happy.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. 3m5*

DR. A. B. COWAN, DENTAL ROOMS, over JOURNAL Office, every Thursday.
33tf PALMER, MASS.

The Old Mother Hubbard.

I.

How dear to my heart is the loose Mother Hubbard!
Why can't the authorities let it alone?
'Twas worn by the matron who went to the cupboard
One day to procure for her doggie a bone.
And if a staid matron could wear such a garment
Why is it indecent if worn by a belle?
I vow I will wear it; there's really no harm in't,
The loose Mother Hubbard that suits me so well.
The sweet Mother Hubbard, the gay Mother Hubbard,
The frilled Mother Hubbard that suits me so well.

II.

The garment is graceful; no one can deny it—
Enhancing the charms of the matron and maid;
Then why should those Illinois deacons decry it?
Of multiplied graces they're surely afraid.
Unlaced and unbelted, so cool and so breezy,
Within its loose folds it delights me to dwell,
No garment I've worn feels so light and so easy—
The dear Mother Hubbard that suits me so well.
The dear Mother Hubbard, the frilled Mother Hubbard,
The neat Mother Hubbard that suits me so well.

III.

What though it is frilled at the neck and the shoulders,
And looks like a garment that's worn in the night,
It's drapery so graceful, enchants all beholders,
And beaux view its pretty lace frills with delight.
The garment's a symphony sweet in apparel,
Though shapeless and wanting in rhythmical swell!
I'll wear it though in it I look like a barrel—
The dear mother Hubbard that suits me so well.
The gay Mother Hubbard, the sweet Mother Hubbard,
The frilled Mother Hubbard that suits me so well.

—*Somerville Journal.*

PUTTING HIMSELF IN HER PLACE.

Mrs. Gray stood looking out of the window, while her husband put on his hat and gloves, preparatory to going down town. He had just risen from a nicely spread table, and the room was furnished in a neat and tasteful manner.

There was no indication of poverty there, yet Mrs. Gray's voice and manner were a little faltering as she asked for some postage stamps.

"How many?" asked her husband, in a curt tone.

"Three will do. I thought I would write to mother and the girls."

"Did you ever reckon up, my dear, how much you spend for postage stamps in the course of a year?" he said, as he lit a splendid cigar. "Well, let us see. You write at least five letters a week, which is fifteen cents, and fifty-two times fifteen are seven dollars and eighty cents a year, to say nothing of the paper and envelopes. I haven't a correspondent in the world outside of my business."

"Your friends," said the wife, "live near you, while mine live in another state. Do you wish me to give up writing to them?" and her face took on an extra tinge of color.

"Oh, by no means; I merely mention the cost of the thing. But I must go. Good bye."

"Albert!" she said, timidly.

Mr. Gray turned back.

"Can't you leave me five or six dollars? I want to go down town to-day."

"Five or six dollars!" exclaimed Mr. Gray, in astonishment. "What on earth can you want of five or six dollars!"

"I knew you would wonder, but I have needed some money for a long time to get some necessary articles."

"Why, I gave you two dollars only last week!"

"I know it; but I used it for material to work up for our church fair."

"Church fiddlestick!" said Mr. Gray, contemptuously. "Well, I can't see what you need with five or six dollars."

"Here is a list of what I need," said Mrs. Gray, handing a slip of paper to her husband:

1 pair kid gloves,	$2 00
1 pair kid slippers,	2 00
2 pairs Balbriggan hose,	1 00
Silesia,	25
Crepe de lisse,	50
Total,	$5 75

"Crepe de lisse! What is that?"

"Ruffling for the neck."

"Will it wash?"

"No."

"I thought so. A sheer waste of money. What fools women are. What would a man think of putting a piece of stiff, white drapery about his neck that cost fifty cents! And four dollars for gloves and slippers! Well, I must say, Annie, you are extravagant. I pay for your dresses, bonnets and essentials without a murmur—that is," said he, with sudden recollections to the contrary—"when they come within reasonable bounds. But these little things which are of no earthly account, I should think you could do without."

"They are what no lady can do without. The slippers are to save my nice walking boots. You yourself noticed my gloves last Sunday, and said you detested a soiled or torn glove. Stockings are rather necessary in our land, and—"

"Say no more. But why is it these wants all come at once?"

"For the simple reason that hitherto I have bought them myself with money earned by plain sewing. But since my illness in the autumn, it hurts my side to sew much, and I have had to give it up."

Mrs. Gray enjoyed her husband's horrified look.

"Plain sewing! Annie, I thought you had more pride."

"I had too much pride to beg of you what I could earn myself," said she with some spirit.

"Well, here, take four dollars and a half. Try and make that do."

And he hurried off.

Mrs. Gray sighed.

"He means well," she said; "but men seem to think women are like children—not to be trusted with money."

In the meantime Mr. Gray was soliloquizing:

"Strange how extravagant women are. Annie is one of the best in the world, but she does not know the worth of money any more than a child. The four dollars and a half will be spent before night. Women cannot keep money."

Mrs. Gray went down town as she intended, but walked instead of riding, in order to save her money. While down, she felt cold and hungry, from her walk, and would have liked a lunch, but she had no money to spare.

"Oh, by the way, Annie, did you go down town to-day?" asked Mr. Gray of his wife at night.

"Yes," she replied.

"Spent every cent, I'll be bound," he said, jokingly.

"No; I have exactly two cents left; but I walked both ways, got no crepe de lisse, and went without lunch, although faint and hungry."

Mr. Gray looked shocked.

"Why did you not come to me, Annie?" he said.

"Because it was too far out of my way; and besides, to tell the truth, I felt too cross."

"Cross with me?" he asked in serious tone.

"Yes, with you!"

And then poor Annie's grievances burst forth.

"To be going along the streets hungrier than a beggar, while my husband is known as the successful Mr. Gray! To have no money in my pocket, because my husband thinks I am not to be trusted! Before I married you I was in business the same as you, that is I earned my living by teaching; you earn yours by trading. Now, suppose when we were married, you had given up your business to assist me, or because it interfered with your new duties, and I allowed you no money to spend as you chose. I dressed you well to be sure, but gave you no money without all the whys and wherefores and whithers being closely inquired into; in short, treated you as you do me?"

"You exaggerate the case, Annie. Men and women are differently situated. I should think you would be glad to be saved the trouble of earning a livelihood."

"But just consider the disadvantage of an empty purse. Put yourself in my place. How would you like it?"

"Why, if I only had to ask, I should like it first rate."

"Well, then, suppose you let me carry the pocketbook for a week?"

"But, Annie, it is not practicable. You could not attend the business in the store."

"Of course not. It is only your personal expenses that I will regulate. You come to me for what money you wish to spend for yourself; that is all; and give me your word that you will take no money from the store."

"All right; I'll do it just to show you that it's easy enough. Here is the pocketbook." And he gave it into her hand. "But I'll take a quarter first, to begin on."

"What do you want of a quarter?"

"Cigars."

"Well, here are two ten-cent pieces; try to make that do. Did you ever reckon up how much your cigars cost you? Let us see. You smoke at least two a day, at an average cost of ten cents apiece, which amounts to one dollar and forty cents a week. Now, fifty-two times one dollar forty makes seventy-two dollars and eight cents a year, to say nothing of those you give to your friends. A hundred dollars would scarcely cover your expenses in that line."

"As our old friend Abigail Stillman says, 'Who'd a thunk it?'" said Mr. Gray, laughing; but he was surprised to find the sum so large.

The next morning Mr. Gray had gone some distance from the house before he remembered that he had only twenty-five cents with him.

"I'll risk it," he said to himself. "Perhaps I shall not want to buy anything. I will show Annie that a man can do without money."

"Hello, Gray!" cried a voice, interrupting his reflections. "What is the brain study about?" It was his old friend, Frank Raymond.

The two had not met since Mr. Gray's marriage, and as Frank was to remain in town a week, Mr. Gray invited him home.

He lit a cigar and handed its mate to his friend.

The two conversed of old times until they reached Mr. Gray's place of business, when they separated, Frank agreeing to be at the Grays' at six o'clock. Annie was apprised of his coming by a note from her husband.

Going home that night, as was his usual custom, Mr. Gray stepped into Benton's to buy some cigars.

Benton was surprised to see him drop the dozen he had picked up.

"Are they not good?" inquired the dealer. "We think them our choicest."

"They are good, but on second thought I will not take any to-night."

Mr. Gray had always purchased as he used them, but now he wished he had a box at home. However, he decided to ask his wife for some money, and to run out and fill his case without his friend's knowledge. Twenty-four hours had passed, and he had already begun to experience a feeling of shame, and a disinclination to ask for money. A thought of Annie crossed his mind. "Pshaw! she doesn't have to treat friends to cigars," he muttered.

Frank Raymond was already at his house, and Annie had a tempting little supper prepared for them; and she was looking her prettiest.

When supper was over he took Annie aside and asked for a dollar, which she gave him grudgingly. Then he excused himself for a moment and bought some cigars. They were wretched affairs and filled the house with a villainous odor, for he had to get them at a new place, Benton's being so far away.

The next day the two friends started out together, when Mr. Gray, with an air of having forgotten something, said:

"Excuse me a minute."

"I will go back with you, if you have forgotten anything," said Mr. Raymond.

Mr. Gray clapped his hand on his pocket.

"I thought I had forgotten my pocketbook, but I have not," he said, "so it's all right."

And then he hurried on, his cheeks tingling with shame and deceit. But he could not risk having his friend go back with him and stand by while he asked for money.

Mr. Gray was lucky that day. He had no calls for money, and he had half a dozen of those horrid cigars left, a couple of which he smoked on the street after his friend left him. In fact, he concluded to risk another day in the same way.

But on this day he realized the force of the old adage, "It never rains but it pours," for, being asked to change a bill, getting his coat ripped and having to ask credit at the tailor's, the day was a series of mortifications.

Annie was not unaware of all this. In fact, she thought her husband was beginning to realize the situation, so when at night Mr. Gray asked her for more money to spend the next day, she wickedly put him off with some excuse and ingeniously evaded the request until he was forced to prefer it before his friend.

"You want a dollar or two?"

"There, Annie, don't bother a fellow; I'm in a hurry."

But with grave deliberation she drew out a quarter and laid it down, then another, and then two dimes.

"Let me see; three quarters, seventy-five, ten is eighty-five, ten is ninety-five, and here is a three-cent piece, ninety-eight cents. Will that do?"

"Yes," and Mr. Gray hustled them into his pocket and hurried from the room. He hoped his friend would inquire into the cause of the scene, when he would tell him of the contract and how it originated. It would then pass as a joke. But it did not so happen.

"Good gracious, what a grind she is!" thought Mr. Raymond. "And I thought her so pretty. I never supposed that Al would ever make such a mock husband. Catch me getting married and having the quarters doled out to me in that way."

He pitied his friend's embarrassment, but did not appear to notice it. Instead he chatted unconcernedly of old friends and past times. Suddenly turning a corner they met two mutual acquaintances. Handshaking and inquiries followed, and the four had so much to say that Mr. Gray decided to send a note to his partner and spend the day with his friends.

The party adjourned to a restaurant, and Mr. Raymond, aware of the amount of Mr. Gray's funds, ordered the lunch.

Before separating, a little excursion to Beach Island was proposed for Monday. Mr. Gray invited them in the meantime to spend the evening at his home. The evening was pleasantly passed. Annie was in excellent spirits, sang and played and was altogether charming. Mr. Raymond, remembering the money, decided matrimony was a snare when woman was so deceptive.

The next day, which was Sunday, Mrs. Gray, without being asked, gravely handed her husband fifty cents. Mr. Raymond was present, but did not appear to notice it. He was apparently engrossed in the book he was reading. But he heard Mr. Gray ask:

"What is that for? Oh, the contribution box! Thank you!" he said. But to himself he added:

"Why not save it to go with the twenty-five cents I have already, so as not to be compelled to ask for money on Tuesday? Then I can succeed in getting some for Monday's trip without the knowledge of my friends, and this absurd farce will end without any more unpleasantness."

Monday morning came all too soon, for, try as he would, he could not get the attention of Annie when he endeavored to broach the subject of the projected trip. Fidgeting with his knife and fork, he cleared his throat at last, and, in a nervous way, made a plunge.

Mrs. Gray elevated her eyebrows.

"To the Island? Pray, what for? It is hardly the season for excursions."

Mr. Raymond really pitied his friend's distress, so he said, jokingly:

"Why you see, Mrs. Gray, we want to get off for a time, as we used to do, when boys."

The lady smiled grimly, and said:

"Albert is, as you see, too extravagant by half. I cannot in the present state of our finances give my consent to his going." With these words, spoken with great composure, she walked off, leaving the gentlemen to themselves.

"By heavens, Albert, I never would stand that," said Frank, vehemently; "to be tutored like a school-boy!—haven't you any money at the store? If not, call on me for any amount, and let us hurry or we shall be late."

"No, I am afraid I cannot go. I am pledged not to take any money from the store, and it would not be right to take any from you."

Glad of an excuse, Mr. Gray then told the secret of his wife's conduct.

"Whew! so that's it," said Frank. "I'm glad to have my faith in womanhood restored; but isn't she overdoing the matter? Did you ever refuse her money before others?"

"I think I did last summer, when Mrs. Osgood was visiting her. They wished to visit a friend residing in Beddleford. I thought it was foolish and told them so; and finally refused my wife the money. The truth is," apologetically, "I had met with some heavy losses, and felt that we must economize."

"Why not have allowed her to use her own judgment? Perhaps she intended to economize in other ways," said Frank.

"I believe she said something of that kind. But to tell the truth, I had got into the way of thinking women needed to be continually curbed, or they would run into extravagances."

"It's a shame to treat a high-spirited woman in that way."

"I realize it now, fully, more fully than you can, unless you go through my experience. Annie said she had done plain sewing to pay for things that she needed, rather than to ask me for the money. I would rather have earned the money for our trip sawing wood than to have asked for it. Fancy having always to ask!"

"Do you know, Albert, I am glad this has happened? I may marry sometime; in fact, I'm thinking about it strongly, and now I shall avoid the course you have taken. Otherwise I presume I might have done just the same. I believe a great many men do."

"Do? Why, yes. Mother never had a single penny without asking father for it, and she helped earn it all, and was prudence and industry personified. I'll turn over a new leaf. Ah, there come our friends."

Mr. Raymond, to Mr. Gray's great relief, said that it would not be possible for him to go on the proposed trip, owing to unforeseen circumstances, whereupon Mr. Gray, in an off-hand manner, proposed that, as Frank could not go, he should come to their house again that evening. "My wife will be glad to see you," he said.

The week had passed and "Richard was himself again," or could be if he chose, but his wife had mirrored his past actions so forcibly that he had no wish to repeat himself. Annie had taken care to curb his extravagances by always giving him a little less than he asked for, and invariably inquiring just how he spent it, and, meantime, reckoning up how much he had had with exactness. All this, as he knew, was copied from his custom. Besides, as he reflected, he found it so disagreeable for a week, how much more so must it seem year after year, with no prospect of a change? In short, he felt himself to be the meanest man in existence. "'Tis one-half to own it," and the other half to reform, we suspect.

"There, Albert," said his wife, "I am glad the farce is ended. Resume your prerogative."

It was Tuesday evening at half-past six precisely when Mrs. Gray said this. At the same time she handed him his pocket-book, and then returned to her seat.

Mr. Gray counted the money carefully, and then divided it into two equal piles.

This accomplished, he crossed over to his wife, and placed one in her lap, saying:

"Henceforth we will share alike. Buy what you choose. I have faith in your prudence and judgment. I am not infallible. Why need I sit in judgment upon you?"

Mrs. Gray's eyes glistened with pride and happiness as she replied:

"Believe me, Albert, you will never regret this; for now I have an opportunity to use my faculties."

He never did regret it.

PIAZZA TALK AT THE SEASHORE.

"Oh, Mamie! I'm awful glad you have come down, we are going to have a German and you can—trot inside 2.40, sir, and road ten miles an hour, best hoss I ever owned he's—engaged to that young Soper, and they do say he's dreadful fast; no daughter of mine should be—taken by the head and dipped into a dish of melted butter, then they taste like—flannel trimmed with braid and a tennis hat of black crimson, then I think Jennie I shall be—the best catch on the field, sir, took it right off the bat. Jim Boggs he was playing behind and he ran back and—wiped Stich and Snorlware completely out, sir, all their assets are—the loviest box of French candy you ever saw, Nellie, and when he came down I asked him if he sent it, and he said—jess as soon as he stuck his fork into 'em, them's mother's pickles, sez John, I can tell mother's pickles, they allus taste like—a regular old maid, my dear, been down here for the last ten years, she is trying to catch—the biggest codfish that has been taken off this shore this year; when Jack pulled him up the fish was—down at the roller skating rink having an awful good time. It is embarrassing though to fall into—the meanest clique that ever was planned—and just to put down—a hot whisky punch. I wish we might, old boy, but the Law and Order League has taken—a dreadful chill, catch me in the water again without—managing private theatricals, I'd like to have you try it. Girls say that they can't take a part that has love-making, and then kick like a steer if you give them a part that hasn't—horrid mean thing. I do wish people would mind their own affairs. Why we danced the German Saturday, and Sunday we went to the rock together, and now they say I am—a perfect bar-room, all kinds of liquors in his room and—mother and I go to Saratoga because—stocks, sir, that have risen over ten per cent in a—blue silk dress, if you ever heard such a thing and then—held eleven trumps and took—five dollars, father, to pay subscriptions to the—Pitcher ice water to ninety-five and call me—a jackass, sir, to do business with no more capital than—her headdress which makes her look like—a thousand shares in Union Pacific that—seems exactly like a heavy rain," etc.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Somnolent lies the pickle in its briny bath, and in dreamy idleness the wad of chewing gum lies on the window sill. Athwart the glinting sunbeams, in their lonely search, the shivered corset still intrudes its sinuous length, while in the far-off delly dells of the bosky woodland copse the curl paper flutters in sad-eyed idleness for the bangs it nevermore will clasp. A broken garter here, an undarned stocking there, a few bent and scattered hairpins—they are all little things, but oh! how mutely, yet pathetically, they tell the hungry heart that the sweet girl graduate has fled, and is now engaged in catching beaus and freckles.—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

A quack doctor, who was giving testimony in a San Francisco court, was asked if he had ever performed the operation of decapitation. "Oh, yes," he said; "I have done that often, often." "Always successfully?" "Never lost a patient under it."

Some Day of Days.

Some day, some day of days, threading the street
With idle, heedless pace,
Unlooking for such grace,
I shall behold your face!
Some day, some day of days, thus may we meet.

Perchance the sun may shine from skies of May,
Or winter's icy chill
Touch whitely vale and hill;
What matter? I shall thrill
Through every vein with summer on that day.

Once more life's perfect youth will all come back,
And for a moment there
I shall stand fresh and fair
And drop the garment, care;
Once more my perfect youth shall nothing lack.

I shut my eyes now, thinking how 'twill be,
How, face to face, each soul
Will slip its long control,
Forget the dismal dole
Of dreary fate's dark, separating sea;

And glance to glance and hand to hand in greeting,
The past, with all its fears,
Its silence and its tears,
Its lonely, yearning years,
Shall vanish in the moment of that meeting.

A ROBBER IN THE HOUSE.

The clock struck three; two of the children awoke with "squawls," and Mrs. Mickson, turning over with a flounce, called to her husband, who was lying in an adjoining room:

"Peter!"

"Well."

"I believe there's a man in this house."

"Yes, I'm here."

"I don't mean you. I smell a cigar."

"Where did you get it?"

"I haven't got it, you greenhorn. I know that somebody has slipped into this house, and you needn't say there hasn't," and she arose and looked under the bed.

"Who do you think it is?" asked the husband.

"It's a robber; that's who."

"Do you think that a robber would come around a man's house and smoke cigars?"

"It makes no difference. I smell cigar smoke," opening the closet door.

"I smell cigar smoke, too," said the husband. "I have been smelling it for time."

"Get up and help me look for it."

"What, the smoke?"

"No, the man."

"Come on, and I think we can find him."

Mrs. Mickson entered her husband's room and found that gentleman lying on the bed smoking a cigar.

"I don't believe you have good sense!" indignantly exclaimed the good wife. "Why didn't you tell me that you were lying here smoking like a fool?"

"Because I am not smoking like a fool."

"Oh, you think you are smart," and the lady went back and tumbled into bed. —*Arkansaw Traveller.*

A TOO PENITENT THIEF.

A stray horse which had been running several months within a short distance of Weiser County, Idaho, was claimed and sold by a saloon keeper named C. A stranger, who had just arrived in the locality, hearing the circumstances, procured a description of the animal, called on Mr. C., and asked him if he had sold such a horse.

"I did," Mr. C. replied.

"By what authority?" was the next query.

"I claimed him," said C.

"Well," said the stranger, "there is no use disputing about the matter. You claimed him and I claim him. We'll just let a jury decide who he belongs to."

"Stop, stop," exclaimed C., "there is no use of that; if I made a mistake I am very sorry, and am perfectly willing to make amends."

"Now, Mr. C.," the stranger replied, "don't aggravate the offense by denying it. You would stand far higher in my estimation if you acknowledged that you stole the horse."

"Well," said C., "we won't quarrel. Say what you value the animal at and I will pay you."

"Fifty dollars," was the answer.

Five minutes after the stranger departed with that amount in his pocket, having received payment for a horse he never saw. —*Virginia City Chronicle.*

HE TOOK WATER.

"Heavens! but I'm melting!" he gasped, as he entered an ice cream parlor.

"Yes, sir," replied the girl at the soda fountain, as she reached for a glass.

"Dear me! but such thirst I never had before. Have you ginger ale?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah, yes; but they say it is heating. Any root beer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Exactly; but roots are not always good for the health. Depends upon the kind of roots. You have soda water?"

"Yes."

"Doctors say it produces a gas in the stomach. How's ice cream?"

"Very nice, sir."

"Yes, but lowering the temprature of the stomach so suddenly is apt to produce spasms. No lemonade, eh?"

"I can make you some."

"Never mind. My wife died suddenly after drinking a quart of it. Young lady!"

"Yes, sir."

"You may hand me a glass of water. It is probably the safest and best thing for the system at this stage of the game."

He got it; but he only took one sip. It was blood warm. The girl had seen two or three like him before.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"If you've got a clam hoe," said an impatient guest at a seaside hotel, "I'll go out and dig some myself. I ordered clam chowder twenty minutes ago, and I must take a train that leaves in half an hour."

"Lord bless you, sir, we don't want clams. We never use any. We bees awatin' for Maria to get done washing the dishes. We wants the dish water, we do."

"What in heaven's name do you do with dish water?"

"Please, sir, we puts it into clam chowder for thickening."—*Boston Globe.*

VANDERBILT'S HEAVY LOSSES.

A photograph of Vanderbilt's face and its expression as he drives down the road would be a rich addition to any gallery you may have on exhibition. He has lots of dollars and very few friends. But his lots of dollars are not so marvelous to-day as they were. It is no secret, of course, that he has withdrawn $10,000,000 within the year from his strong box of government bonds, and it is a very open secret that that tolerably "tidy sum of money" was turned over to his son, William K., to balance losses made by the young and enterprising scion of the family, under the direction, however, of William H., himself. There is a good reason to believe that, aside from the great shrinkages in the Vanderbilt properties, or rather in the prices of the Vanderbilt securities, the family, as such, have been very far from fortunate in their Wall street ventures. You will doubtless recall the fuss-and-feathery way in which every member of that family took possession of his house when furnished, the reception given by Vanderbilt here, and the wonderful $50,000 ball given by Vanderbilt fils. That, however, was two or three years ago. Have you heard of any reception lately? Were there any grand balls given last year? As matter of fact, the son's house was not opened at all last winter, and an air of gloom and neglect hung about the place. Mr. Vanderbilt three years ago was supposed, and said by people who ought to know, to be worth in the neighborhood of $200,000,000. Judged by the market price of his securities to-day, and the known amount of government bonds registered in his name, it is considered a fair estimate to put him down at $150,000,000.

Now, it is manifestly absurd to judge the feelings of a man worth $150,000,000 by those of a man worth $20,000 or even $1,000,000. The latter would suppose that the possession of $150,000,000 would make him supremely happy and entirely contented with this world, which would be quite good enough for him. Suppose, however, that a man were to lose $5000 of his $20,000. It is clear enough to the most obtuse intellect that he would be worried and excited, but, believe me, he wouldn't be one tithe as worried and excited as William H. Vanderbilt is to-day, because his millions are not so many as they were a year and a half ago.

Vanderbilt, you must remember, is no longer a young man. I don't know his age, but it is somewhere along in the sixties, and he was considerably over 40 before his father considered him worth trusting with any considerable amount of money, or as a confidant in any of his vast enterprises. William H. Vanderbilt was a grown man with a grown family, living on Staten Island, as a kind of half-baked farmer, when his father took it into his head to utilize him as the only one of the family who had any degree of sense at all. Don't you believe it? Well, think it over. Where are the other Vanderbilts? It would puzzle you to find any. The only Vanderbilt living whom the world ever hears of is William H., and the only reason it ever hears of him is because his father left him a stupendous fortune of $100,000,000.—*Philadelphia Press.*

THE DEACON'S REPROOF.

A certain minister, who belonged to the fault-finding, scolding tribe, having exhausted the patience of several churches, was called to a fresh field. For a little while, "all went merry as a marriage bell." But the ruling passion soon began to betray itself; and Sunday after Sunday he plied the whip with merciless fury, until only a few of the more faithful put in an appearance to receive their portion of something that was not meat in due season. At the conclusion of one of his excoriating harangues, a worthy deacon invited him to his house to take dinner. After finishing a bountiful repast, which is always the time a thoughtful man chooses to perform a delicate service, he very quietly asked his pastor if he had ever read and carefully studied John's account of the interview between our Lord and Peter and other disciples, after his resurrection? "Oh, yes," said he, "I have often read it with profit." "Well," said the deacon, "suppose I turn to it, and read it over carefully?" "Oh, no," said the pastor, "I can repeat it all from memory." "But," persisted the deacon, "I prefer reading it now." So the book was opened at the place, and the deacon began: "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee. He said unto him, *Beat* my lambs! He saith unto him the second time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? He saith unto him, *Maul* my sheep. He saith unto him the third time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Peter was grieved because he said to him the third time, Lovest thou me? And he saith to him, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee. Jesus saith unto him, *Larrup* my sheep!" The good deacon closed the book with great gravity, and no matter how the story ends.—*Christian Index.*

GREEN CORN GRIDDLE CAKES.—One pint of grated sweet corn; one teaspoonful of salt; one beaten egg; one large spoonful of sweet milk; two large spoonfuls of flour; and a little black pepper. Add a large spoonful of melted butter, and mix well with a spoon. Drop on a hot, buttered griddle, and fry until of a rich brown color on both sides. Shape the cakes so as to resemble oysters, which they are like in taste. Nice with meats for dinner, if served very hot.

An Austin physician has been busy vaccinating the children that had been brought to his office. He thought he had finished, and was putting away his lancet, when a woman with a very young baby in her arms came in, and requested him to vaccinate the baby.

"This child is the last, I suppose?"

"Why, Doctor, of course it's the last. It's only six months old."—*Texas Siftings.*

The Journal.

FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 22. 1884.

THE New York *Independent* withdraws its support from Cleveland in consequence of the Buffalo scandal.

HOW the swallow-tails of the Democratic party in Massachusetts must rejoice that Butler has kicked over the traces so soon.

AFTER all, Gov. Hendricks' letter of acceptance of the Democratic nomination for vice president is the model one, being only about 25 lines in length.

COMDR. SCHLEY, of the Greely relief expedition, reports that the bodies of six of the dead had been cut and the flesh removed, all the other bodies being entirely whole and unmutilated.

AFTER taking 1408 ineffectual ballots, the Democrats of the 2d Maryland Congressional district concluded that there was no escape from their ridiculous foolishness, and went home, leaving the central committee to do the work for them.

BUTLER has begun his campaign speech-making, addressing a picnic party of Rhode Island central labor unions at Rocky Point, R. I., Tuesday, and a small gathering of laborers at Meriden, Ct., Wednesday. He will have the speechifying mostly to himself for the present.

REV. NEWMAN HALL, the distinguished English clergyman, is in this country for a few weeks' vacation. The continent does not offer many attractions to English tourists this summer, on account of the cholera, and large numbers of them are taking their outing in this country.

THE town of Strong, Me., which claims the honor of being the birthplace of the Republican party—a claim which two or three other towns in the country also make—celebrated the 30th anniversary of the party's birth, Tuesday, Mr. Blaine being present and making a nice little speech.

SOME miscreant recently chiseled off a part of the inscription in raised letters on the marble memorial over the grave of Mr. Blaine's child at Augusta, and it is said that photographs of the tablet were then taken and sent to numerous anti-Blaine papers. What political ends were expected to be served by such a despicable proceeding we are at a loss to comprehend, and the perpetrators are welcome to all the glory it will bring them.

VANDERBILT finds the ownership of the fastest trotter in the world not an unalloyed pleasure. The fleet-footed mare attracts thousands of admirers whenever and wherever she appears, and her owner cannot go out for a quiet drive without being the observed of all observers; while the mare is so delicate that she must spend the winter months in a southern clime, so that he is deprived of her company a large part of the year. He has therefore disposed of "Maud S." to Robert Bonner, who owns "Dexter" and several other fast steppers.

LIEUT. GREELY says that the story in regard to dissensions among his party, and a division into two factions, with Lieut. Kislingbury in charge of the opposition, is totally false. Speaking of the condition of Kislingbury's body, he says:

All these later disclosures and terrible charges come upon me with awful suddenness. I can truthfully say that I have suffered more mental anguish these last few days than I did in all my sojourn at the North, when the chances were 100 to 1 against me. I can but repeat that, if there was any cannibalism, and there now seems to be no doubt about it, the man-eating was done in secrecy and entirely without my knowledge and contrary to my discipline. I can give no stronger denial.

BUTLER'S address, or letter of acceptance of the Greenback-Labor and Anti-Monopolist nominations for the presidency, has been published this week. It is longer than the letters of all the other candidates combined, and is largely given to an arraignment of the Democracy for its shortcomings in refusing to follow his advice. He urges the formation of a Peoples' party, and assures his followers that their votes will not be lost. His letter is addressed "to my constituents," and, after the school-valedictory fashion, closes with distinct addresses "to the Greenback-Labor party and the Anti-Monopolist organization, and to the laboring men," and to the Democratic party of Massachusetts.

GOV. CLEVELAND'S letter of acceptance was given to the public Tuesday. It is only about one-quarter as long as Mr. Blaine's. He approves the party platform, of course, defines what is government by the people, alludes briefly to the labor question, contends for the rights of the individual, favors improvement of the waterways of the country, treats of the duties of public servants, and promises his best services if elected. He leaves the tariff question with Congress. The letter shows that he has little familiarity with national affairs, and where he has nothing to say he remains silent—a wise and safe course. A candidate is likely to receive more injury from saying too much than too little.

One of the seamen of the Philadelphia schooner Julia Baker, who is held at Key West, Fla., for making way with the captain and selling the cargo, says that the captain was poisoned at sea by the mate and steward, and the body thrown overboard, after which they disposed of the cargo.

A desperate attempt to escape was made by some convicts at the Frankport, Ky., penitentiary last week. The guard was knocked down and would have been killed but for the interference of a life prisoner. Three convict got away, but two were after ward overtaken and shot.

Services commemorative of the centennial of the introduction of Methodism into the United States were held at Cottage City, Martha's Vineyard, last Friday evening, and continued until Tuesday of this week. Many prominent Methodist clergymen were present.

Mrs Mary Clemmer Hudson, well-known as a writer of prose and verse, and a special correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*, died recently in Washington.

PALMER AND VICINITY.

Terribly dusty the first of the week.

Flies have been awful sticky this week!

The auction of hardware in Strong's block has departed, and gone to Ware.

G. L. Hitchcock is away for a two-weeks' vacation.

Some very fine peaches are in the market this week.

Hubbard Lawrence is at the Hatfield campmeeting.

W. W. Leach has returned from his wedding trip.

Fred Allen has returned from a vacation trip to Vermont.

O. W. Studley and wife went to Block Island this morning.

Summer Blodgett and F. R. Lawton are at Warwick Neck, R. I.

David Knox, H. G. Loomis and D. B. Bishop are at Nantucket.

F. C. Hatch started this morning for a vacation trip to Cape Cod.

The heavy rain of Thursday forenoon was extremely welcome to all.

Miss Hattie Metcalf of Keene, N. H., is the guest of Miss Anna Whitcomb.

Henry Converse has gone to Old Orchard beach for a few weeks, for his health.

Baptism at the Baptist church next Sunday at the close of the evening service.

About 80 went from this place to Lake Pleasant on the excursion last Saturday.

Elder M. A. Potter of Worcester will preach at the Advent chapel next Sunday.

The new vault for the savings bank has arrived, and is being put in position to-day.

Conductor Sanders is taking a vaction from ticket punching for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Dr. Ruggles and daughter have returned from a four-weeks' trip to the shore.

A party of young people from the village held a picnic at Camp Pine Knoll Wednesday.

James Cowles left this morning for a visit of several weeks to friends in Vermont.

J. E. Stone, night watchman at the state primary school, has gone to Maine for a vacation of a week.

A very few Blaine and Logan badges are worn by our citizens, and a fewer number of Cleveland and Hendricks.

The camp at Newell's pond has taken on an ecclesiastical atmosphere this week, being occupied by several Bishops.

The Boston & Albany road will run another cheap excursion to Boston to-morrow, tickets to be had only at Springfield.

As handsome a lithograph of the presidential candidates as we have seen has been sent us by James D. Gill of Springfield.

One engineer on the New London Northern road displays the pictures of Cleveland and Hendricks from the window of his engine cab.

Architect Potter, who has been severely ill in New York for some time, has gone to Block Island in the hope of recovering his health and strength.

A straight-stack engine is now making regular trips on the morning accommodation train west, in addition to several others of the same kind.

Last Sunday's *Republican*, with its usual correctness, stated that Editor Fisk and wife were at Block Island. He sincerely wishes that it had been so.

We publish two interesting letters this week, one from our Saratoga correspondent "Occasional," and the other from a new correspondent, on "The Northwest."

The report that Engineer Kenerson was laid up with the rheumatism at Block Island was without foundation in fact, as he is well and enjoying himself immensely.

Dr. G. H. Wilkins of this place read a paper on Infantile Convulsions before the Western Massachusetts Homeopathic Medical Society, at its meeting in Springfield Wednesday.

A fair-sized company attended the skating rink last Saturday evening. There will be no rink to-morrow evening, but it will be opened next Wednesday afternoon and evening, with music in the evening.

Not a campaign flag ornaments our streets as yet, and there are no evidences of any political excitement whatever. The voters on both sides seem to feel that the weather is not favorable to political activity.

H. A. Northrop was overcome by the heat at about two o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, while attending to his duties as tax collector at the store of J. B. Shaw, and was obliged to give up work for the time being.

If you can't find a place hot enough for you this kind of weather, just come down to the JOURNAL office some day after we have got our boiler fired up, and have been running the presses for a few hours. It's hotter than—well, any place that isn't so warm.

News is scarce this week. Either there is nothing going on, or if there is the "natives" decline to make it known. Besides, our local editor has been at Block Island for a part of the week, and did not get home in season to make a very thorough canvass of the town.

There will be a floral service at the Congregational church next Sabbath evening, when the church will be decorated with flowers grown from seeds which the Sunday school gave the scholars last spring. The children are requested to bring their flowers to the church by four o'clock to-morrow afternoon.

An Italian, minus one leg, claiming to have lost it by being run over by a Pennsylvania railroad, was begging around the village Wednesday afternoon. He wanted "one penn-a, for cork-a leg-a," if he could get no more. We wonder how many times he has collected a sum sufficient to purchase that article!

Rev. O. R. Hunt met with a painful accident Wednesday. His horse became frightened as he was standing beside him, and jumped, knocking Mr. Hunt down. It was at first reported that he was severely hurt, but it amounted only to a bruised foot and a dislocated shoulder, and he was able to be out the next day.

The hot wave struck this place last Saturday, that and the next day being a slight forerunner of what was to come for the first three days of this week. Monday and Tuesday were regular scorchers, the thermometer on Tuesday reaching 100° in the shade. Wednesday was not quite so bad, but was hot enough to satisfy most people.

The rain yesterday morning soaked the western portion of the Converse House block some, which was minus a roof, the new one not having been finished on that portion of it. Some of the water found its way down into Park's grocery store, but did no harm there, though the wall paper in the rooms above was somewhat damaged.

The new park between the Boston & Albany and the New London Northern tracks, south of the depot, promises to be quite a handsome spot. But it is a matter of regret that the Boston & Albany managers are expending all their energies in that direction, instead of doing something to make the new station comfortably accessible to the citizens of this place.

A. L. Hills, engineer at the Boston & Albany pump house, who took a western trip a few months ago in search of relief for a somewhat serious heart trouble, starts for Illinois next Monday for another and stronger dose of the same treatment, with the expectation of finding a permanent cure this time; and in due season we expect to chronicle—what the earthquake did not accomplish—an addition to the number of Hills already surrounding our pleasant village.

An editor sees some "tuff" manuscript from one week's end to another, and we thought we had our share of it, but the following is as bad as any we have seen for some time. The original was sent us by a New York subscriber, and is the product of a New Jersey farmer, through whose land the lines of the Bankers and Merchants' Telegraph Co. run:

Mount prospect mey 26th 1884
mister bankers Sir
youre telegram men has cut my cherry trees shemfuly 2 or 3 weeks ago now Sir come and settel the Seme I have liven Stuf under the trees iwille wete 1 weeke for ancer from dete.

A young man in this village who works for the Flynt B. & C. Co., and who had never seen their quarries, was naturally anxious to do so. One of his friends, an employe at the depot, said they would take a ride some evening and go and see them. They accordingly started out one evening with a prospect of a moonlight ride, going to Monson by the lower road, and intending to return by the quarry. The full particulars will probably never be known, but it is supposed that some of Monson's beauty caused a delay in the working of their plans; at any rate there was no moon when they started for home. The depot employe was pilot, and never having been home that road before he took the Wilbraham branch at the fork this side of the Congregational church. After traveling a long time and many miles it dawned upon them that they were off the track, and a cross road was hunted up and taken, which after many mysterious twists and turns brought them out at the primary school. The boys think that Wilbraham Mountain would look better by daylight, and the next time they go to Monson they will probably come home by the direct road.

The following, taken from the Norwich *Bulletin*, will no doubt be interesting to our readers:

Conductor Horace Sanders, of the Northern road, came down Wednesday for the purpose of going down to the sea in a ship for a fortnight and forgetting business upon the great waters. He was accompanied by George Francis, of his train, who is chaplain of his staff, and who also peddles out Adams express prize packages on the line of the Northern road. At New London Horace was joined by the chief engineer of his staff, Chief Carrier of Norwich, who had been west to a firemen's gathering, where he was greeted with a rousing reception—a reception so hearty and genuine that many thought there had been another earthquake. Mr. Sanders brought with him a half car of personal baggage, but considerate friends in New London had carefully packed an extra grip-sack for his further convenience. The *Bulletin* correspondent being sworn in as an interpreter, he made a deposition as to the bag's contents as follows: One pair blue glass spectacles, a set of buttons to be substituted for his solid gold buttons and made of sacred elephant ivory, Watts' Hymns and Young's Night Thoughts (contributed by Chaplain Francis), Hoyle's games, a pair of five-cent stockings, clocked, or at least obtained on tick; Railway Guide of 1872, printed instructions for rescuing the drowning, a Salvation Army badge, a yellow flannel night-cap, two quarts of rheumatic liniment, etc., etc. "Horace," said George, as he took his hand, "don't send me any of the fish you catch C. O. D. unless they are cod!"

DISTRICT COURT HAPPENINGS.

16.—Dennis Connors of Monson was made an example of because he, with some 15 others, had refused to keep out of a pasture after having been warned not to pick berries there. He was let off on the payment of $3.90 and costs.

18.—Patrick Crimmins, Thorndike, drunk; paid fine and costs of $4.83.

Search at house of Cyrus Day, Monson; one bottle of gin and one of whisky seized. A hearing will be had September 8th.

19.—Cyrus Day, Monson; selling cider; paid fine of $50 and costs of $7.66.

20.—Sidney Kelsey, common drunkard; sentence was reserved until September 15th, awaiting the result of his behavior in the meantime.

William Mason; larceny from the person; bound over to December term of court in the sum of $300; committed in default. The complainant stated that he had met Mason on the street, and had been strongly urged to drink from a bottle which he produced. Did so, and at once began to grow stupid; was then taken to some house by Mason, who went through his pockets while there, taking his watch and some $4 in money.

Michael Donahue, Monson; larceny; in default of $20.96 was sent up. The warrant has been out some two years for Donahue, but Sheriff Palmer only succeeded in getting him this week. He has no doubt kept shady from the fact that Hampshire county wants him when this county gets through with him.

Lawrence Connell; drunk; paid fine and costs of $4.98.

21.—James Carter, Boston; drunk; paid fine and costs of $4.98.

22.—John Skiffington; drunk; fine and costs amounting to $4.98; sent up.

LUDLOW.

A company consisting of Rev. M. P. Dickey and family, Mrs. Amidon of New Haven, Ct., and C. A. Southworth and family, spent last Wednesday at Mt. Holyoke. They report a pleasant time.

PALMER CENTER.

Mrs. Parkhurst and her two grandsons of Washington, D. C., are spending their vacation at Mrs. King's.

Mrs. King gave another social party at her residence Thursday evening, at which a very pleasant time was enjoyed.

Mrs. Sanderson, wife of Charles Sanderson, turnkey at the house of correction, Springfield, has gone with her husband for a two-weeks' stay at Block Island.

WALES.

N. M. Stebbins sawed his thumb quite badly on a circular saw last Tuesday.

Mrs. Cady has gone with her children to New Hampshire to rusticate a few days.

A lady from Holland passed through the village Wednesday on foot on her way to campmeeting at Willimantic. She was evidently well warmed up by the sun.

A young horse attached to Hubbard's order wagon ran yesterday, completley demolishing the wagon and cutting himself about the legs and throwing out a small boy left in the wagon, who was severely scratched.

WARREN.

The Congregational church, with a seating capacity of 750, was completely filled last Sunday at the funeral of George S. Jennings of West Brookfield. More than 20 carriages followed his remains from the West Brookfield home, and were met here by Masons from this place, Brookfield and Ware, who conducted the services at the cemetery. At the church, Revs. Forbes of this village, Blanchard of Brookfield, Barrows of West Brookfield, and Tisdale, formerly of the Methodist church here, officiated. There was a great profusion of flowers, and Mrs. Jennie P. Walker assisted the choir in singing.

BONDSVILLE.

C. E. Shumway has a new sign which speaks a good word for him as a sign writer.

Owing to the intense heat Wednesday afternoon the masons gave up work on the bleachery.

The masons will have nearly finished the brick work on the new bleaching building by Saturday night.

Over $25 was cleared at the lawn party on the grounds of T. D. Potter by ladies of the M. E. society.

The Athletics of Athol are expected here Saturday afternoon to play our local nine. A game worth seeing is anticipated.

Philip Sullivan, a workman employed by the Flynt Building & Construction Co., while unloading lumber at the depot Monday, had one foot badly crushed by a heavy timber falling upon it.

There was a row last Saturday night on the Belchertown side between some of the men employed by the Flynt Building & Construction Co. and one of the roughs from Duckville. Knives were used quite freely and some blood was shed. A warrant was issued and placed in the hands of Belchertown authorities for the arrest of one of the parties Monday, but it was too late, as he had skipped.

BELCHERTOWN.

The schools commence next Monday.

Rev. P. W. Lyman is taking a vacation.

Quite a number of our people are away on short vacation trips.

There is to be no preaching service at the Congregational church next Sunday.

J. R. Gould is still confined to the house, though it is thought he will recover in time.

Rev. G. A. Oriatt preached a splendid sermon at the Congregational church last Sunday morning. His text was Heb. 2:10.

Burglars entered the house of Orrin Jepson last week Thursday evening, and made away with $12 in cash and notes for $200. It is not known who the thief or thieves are.

The annual reunion of the Morse family was held at Slate's grove, South Belchertown, last Wednesday. About 125 were present, and speeches were made by Uncle Jesse Morse and others. The group was photographed by Lazelle of Springfield.

The citizens of Belchertown are having a—dickens of a time as to where the soldiers' monument shall stand. It seems as if each man in the village wanted it set in front of his grounds, and is determined that it shall be in no other place. The fuss how is about where in the park it shall stand. Some say one end and some the other, while a third lot want it in the center. No one seems willing to yield a particle, and how the thing will end is a matter of conjecture.

NORTH WILBRAHAM.

Miss Mary Stone of Boston is visiting her brother, W. E. Stone.

Mr. Robbins of Sixteen Acres has bought the milk route of Mr. Pease.

The real estate of the late Sabra Lemon will be sold at auction to-morrow.

Services will be held in the Congregational church and in Grove chapel next Sunday.

A number of our farmers find when they come to dig their potatoes that they have decayed in the ground.

The North Wilbraham Republicans have formed a Blaine and Logan Club, with S. E. Baker, chairman; F. S. Stebbins, secretary.

The Republican caucus is called for Aug. 27th at Music Hall at 7.30 o'clock, to choose delegates to all the conventions and a town committee for the year.

Cutler & Co. are running their mill by steam this week. Last year they were compelled to run by steam for five months, commencing August 1st.

The finishing room at the paper mill was shut down the first of the week for lack of water. It is expected that the new engine will be in running order in a short time.

The North Wilbraham Orchestra, St. Clair, leader, have a field day and dance in the evening to-morrow, at Lane's grove. At 2 o'clock there will be a ball game between the Albions of Holyoke and the Paper Makers.

The Republican flag raising occurs this evening at 8 o'clock. Addresses by Hon. Charles R. Ladd, auditor; H. S. Hyde, chairman state central committe; Dr. S. B. Bartholomew of Springfield, and Hon. W. R. Sessions of Hampden. Music by Hutchin's band, G. H. Southland leader.

THORNDIKE.

Paymaster Andrews is off on a short vacation.

R. K. Houston and family are camping at Newell's pond.

Miss Eva Johnson returned this week from her vacation.

Mrs. Fred Carter has gone to Brattleboro, Vt., on a vacation.

Mrs. Twiss of New London, Ct., is visiting with friends in town.

H. T. Bishop and family are enjoying a vacation at Newell's pond.

A. D. Horr and wife of Providence, R. I., are visiting E. G. Murdock.

Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Green have returned from a trip to Canada and the Adirondacks.

W. F. Dutton of Detroit paid a short visit to his relatives in this place this week.

James Staples and Mr. and Mrs. Truesdell started Monday for a vacation at Old Orchard Beach.

Part of the machinery in the mills was compelled to stop the past week on account of low water in the river.

Misses Hewett and Leonard of Hoosic Falls, N. Y., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Page of Main street.

E. H. Truesdell and wife and James Staples and wife are enjoying the sea breezes at Old Orchard beach.

A party consisting of John and William Hutchison, Charles Clark, Horace Ramsey and William Pasco are camping out at North pond, Orange.

The open air concert given on the green Saturday evening brought out quite an audience. The artist promised to return on Monday, but did not make his appearance.

Many of our citizens who have been rudely awakened from their slumbers the past week by heavy explosions, have wondered which political party was prematurely firing salutes at such unseemly hours; but it was only the laborers on the raceway back of the No. 1 mill, who were blasting rocks. In spite of reports to the contrary this appears to be about the only "boom" here at present.

WEST WARREN.

H. Hitchcock, wife and son have returned from Old Orchard beach.

Albert Lee, late overseer of weaving in No. 3 mill, has removed to Vermont.

Rev. F. I. Nute has gone to his father's in Union, N. H., to spend some time before commencing labors in another place.

The Misses Mary and Roxie Collins started for the salt sea breezes on Wednesday, to be absent two or three weeks.

Last Friday (pay day) night was made as noisy as rum and beer could make it, as it was as common as if the dealers had a license.

William Clarke has changed his residence on the Brimfield road, and will occupy the tenement belonging to Jerry Foley on Pleasant street.

Horace St. Germain and daughter of St. Hyacinths, P. Q., arrived here Tuesday on a vist to relatives and are guests of Dr. St. Germain of this village.

Parties from Boston held an auction sale of clothing, etc., in the store recently vacated by James Collins, in Proulx's block, Water street this week.

Deserie Peltier has been successful in striking a well of excellent water on his recently purchased premises, at a depth of eight feet from the surface.

The social reunion of West Warren was held in Washington Hall on Friday evening last, and largely attended. Those present report having spent a pleasant and enjoyable evening.

There are to be no services in the Methodist church on Sunday in consequence of there being camp meeting at Northampton. The Congregational pulpit is also vacant for a short while.

The recently published lives of Blaine and Logan are finding a hearty welcome to the houses of a large number of persons here, and worthily so. The little crowd of Democrats has disbanded, their latest hopes not having been realized.

A little ripple of excitement was caused on Thursday afternoon by the arrest of a well-known liquor dealer. If it is the third time what will be done? Will the law be enforced to the utmost? It should be most certainly. It may be a beginning only, of a good work.

H. Wood has recently constructed a small steamer, equipped with the latest style of propelling gear, and running between West Brookfield and Point of Pines, (Podunk,) capable of accommodating eight persons. Several friends from this village having been invited, participated in her trial trip, of which they are exceedingly well pleased. Mr. Wood, as an amateur, deserves the highest credit for his ingenuity and perseverance.

Inundated portions of Main street are undergoing repairs and being covered with cinders from the cotton mills, which when completed, will form quite a solid road. Charles Elwell is superintending the job.

MONSON.

N. A. Thompson has gone to Shellsburg, Iowa.

The regular meeting of the Spare Minute Circle was held Monday evening.

Gage & Reynolds straw shop was struck by lightning on Thursday morning, but fortunately little damage was done.

Masonry work on Memorial Hall has been suspended for the present, and the carpenters are busy finishing the inside.

R. M. Reynolds and wife started for Saratoga last Friday with private conveyance, intending to leisurely take in the Berkshire hills on their route.

William Underwood has sold his Lincoln street residence to Charles L. Hathaway, and will build himself a new house, west of his former residence.

All the woolen mills except those of the Cushman Co., are shut down for a few weeks, and a needed vacation will consequently be enjoyed by the numerous employes.

About 2 o'clock last Monday morning fire was discovered in the horse barn of Mrs. Alvan Smith. There was fortunately no wind, and the shower of the previous evening protected the roofs of buildings near it. Eugene Ferrell had a horse and buggy in the barn which were barely saved by the pluck and daring of Nelson Whitou. The building was insured in the Springfield Mutual. To much cannot be said in praise of our efficient fire department who came promptly to the rescue with one wood pail and two tin dippers. The west branch ice cart arrived after the roof had fallen in, (about 10 o'clock,) but was gladly welcomed, and kept things cool with which it came in contact. Next came Session's relief cart which worked like a charm, and the melted ice from it might have been used to put out the fire in the dying embers. A vote of thanks and a series of resolutions were passed by the citizens to the standing volunteer forces who so nobly and self-denyingly gave aid and comfort to the ice carts.

The following persons in town pay a tax of $50 and over:

H E Aldrich,	$66	A Thompson estate,	$51
Marvin Bradway,	51	Joshua Tracy estate,	72
G W Burdick,	70	G E Tucker & Son,	73
Chapin & Keep,	105	James Tufts,	66
S F Cushman,	758	H White,	62
L G Cushman,	72	Barry Bros,	59
R F Fay estate,	68	Carlton Stebbins,	114
W K Flynt,	77	Jacob L Bradway,	136
W N Flynt,	191	C Carpenter & Son,	80
W N Flynt & Co,	582	Mrs C P Fay,	63
Cleas Fowler,	67	O M Graves,	71
G E Fuller,	62	A J Northrop,	84
D G Green,	232	H A Rindge,	101
G E Grout,	68	M A Stebbins,	51
Gage Bros,	58	Hiram Wadd,	51
C W Holmes,	256	J W Stebbins,	53
C W Holmes, Jr,	283	Thos Sutcliffe,	63
Mrs H C Hussey,	51	Mrs E N Fay,	50
Mrs H Lyon,	142	Daniel Foskit estate,	116
J C Maguire,	80	J F Hovey,	112
C H Merrick,	75	Eleazer Moore,	84
Merrick, Fay & Co,	109	Mrs H Bliss,	51
E F Morris,	64	Thos Bogan,	58
G H Newton,	66	H W Ellis,	107
W S Nichols,	84	A D Ellis,	150
Mack Noble,	63	D W Ellis & Son,	450
Norcross Bros,	68	Gage & Reynolds,	154
Alfred Norcross,	157	Lavater Munn,	56
Norcross & Reynolds,	169	J L Reynolds,	849
J A Orcutt,	79	Cyrus Truesdell,	53
D G Potter,	121	O Wilde & Son,	58
Rogers & Co,	50	Lee Blanchard,	75
Mrs J W Smith,	51	C M Calkins,	56
Artia Squier,	73	A H Maxwell,	53
Horace Squier,	56	C H Bradway,	53
J T Stevens,	118	R & M Smith,	76

NON-RESIDENTS.

L W Tanner,	61	E E Towne,	80
A V Blanchard,	53	J A Moore,	55
Benj Butler,	55	C O Moore,	83
A Day estate,	63		

WARE AND VICINITY.

Gov. Robinson and suite were the guests of J. H. Grenville Gilbert on Tuesday night and Wednesday.

Over four tons of ice distributed by the team of D. A. Jennison on Monday last, and a large quantity by Horace Bond, and still people could not keep cool.

The biggest hen story yet is that of Joseph Cole, who has a hen that has laid regularly since last spring eggs that measure 6¼ by 8¼ inches in circumference.

Daniel Spear brought us this week a specimen of the Creeper pea raised from seed which he brought from Wisconsin twenty-five years ago. The stock is but 12 inches high but had 18 full pods of peas upon it.

There is to be a caucus for all supporters of the Republican candidates at Music hall next Wednesday evening at 7.30 o'clock to choose delegates to the state convention at Boston Sept. 3d, and to the 11th district congressional convention at Greenfield. Also to elect a chairman of the town committee for the ensuing year.

LETTER FROM SARATOGA.

Correspondence of the JOURNAL.

SARATOGA, Aug. 20th, 1884.

Saratoga is now booming for the first time this season. The cool weather has had its effect in making the season as a rule very poor until since the first of August, and many complaints have been made on account of it by persons in all branches of business. Yet many of the boarding houses have been fuller than ever most all summer, and the large number of excursions and conventions entertained by Congress Hall has very materially helped this popular hotel to a prosperous season. The indications of prosperity are already exhibiting themselves in the talk among the proprietors of some of the smaller hotels and boarding houses of enlarging their borders by means of additions to their buildings in the fall to accommodate the ever-increasing multitude who annually gather here at the "Queen of the Spas."

It is sometimes said that the mineral springs are the life of the place, while it is also affirmed that the races are a greater attraction. The fact seems to be that during the races there are the most people in town and the most money in circulation. It is rumored that this is to be the last racing season here—the track to be abandoned. If this be true a practical test of the matter will of necessity be made. One other fact is evident, namely: that those who come to attend the races are not to be interfered with except to preserve order in the streets, and the various gambling dens, houses of infamy and liquor saloons are allowed to flourish regardless of law.

Congress Park, the great center of amusement, draws thousands of visitors within its boundaries who heartily enjoy its cool, refreshing walks, the sweet fragrance of the flowers, the charming music of Doring's unrivalled band, the pretty and fascinating balloon ascensions, the grand and brilliant pyrotechnics, together with the various other attractions daily offered to the public by the proprietors of the park. The balloon ascension last week was made unusually interesting and attractive from the fact that Mme. Carlotta took her little three-years-old child into the balloon with her and started for "cloud-land," as many supposed, but there proved to be a rope attached to the balloon, allowing it to rise but about fifty feet. After a couple of these short excursions the little one was deposited with her papa and Carlotta sailed away in a north-westerly direction, and landed about thirty minutes later on the farm of Judge G. F. Fowler of Greenfield, four miles away. It is a singular fact that in all the ascensions made by Carlotta from the park, with this and one other exception, the balloon has always taken an easterly course.

Not the least of Saratoga's attractions at present is "Maud S," the queen of the turf, who with "Adeline" and "Early Rose" (by no means a slow pair) and several less valuable road horses of W. H. Vanderbilt's are pleasantly located at their stable on Spring street, where they daily receive the inspection and admiration of large numbers of visitors.

The social event of the season thus far was the "garden party" at the Grand Union the 24th of last month. Held in one of the most lovely parks, illuminated by thousands of Chinese lanterns, gas and electric lights, trimmed in the most tasty and elaborate manner by hundreds of yards of bunting and the coats of arms of several states, the scene presented was one almost beyond description. Under such circumstances, led by Napier Lothian's orchestra of 24 pieces, the thousands of children in the afternoon, and older ones in the evening, attired in the best garments of the land, and bedecked with almost numberless diamonds and jewels, conversed, admired, promenaded and danced till nearly midnight. Representatives of most of our large cities from Boston to San Francisco and Galveston were present, as well as some from foreign countries.

The large accessions to the population of Saratoga in the summer give many visitors the idea that when they go away Saratoga is practically extinguished till another summer, but a new directory, just published, mentions 157 streets, avennes and lanes, 28 blocks, halls, etc., and about 5000 names, and a visit to Saratoga in the winter would convince any doubting one that there was some life then as well as during the season.

OCCASIONAL.

THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER.

A hum-bug—a mosquito.

The Framingham *Tribune* appeared last week with its eight pages cut and pasted, a decided improvement.

"I don't see the point, but it must be there," as the fish said when he saw the bait dropped into the water.

"Shall we call this summer?" shrieks the Roxbury *Advocate*, and the Marlboro *Times* thinks it depends altogether on the kind of a hand, whether to call or not.

A young fellow who was engaged to a Miss Lemon suddenly began to pay his attentions to another girl, but was repulsed with the remark that she had no use for a lemon squeezer.

This is a very poor country. Few men here can hone their own razors.—*Boston Budget.*

That's so, they're most all "strapped."—*Framingham Tribune.*

We should think a man who made a practice of using a razor which he didn't hone would feel terribly cut up by it.

"These pants sold at bottom prices," was the sign on some goods in Mr. Isaacs' store window. A customer entered and said he would take a pair that bore a tag on the waistband marked $1 with a big figure. He tendered a one dollar bill in payment, but Mr. Isaacs said "no, I can't sold you you pockets of dem pants; I must sold you der whole of dem; $15 please." "Why, you say they are sold at bottom prices, and have them marked $1." "Dot vas all right. Dot vas der top price; der bottom price vas $15; you find 'im marked on der bottom of der legs."

Where guns go off and blood drops spatter,
All men at once cry, "Cincinnati?"
—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Where lung holes burst, and burst to kill,
All men at once cry, "Louisville?"
—*Cincinnati Merchant Traveler.*

Where senators and bums drink rum,
All men at once cry, "Washington?"
—*Noble County Democrat.*

Where pedestrians and vice both stalk,
We yell with one accord, "New York?"
—*Washington Hatchet.*

Where streets so crooked billy-goats get lost on,
All men at once cry, "Boston?"
—*Chicago Sun*

Where sin abounds conventions go,
So they all shout for "Chicago?"
—*Gorham Mountaineer.*

Where cane is sweet, but on baked beans,
Down on the gulf at New Orleans!
—*Cambridge Tribune.*

Where Presidential bogings are,
The people call it "Augusta."
—*Framingham Tribune.*

Where clergymen in mock heaps hoe,
The place is known as "Buffalo?"
—*Waltham Record.*

Where the paper Blaine sued for libel is,
Is known as "Indianapolis."

The hot weather of the first of the week brought out all the old liars on the subject who have been out of business all summer. Several got seated in a cool place this morning talking about the weather, when one remarked that his thermometer had indicated 110½ in the shade on Monday. Number two said his wife had done all her ironing on Tuesday by simply putting her flatirons out in the sun to get hot. The next man had had the nails melted out of the pickets on his fence by Wednesday's heat. Number one remarked that the prize belonged to the third man, when a meek looking stranger who had been standing by remarked that he had a little experience he would like to relate. He was told to go ahead. "Yesterday morning," he said, "when I went to the door, I discovered that the heat had been so great during the night before that it had melted the concrete walk which extended down a slight incline to the street, and it was a lake of melted tar in the gutter." "Oh! hold on! remember it rained that night," said the rest, in a chorus. "I know it," was the reply, "but that walk had got so hot before the rain came, that it converted the water that fell on it into steam, and cooked all the pears that hung over it on one side of a pear tree. Come up and sample them, gentlemen, you can pick them right off the tree."

The town of North Adams has unearthed 500 shares of the stock of the Troy & Greenfield railroad, which they will sell to the state for $8 a share. A special town meeting will probably be called to vote to sell the stock, as the selectmen do not consider they have a right to sell the stock without a vote of the town.

An Ohio woman whose husband enlisted in 1862, and who has heard nothing from him since, married again in 1870. A few days ago she learned that No. 1 had been living within a few miles of her for 20 years. She didn't want any thing to do with him, however.

The annual election of officers of the New England Spiritualist association took place at Lake Pleasant last Monday, and resulted in a victory for the old board, the opposing party, though claiming to be 250 strong, holding themselves aloof.

A breeze off Lake Erie recently blew the lake flies into Cleveland until it was said that 1000 bushels lay rotting in the streets. These flies live but a day, cannot bite, but are so stupid as to make a most intolerable annoyance.

The town of North Adams is to have a grand balloon ascension at the cattle show the 17th of next month. The balloon is 150 feet in diameter, and will take up five or six persons.

The double team record of 2.16¾ was beaten at Narragansett park, Providence, last Monday, by Frank Works' team "Edward" and "Dick Swiveller," the time being 2.16¼.

The grand jury has found seven indictments against Mother Mandelbaum, the noted New York "fence," for receiving stolen goods.

A lad who rescued a girl from drowning at Coney Island last week, was rewarded with the magnificent gift of $2 in cash.

THE NORTHWEST.

Correspondence of the JOURNAL.

Mr. Editor:—We have recently returned from an extensive trip through the West, and perhaps a few notes of what we saw of that section may be of interest to your readers.

We left Chicago *via* the Chicago & Northwestern railroad. On our way through Wisconsin we passed several thriving towns and many productive farms covered with a luxuriant growth of crops, arriving in due time in St. Paul.

This city and its twin sister, Minneapolis, are marvelous towns, and no doubt will be one city some day. St. Paul is at the head of navigation of the "father of waters," and does an extensive jobbing trade. Minneapolis is what was formerly called St. Anthony's Falls; is about twenty-five years old, with a population of nearly 100,000. It has the greatest utilized water power in this county and the most extensive flouring mills in the world, whose daily capacity is 29,000 barrels, and is said to be the largest wheat market in this country save New York. In 1882 its jobbing trade amounted to over $97,000,000, besides an immense retail business. Last year nearly $15,000,000 was expended in building.

From here we took a north-westerly course through that section of Minnesota which abounds in small lakes until we reached the main line of the Northern Pacific railway at Brainard, continuing our way west, crossing the Red River at Moorhead, the dividing line between Minnesota and Dakota.

This territory has attracted more widespread attention the past three years than any other section of our country. Much has been published of its resources and extensive crops of superior quality of wheat and oats, while on the other hand, some things are said derogatory to it.

This, like all new countries, has some disadvantages—men will not achieve success here, without effort, any more than in other places—but with energy, enterprise and some capital we believe the opportunities for success are more numerous than in other parts of our country. We believe, too, that there is a grand future for this vast domain of 150,000 square miles so recently opened for civilization.

The territory is denominated North and South Dakota, the dividing line being the forty-sixth parallel of latitude; each section having nearly the same area. North Dakota is traversed by the Northern Pacific railway. This is a first-class road, admirably equipped with fine day coaches, sleepers and dining cars. Along this road have grown thriving towns, the largest being Fargo, the metropolis of the famed Red River Valley, with a population of nearly 10,000. It is well built, with railroad facilities, and with nearly all the modern improvements of Eastern towns.

As we continue westward the bonanza wheat farm of Dalrymple is passed, with its 25,000 or more acres under cultivation, the labor being performed by horse and steam power. From here, on our way over these boundless prairies, with but little timber, except along the streams, and occasionally a lake to break the monotony, we pass towns varying in size from 100 to 2500 population. Here are thousands of thousands of acres of rich dark loam, easily cultivated, awaiting the sturdy hand of the farmer to break it, put in the seed and garner a rich harvest.

The most important town to be seen after leaving Fargo is Jamestown, 100 miles distant. It is the county seat of Statesman county. It is picturesquely located in the James River Valley, with a population of 2500 or more. This city has nearly all been built during the past three years. It has several brick business blocks and other buildings. Two first-class hotels which are much needed are in process of erection. There are four banks, four churches, a fine brick court house, one large public school building, and another of brick nearly completed, which would ornament any Eastern town, besides numerous fine residences; two large grain elevators, one roller flouring mill with a daily capacity of 100 barrels, and two daily and weekly newspapers. The *Capital* is a clean, bright, newsy sheet, and its editors are gentlemen in every sense of the word. We were cordially greeted by them, were invited to make their office our headquarters, and were given access to their exchanges. In the western part of the city are the car shops and a round house with seventeen stalls.

As we are interested in the loaning business, we called on the North Dakota Loan & Trust Co. This is a chartered organization with a capital of $100,000. Its officers are strong men financially. We met their attorney, Roderick Rose, who is a man of executive ability and has done much in building and establishing the business of the company, which has been successful thus far.

It is a rich agricultural country around Jamestown. The crops looked very promising, and the farmers were smiling over the flattering outlook.

The people of Jamestown are mostly Americans of culture and refinement. As good society can be found here as in many Eastern towns of this size. Business places are closed on the Sabbath, the streets quiet and churches well filled.

Memorial day was not forgotten, although there are no graves here of fallen heroes to decorate. Here were men who defended their country's flag, and the day was observed by a procession in the streets, headed by a band of music, marching to the court house where an elegant address was delivered by one of their clergymen. We have given a fuller description of this city for the purpose of showing, merely, that in a new town on these prairies, which were so recently the home of the buffalo and the hunting grounds of the red men, may now be found a peaceful, enterprising community with good social and religious privileges and educational advantages, and this will apply to a great extent to other towns in this territory.

C. B. BIGELOW.

Young Shipley, the colored boy of Westfield who was shot by an officer some ten days ago while attempting to escape arrest, died last Monday from the effects of his wound.

Monday was the hottest day of the season in New England and New York state, the thermometer ranging from 98° to 105° in the shade.

The late Bishop Simpson of Philadelphia bequeaths to the trustees of the M. E. church one-seventh of his estate in trust for the endowment of an Episcopal chair for the bishop, provided the amount be increased to $50,000 before the next general conference. His wife and children are left $100,000.

HAY FEVER.

I have been a Hay Fever sufferer for three years; have often heard Ely's Cream Balm spoken of in the highest terms; did not take much stock in it because of the many quack medicines. A friend persuaded me to try the Balm and I did so with wonderful success. This recommendation you can use for the benefit of Hay Fever sufferers.—T. S. Geer, Syracuse, N. Y. Price 50 cents. 2w20.

O. P. Allen and O. J. Winslow guarantee positive relief for any cough, cold, croup, or lung complaint by using Acker's English Remedy, or will refund the money. cow 1y 52

FREE TO ALL; STANDING OFFER. All who buy Rice & Co's Eclectic Liniment for Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Headache, and all pain, and are not cured when directions are followed, are entitled to fifty cents. MOTTO—No cure, no pay. For sale by G. L. KEENEY, Druggist and Stationer, Monson. 8

O. P. Allen and O. J. Winslow wish it known that they guarantee Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets to be the best remedy for indigestion ever made, they always relieve headache. cow 1y 52

RECIPE FOR THE TROUBLED MIND.—The thought often arises, and the question asked, "What shall I do?" I have tried all of the doctoos, and patent medicines, and my money is gone and still no better. Recipe—Go to your druggist, and get a bottle of Rice & Co's Eclectric Liniment and a box of Eclectic Pills—for our motto is, no cure, no pay. For sale by GEO. L. HITCHCOCK, Palmer. 8

Ask O. P. Allen and O. J. Winslow about Acker's Blood Elixer, the only preparation guaranteed to cleanse the blood and remove all chronic diseases. cow 1y 52

FORMULE FOR RICE & CO'S ECLECTIC PILLS.—May apple, ext. dandelion, rhubarb, ext. aloes and colocynth comp., and oil anise. Price 25 cents. Gelatine coated. Liver and malarial diseases can not exist where these pills are taken. (No griping.) Price 25 cents. For sale at C. E. BLOOD'S Drug Store, Ware. 8

The microscope demonstrates that consumption, asthma and bronchitis are produced by disease germs. Fontaine's Cure is the only remedy. Sold by O. P. Allen. 1y13cow

Unto the third and fourth generation! yea, scrofula and salt rheum is cured by Fontaine's Great Discovery. Sold by O. P. Allen. 1y13cow

Oh, how beautiful it makes the complexion! For eruptions, Lady Camelia's Secret of Beauty is superior to soap or liniments. Price 50 cents. At Allen's Pharmacy. 3 4w37

Thousands are daily having freckles removed by a trial of Lady Camelia's Secret of Beauty. Price 50 cents, at Allen's Pharmacy. 1 4w y29

"ROUGH ON RATS"

Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers; 15c; druggists.

HEART PAINS.

Palpitation, Dropsical Swellings, Dizziness, Indigestion, Headache, Sleeplessness, cured by Wells' Health Renewer."

"ROUGH ON CORNS."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns;" 15c; quick, complete cure; hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

"ROUGH ON COUGHS."

Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for coughs, colds, sore throat, hoarseness. Troches, 15c; Liquid, 50c.

"ROUGH ON DENTIST" TOOTH POWDER. Smooth, refreshing, harmless, elegant, cleansing, preservative and fragrant; druggists; 15c.

THIN PEOPLE.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Headache, Nervousness, Debility; $1.

BED-BUGS, FLIES.

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

MOTHERS.

If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use Wells' Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.

LIFE PRESERVER.

If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to the spot.

"ROUGH ON TOOTHACHE."

Instant relief for neuralgia, toothache, faceache. Ask for "Rough on Toothache;" 15 and 25 cents.

PRETTY WOMEN.

Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

"ROUGH ON ITCH."

"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

NIGHT SWEATS.

Headache, fever, chills, malaria, dyspepsia, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.

THE HOPE OF THE NATION.

Children, slow in development, puny, scrawny, and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."

"ROUGH ON PAIN."

Cures colic, cramps, diarrhœa; externally for aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. For man or beast. 25 and 50 cents.

"ROUGH ON PAIN" PLASTER.

Porous and strengthening, improved, the best for backache, pains in chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia; 25c; druggists or mail. 1y12

MIRE, the new remedy, is acknowledged by leading physicians to cure *Headache, Neuralgia* and *Malaria* when everything else fails. For sale at Palmer by O. P. Allen, and at Monson by G. L. Keeney, druggists. 3m12*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she was a Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.
1y11

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The greatest medical wonder of the world. Warranted to speedily cure Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Cancers, Piles, Chilblains, Corns, Tetter, Chapped Hands, and all skin eruptions, guaranteed to cure in every instance or money refunded. 25 cents per box. For sale by G. L. Hitchcock. 1y32

VOX POPULI, VOX DEI.—The HOMEOPATHIC MEDICINES best adapted for family use are those sold at O. P. Allen's, Palmer, and G. L. Keeney's, Monson. The guide-slip attached to each bottle enables one to treat most of the ordinary ailments common to a family. 3m 12*

A Great Discovery.

That daily brings joy to the homes of thousands by saving many of their dear ones from an early grave. Truly is Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, Loss of Voice, Tickling in the Throat, Pain in the Side and Chest, or any disease of the Throat and Lungs, a positive cure guaranteed. Trial bottles free at Geo. L. Hitchcock's drug store. Large size $1.00. 6

BORN.

At Ferrysburg, Ottowa Co., Mich., 3d, a son (Willie Elliott) to WILLIE E. BRADLEY, formerly of Monson, Mass.

MARRIED.

At Gilbertville, 20th, at the bride's residence, by Rev. W. D. Brown, GEORGE E. WHITNEY of Maynard and HATTIE A. CONDON.

DIED.

At Ware, 13th, Miss THEODOSIA M. BRECKENRIDGE, 80.

At Boudsville, 14th, SARAH, 53 years and 9 mos., wife of Hiram Cobleigh.

LOST—On Main street a gold bracelet. The finder will be rewarded by returning same to MRS. JOHN SEDGWICK.

WANTED.—An American girl as nurse and chambermaid. Address P. O. BOX M., Brimfield, Mass.

STRAYED—From the Monson Town Farm Thursday, Aug. 14, one yearling heifer; red, tail tipped with white. Also one red bull calf. Information thankfully received. Address LEONARD ALDRICH, WARDEN. Town Farm, Monson, Aug. 18, 1884.

FOR SALE.

Three second-hand Buggies, one of them a Concord, all in good repair; also, 1 light Express Wagon. Cheap for cash, or would exchange. MONSON HOUSE STABLES. Monson, Mass. 4w19

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. 1y52

The Housekeeper's Blessing!

HITCHCOCK'S

Insect Powder!

SURE AND SPEEDY DEATH TO INSECTS.

SAFE TO USE AND HARMLESS TO HUMAN LIFE.

The neatest, surest and most deadly Insect Destroyer ever known. A purely vegetable powder. It is offered for sale in 25-cent tin sifting top cans, and also by the pound.

IT WILL KILL ANYTHING

In the line of FLIES, ANTS, BUGS, ROACHES, LICE OR WORMS.

Has been used for years and never fails.

MAKE NO MISTAKE.

This is warranted the best and surest. Come and examine, and try

HITCHCOCK'S PILE REMEDY.

GEO. L. HITCHCOCK, Pharmacist,

PALMER, MASS.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Charles Hastings, late of Palmer deceased, to me, dated March 15th, 1883, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Hampden, libro 384, folio 216, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on Saturday, the twentieth day of September, 1884, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely: A certain tract of land situated in said Palmer, and bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a stake and stones on the easterly side of the road leading past the homestead of said Hastings; thence easterly on land of Mary A. Whipple, about 12 rods to a stake and stones; thence turning nearly at right angles on line of an old fence southerly 40 rods more or less to a stake and stone; thence westerly nearly at right angles again about 29 rods to a stake and stones on line of land formerly of Elias Paul; thence northerly on line of said Paul's land about 15 rods to a stake and stones at corner of said Paul's land; thence westerly on said Paul's land about one rod to said road; thence northerly on said road to place of beginning, containing about 13 acres more or less. $80 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

JOSEPH THOMPSON, Mortgagee.

Palmer, August 22, 1884.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.—HAMPDEN, ss. Probate Court.—To the devisees, and others interested in the estate of John Clough, late of Palmer, in said county, deceased, Greeting:

Whereas, Timothy H. Potter, executor of the will of said deceased, has presented to said court his petition for license to sell the whole of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of debts, legacies and charges of administration, and for other reasons set forth in said petition:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be holden at Palmer, in said county, on the second Wednesday of September next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And said executor is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week, three weeks successively, in the Palmer Journal, a newspaper published at Palmer, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court, and by mailing a copy hereof to each said devisee who may reside out of this State, fourteen days at least before said Court.

Witness, William S. Shurtleff, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twentieth day of August, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four.

3w21 SAMUEL B SPOONER, Register.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT.
OFFICE OF COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY.
WASHINGTON, August 8th, 1884.

Whereas, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that The Monson National Bank, in the town of Monson, in the county of Hampden, and state of Massachusetts, has complied with all the provisions of the "Act of Congress to enable National Banking Associations to extend their corporate existence and for other purposes," approved July 12th, 1882.

Now, therefore, I, Henry W. Cannon, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that "The Monson National Bank," in the town of Monson, in the county of Hampden, and state of Massachusetts, is authorized to have succession for the period specified in its amended Articles of Association, namely, until close of business August 11th, 1904.

In testimony whereof witness my hand and seal of office this 8th day of August, 1884.

(L.S.) H. W. CANNON, Comptroller of the Currency. 4w 20

HINMAN'S BUSINESS COLLEGE.
WORCESTER, MASS.

This institution is the most RICHLY APPOINTED, PAINSTAKING, ECONOMICAL and STRICTLY BUSINESS school in New England. It is superior to others in its training of students practically, through

AN ACTUAL BUSINESS EXPERIENCE

In completely appointed business offices. Its teachers are the finest penmen in the east, thorough masters of commercial branches, strict, yet kind and true. Young men and ladies seeking the best aid to PRACTICALLY TESTED business ability should send for circulars, mailed free, by

4w20 A. H. HINMAN, Worcester, Mass.

NOT ONLY TO THE SUFFERER WASTED BY DISEASE DOES

RIDGE'S FOOD

supplement the proper medicine and bring back strength and comfort, but the delicate mother will find its daily use

JUST WHAT IS NEEDED

To check and supplement the drain made upon nature's forces. Try it, mothers, and be convinced. Recipes to suit different tastes accompany each can. It does not tax the digestive organs, but is strengthening to both invalids and children. Sold by Druggists. 25c. up. WOOLRICH & CO., on label. 4w20

FREE STATE SCHOLARSHIPS.

Massachusetts Agricultural College—The towns constituting the 1st Hampden Senatorial District, are entitled, without payment of tuition, to send to the College two young men, who will be required to pass an examination in English Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic, Algebra, through simple equations and the history of the United States. Application in own handwriting, giving name, age, residence and reference, may be addressed to the undersigned, until August 28, 1884. Notice will be given to applicants of the time and place for competitive examination. WM. R. SESSIONS, 2w20* Senator, Hampden, Mass.

SHEPARD'S CELEBRATED

$60 SCREW CUTTING FOOT LATHE.

Foot and Power Lathes, Drill Presses, Scroll Saw Attachments, Chucks, Mandrels, Twist Drills, Dogs, Calipers. Send for catalogue of outfits, for amateurs or artesans. Address H. L. SHEPARD & CO., 341 and 343 West Front Street, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

NICHOLS ACADEMY,
DUDLEY, MASS. INCORPORATED 1819.

Open to both sexes. New Buildings. Large Library. Reading Room and Observatory. Observatory is a U. S. Signal Station. Students fitted for any college or technical school. Tuition free to deserving students. Fall term commences Thursday, Sept. 2d. Send for catalogue to 5w18 MOSES BARNES, Treasurer.

HITCHCOCK FREE HIGH SCHOOL,
BRIMFIELD, MASS.
ARTHUR A. FRHAM, Principal.

Thorough English and Classical Departments. *Tuition Free.* Fall term begins Sept. 3d. Entrance examination Sept. 2d. For catalogue or information address HENRY F. BROWN, 3w20 Secretary.

FOR SALE—Best corner lot in Palmer, on corner Park and Thorndike streets. 4w20* Inquire of DR. DOWNING.

WE

Are Closing Out

THE BALANCE OF OUR

Summer Goods

REGARDLESS of COST.

GREAT DISCOUNT ON

CLOTHING

WITH WHICH WE ARE

Very Much Overstocked.

REMNANTS

—IN—

PRINTS & GINGHAMS

ARE GOING VERY RAPIDLY!

CALL EARLY AND SECURE THE BEST PATTERNS.

OUR PRICES ON

BLACK SILKS

RATHER DISCOUNT SPRINGFIELD,

AND THEY ARE WARRANTED IN EVERY PARTICULAR.

YOURS RESPECTFULLY,

S. H. HELLYAR & CO.,

CROSS'S BLOCK, PALMER.

BROOKS BROS.,

Successors to ROBINSON & BROOKS,

—DEALERS IN—

HARDWARE,

Iron and Steel,

PAINTS, OIL AND GLASS,

SPRINGS AND AXLES,

WHEELS AND RIMS,

AGRICULTURAL

IMPLEMENTS,

SEEDS AND FERTILIZERS,

JOHN W. MASURY'S COLORS and RAILROAD PAINTS

A SPECIALTY.

All goods warranted as represented, and low prices for cash.

Give us a call; we will try and please you.

Yours, respectfully,

BROOKS BROS.

JUST OUT!

The Star Chorus Book

FOR

Conventions, Choirs and Musical Societies.

By W. D. PERKINS.

Price $1; Per doz. $9

The Star Chorus Book is one that a choir or society in want of good Sacred and Secular Choruses will eagerly adopt, as the selections are of *the very best!* 168 pages, large Octavo size, 35 Choruses, about half Secular, half Sacred. Organ or piano accompaniments. For mixed voices.

Among the Sacred pieces will be found Hayden's "Glorious is the King," Mendelssohn's "I waited for the Lord," Handel's "Hallelujah," and Rossini's "When Thou Comest."

Among the Secular Choruses are: Benedict's "Home," Stewart's "Bells of St. Michaels," Verdi's "Storm King," and Hatton's "Stars of the Summer Night."

THREE NEW MUSIC BOOKS.

CHORAL WORSHIP. ($4, or $9 per dozen.) By L. O. Emerson. For Choirs, Singing Classes and Conventions.

SONG WORSHIP. (35 cts., or $3.60 per dozen.) By L. O. Emerson and W. F. Sherwin. For Sunday Schools.

THE MODEL SINGER. (60 cts., or $6 per dozen.) By W. O. Perkins and D. B. Towner. For Singing Classes and Conventions.

Any book mailed for retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., BOSTON.

FOR SALE AT THORNDIKE.

My house and land of the late Cornelius Kelliher, deceased. Said place is situated on the road leading from the post office in said village to Palmer village. The house comprises one new two story and a half house, two good barns, wood shed, and wagon shed. There are also about 25 acres of land, suitably divided into woodland and tillage, and an abundance of wood already in piles.

For futher particulars apply to the owner, MRS. CORNELIUS KELLIHER. Thorndike, Aug. 6, 1884. 3w19

WANTED, FOUR TENEMENTS!

Parties having same to rent send description, location and terms of lease to the office of THE FLYNT BUILDING & CONSTRUCTION CO. Palmer, Mass.

DR. F. W. ANDREWS' Dental Rooms 357 Main Street, Springfield. Artificial teeth $10

WE ARE AGENTS

FOR THE

OLD STATEN ISLAND

Dyeing Establishment!

THE LARGEST WORKS OF THE KIND IN THE UNITED STATES.

ALL KINDS OF GARMENTS DYED OR CLEANSED IN BEST POSSIBLE MANNER. GOODS SHIPPED EVERY THURSDAY.

TROY

Steam Laundry.

WORK RECEIVED UNTIL 8 O'CLOCK EVERY TUESDAY MORNING, RETURNING SATURDAY OF THE SAME WEEK.

Eighmie Dress Shirt.

Finest and cheapest Shirt in the world.

E. & W. AND COON & CO'S. COLLARS AND CUFFS.

J. L. Shaw & Co.,

CLOTHIERS, HATTERS, and FURNISHERS,

MOORE'S BLOCK.....MONSON, MASS.

"TRAVELLER'S"

Accident Insurance.

If you are going on a trip to the Mountain Shore, get an ACCIDENT TICKET for $3000 in case of death by accident, or $15 per week in case of injury. It costs you only 25 CENTS A DAY, or $4.50 for 30 days, at

THE PALMER

FIRE, LIFE & ACCIDENT INSURANCE AGENCY.

GEO. W. ELY, Agent.

Office with C. L. GARDNER.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.—HAMPDEN, ss. PROBATE COURT.—To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Daniel G. Green, late of Monson, in said county, deceased. Greeting:

Whereas, a certain instrument, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for probate, by George E. Fuller of said Monson, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him the executor therein named,

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Springfield, in said county of Hampden, on the first Wednesday of September next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Palmer Journal, published at Palmer, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said court.

Witness, William S. Shurtleff, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of August, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four.

3w20 SAMUEL B. SPOONER, Register.

BY LICENSE OF THE PROBATE COURT for the county of Hampden, the subscriber, administrator of the estate of Sabra M. Lemon, late of Wilbraham, in said county, deceased, will sell at public auction, on the premises, Saturday, August 23d, 1884, at ten o'clock a. m., the following described real estate, to wit: About 2½ acres of land, with house and woodshed thereon, situate on the easterly side of the Peak road, so called, in said Wilbraham, and nearly opposite of the Orrin Webster place. Also about four acres of pasture land, situate about one-quarter of a mile west of the first named tract, in said Wilbraham. Both said tracts belong to the estate of said deceased. EDWIN F. LEMON, Administrator. Wilbraham, Aug. 1st, 1884. 3w18

FOR SALE!

A GOOD DOUBLE-BARREL BREECH-LOADING

REMINGTON SHOT GUN.

JAMES COWLES, Palmer.

FOR SALE—Or exchange for a 52-inch machine—a 54-inch CORNELL BICYCLE. Has not been run 30 miles. Good as new. Too large for owner. 4w18 H. B. LEETE, Palmer, Mass.

DR. A. B. COWAN, Dental Rooms, over JOURNAL Office, every Thursday. 33tf PALMER, MASS.

JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS At the JOURNAL OFFICE.

FOSTER & GAMWELL,

CLOTHIERS,

Palmer, - Mass.

ASK FOR

M. A. Packard & Co's.

$2.99 Shoe

FOR GENT'S WEAR.

MADE IN THE LATEST STYLES!

BUTTON, BALS. and CONGRESS, LOW CUT TON OXFORD and STRAP.

These goods are made only from the

BEST CALF UPPER AND GLOVE KID TOPS.

THEY ARE ALL SOLID AND WARRANTED

FOR SALE BY

H. A. CLARK, Palmer.

A NICE LINE OF

STATIONERY,

—ALBUMS,—

LADIES' HAND BAGS, POCKET BOOKS, TOILET AND FANCY GOODS, JEWELRY, BIRTHDAY CARDS.

Etc., Etc., Etc.

Orders taken from catalogue for SILVER WARE AND MUSICAL MERCHANDISE, AT

G. L. KEENEY'S

DRUG AND STATIONERY STORE.

MONSON, MASS. 3

NEW LUMBER YARD!

F. F. MARCY, PALMER, MASS.,

DEALER IN

All kinds of LUMBER and SHINGLES, at retail and wholesale by the car-load. Windows, Doors Blinds and Mouldings. Carpenters' and Joiners Work done to order.

Yard and shop junction of the B. & A. and N. L. N. railroads, west of depot.

NOTICE is hereby given that the subscriber has been duly appointed Administrator of the estate of Polly Richards, late of Brimfield, in the county of Hampden, deceased; and has taken upon himself that trust, by giving bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands upon the estate of said deceased, are required to exhibit the same; and all persons indebted to said estate are called upon to make payment to SANFORD BOOTH, Administrator. Brimfield, Aug. 4, 1884. 3w19*

FOR SALE.—My Cottage on Fox Avenue, containing 10 rooms. Good barn on the place. C. E. FISH. Palmer, Nov. 16, 1883. 33tf

Seasonable Goods

IN GREAT VARIETY

—AND—

LOW PRICES

JUST OPENED!

PARASOLS

FROM 25 CENTS TO FIVE DOLLARS!

SUMMER UNDERWEAR

MOSQUITO NETS.

CHAMBRAYS, NEW GINGHAMS,

CAMBRICS AND PRINTS,

Which with an unusual stock of

STAPLE GOODS,

MAKES OUR STOCK FULL AND COMPLETE IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

J. B. SHAW.

Palmer, May 29, 1884.

GET YOUR

LETTER HEADS,

BILL HEADS,

NOTE HEADS,

STATEMENTS,

Or anything of that kind printed at the

JOURNAL OFFICE,

And have them put up in

NEAT BLOCKS OF 100 EACH,

Thus preventing them becoming scattered and wasted.

BOUDSVILLE, Dec. 3, 1883.

TO THE HONORABLE BOARD OF COUNTY COMMISSIONERS OF THE COUNTY OF HAMPDEN, MASS.—We, the subscribers, citizens and tax payers of the town of Palmer, Mass., humbly petition your honorable board to view the premises and change the line of the street running easterly toward Ware on the south side of said street, starting at a stone monument near the Catholic church, being an angle or corner of the streets, and run east on old line of said street to a point near the barn of Luther Collis, and change the line of said street as recently located from four to six feet north of its present location, and move the monument recently erected near said point westerly to the angle caused by said change.

Said change will cause the line of said street to run at right angle with the buildings on said street; furthermore, the street is fifty feet wide at said point, so the change does not interfere with the rights of other parties, and the public will be just as well served by said change.

C. B. SMITH AND OTHERS.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.—HAMPDEN SS. At a meeting of the County Commissioners holden at Springfield, within and for said county, on the fifth day of August, in the year of our Lord 1884.

And now upon the petition aforesaid, the County Commissioners, deeming a view of the premises expedient and proper, give notice that they will meet for the purpose of said view, and hearing all parties interested, at Murdock's store, in (Boudsville) Palmer, on Tuesday, the sixteenth day of September next, at 8:30 o'clock a. m.; and it is ordered by the County Commissioners that a copy of said petition be served by the sheriff of said county, or his deputy, upon the clerk of the town of Palmer, in said county, thirty days at least before the said sixteenth day of September, and that all other persons and corporations interested therein be notified, by publishing a copy of said petition and this order thereon, once a week, in the Palmer Journal, a public newspaper printed in said county, three weeks successively, the last publication to be fourteen days at least before the time of said view and hearing. And it is further ordered by the Commissioners that copies of said petition, or abstracts containing the substance thereof and this order, be posted by said sheriff or deputy in two public places in the town of Palmer, fourteen days before said sixteenth day of September, and that notice be given in manner aforesaid to all persons and corporations interested, that the County Commissioners deem a view of the premises expedient and proper, and that a view of the same will be taken by them at the time and place aforesaid, and that they will hear the parties interested at the time of said view.

ROBERT O. MORRIS, Clerk.

True copy of the petition and order of the County Commissioners thereon.

3w19 Attest: ROBERT O. MORRIS, Clerk.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.—HAMPDEN, ss. PROBATE COURT.—To all persons interested in the estate of Laura A. Parks, late of Monson, in said county, deceased. Greeting:

Whereas, Enos Calkins, the executor of the will of said deceased, has presented for allowance the second and final account of his administration of the estate of said deceased:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be holden at Springfield, in said county, on the first Wednesday of September next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed.

And said executor is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week in the Palmer Journal, a newspaper printed at Palmer, three weeks successively, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said Court, and to mail a copy hereof to each devisee and legatee under said will who may reside out of this Commonwealth, fourteen days at least before said court.

Witness, William S. Shurtleff, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this sixth day of August, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four.

3w19 SAMUEL B. SPOONER, Register.

Original.

Friends.

Friends, whom some hidden bond together drew,
They long have been; their heart-strings seem to twine,
And mingle oft, as does the wild grape-vine;
Together feel they all Life's freshening dew,
Together fight the foes that may pursue,
Rejoice as one when skies of summer shine;
Each heart holds in its choicest nook a shrine
Which vulgar eyes may never hope to view.
Well-hidden, as some gift to love and prize,
Each keeps the friendship that he long has known.
There is no epitaph, no such "here lies"
As some have carved upon a white head-stone,
For each still smiles into the other's eyes,
No storm, no frost their love has overthrown.

L. F. S. B.

THE COAL MONOPOLY.

Here in the heart of the anthracite coal basin of Pennsylvania, in the center of the Philadelphia and Reading's great coal possessions, supposed to be worth $100,000,000, the question is frequently asked, Why was it necessary for the Reading to pass into the hands of receivers? After reasoning that would fill columns in the *Sun*, the ultimate answer would be, "Because the Reading is a slave to a giant coal pool, and in its efforts to bull the market by conspiracy to compel consumers to pay double prices for coal it has broken its own neck."

The colliery from which I write is a magnificent property. It heads the list in production of all the 80 collieries belonging to or controlled by the Philadelphia and Reading corporation. This one colliery alone last year produced 352,461 tons of coal, and in 1879 its production was run up as high as 402,207 tons. Yesterday I visited the Ellangowan colliery, whose output last year was 304,257 tons. The operations of all these collieries are gigantic. The outside world knows very little about it. These coal properties sent out last year 20,150 tons of coal for every working day in the year, worth not less than $80,000 per day to the company. They could do this and more too this year, but they are bound in the shackles of a giant coal conspiracy; are unable to mine and ship their coal, and instead of sending what they own to market and selling it, they are beggars in the financial world, and to all intents and purposes bankrupts.

During the month of October, 1883, Superintendent Whiting says the Philadelphia and Reading company shipped from its mines 535,841 tons of coal, equal to 21,000 tons for each full day worked. That month's shipments brought to the company's treasury at least $2,000,000. And yet we are now wituessing the lamentable spectacle of no coal shipped at all during long periods of idleness; not a dollar received from these vast possessions when the company so much needed money to pay its interest, all because the pool, or conspiracy had agreed that no coal should be mined or shipped. What is the coal pool? Five of the leading coal producing corporations agree to keep coal out of the market; to drain it dry; to compel consumers to pay a certain price for it, and, by not glutting the market, to force buyers to continue paying exorbitant rates. Coal-yard men are driven to buy at the advanced rates, and the poor consumer, the retail purchaser, the manufacturer and the wholesale consumer pay the piper.

The Philadelphia and Reading corporation belongs to this coal pool. Its hands are tied. Its great mines are idle half the time. It owns millions of tons of coal unmined, yet it defaults its interest. Thousands of miners are on the verge of suffering, because they are not allowed to work; thousands of cars are idle, hundreds of locomotives are cold; thousands of employes are out of work or laboring at starvation wages, all because the great pool must be kept up, the coal conspiracy to hold the market must not go down. Now, as to the cost of coal. To mine it costs about $1.50 a ton. To ship it to tide water at Philadelphia, 95 miles, costs about 25 cents a ton, or $1.75 in all. The same coal retails in Philadelphia at $6.59 and $7 a ton. Thirty miles from the mines it sells for $5 a ton, and the retail dealers declare they can hardly keep life and soul together on their meagre profits. Of course the Philadelphia and Reading railroad company paid at least $60,000,000 for its coal lands. Coal unmined is worth a price. At 50 cents a ton, enough could be mined in 30 years to pay the entire debt, and the mines could be very profitably operated for at least 30 years more. Many say they are good for 100 years. If, therefore, coal is worth, first cost, 50 cents a ton, mined, the value of a ton to the company at tide water would be:

Coal	$ .50
Mining	1.50
Transportation	.25
Total	$2.25

If the retailer's profit is 50 cents a ton, (and that is doubtful in all cases,) the company would reap a profit of at least $3 a ton on every ton of coal it sold. Making due allowances for loss, wear and tear, etc., would reduce their profits for each ton to about $2.75 at tide water. That is the scheme of the coal pool. They want that profit, or none at all. They want more than 100 per cent. for they will default in the payment of their interest, cut down wages, shut up collieries and machine shops and create a general panic in the section in which they operate. What is the defense of the coal pool? They say that if there are no restrictions to mining, no explicit understanding as to how much each company may mine and sell, the market will be glutted all the time and prices will be cut, coal will be begging for buyers and prices will become so low that coal mining would soon become very unprofitable. They virtually kill all competition, consolidate into one giant monopoly, and compel the consumer to pay whatever they may see fit to ask for it. The Reading's capacity is equal to one-third the capacity of the anthracite coal mines of America; its facilities for cheap mining are unsurpassed, its coal property worth twice the money it paid for it, and yet because it can not realize 100 per cent on its coal mining, it prefers voluntary bankruptcy, default, and a general shrinkage of all its securities.

Had the Reading been an independent coal miner and shipper it could have sent to market in the past three months enough coal, and sold it at that, to have realized sufficient money to pay its interest. Had it sent its coal to market customers would have been able to purchase coal at reasonable rates, a refreshing opportunity which coal pool does not propose to tolerate just yet. If the Reading company were an independent coal miner, free from all alliances, standing on its own bottom, as all other legitimate business enterprises should by working full time it could easily send to market and sell 6,000,000 tons of coal every year, which would be equal to a clear profit of $1,000,000 a month. But the pool says: "No, shut your mines, discharge your men; wait, wait, and compel higher prices, and there is a chance that your profits will be greater." It was while waiting, waiting for those profits that the Reading became bankrupt, and reeled and fell under its heavy load. It was waiting until the time came when the buyer, the retailer, and the manufacturer would be compelled to pay exorbitant rates. It was a race between the two, and the consumer won, because, in some instances he shut up shop rather than buy, and in other instances bought only enough to run half time. The consumer understood the coal pool, and refused to bow and buy.—*New York Sun.*

THE FAITH OF MOSES.

Black skinned, ignorant, uncouth—what was it to the world if he lay dying? They passed this humble door with careless thought as the dampness of death gathered on his brow, and the children on the corner never once ceased their noisy play as the shadow of death flitted around the open door.

"Chloe!"

Yes, she was there. Old and wrinkled and black, her heart aching, her eyes full of tears, she sat by his bedside alone.

"Chloe, how long was it?"

"Nigh on to fifty y'ars, Moses," she whispered. "De same master owned us boaf; we worked together in the same cotton fields; we prayed the same pray'rs and sung de same hymns togeder in de long ago."

"An' de chill'en?"

"Dead—all dead? It has b'en twenty y'ars since de voice of de last one made our hearts beat faster."

"An' we has bin alone?"

"All alone, Moses. Our old hearts pained us an' ached fur de dead an' gone, an' we has sometimes cried out: 'Come home, chill'en—come back to us!' but de dead cannot return."

"An' de time has bin long?"

"Yes, honey. We has bin pinin' an' longin'. We has bin on a journey an' hopin' fur de eand of de road."

"An' we has bin poo' and lowly?"

"De same. Hunger an' cold have sheered our home fur y'ars an' y'ars, and de world hardly knows dat we am upon airth."

"An' now, Chloe, I'ze gwine 'way to leave you."

"Yes, Mose."

"An' de nights will seem darker, an' de days longer when I am gone. You'll have another mem'ry to make de h'art ache—another sorrow to dim de poo' ole eyes wid tears. I wish de Lawd had called you fust."

"No, no, Moses. What He doeth am fur de best. Men has tole you dar was no God."

"But dar am, Chloe! I'ze got sich peace an' contentment dat I'm sinkin' away like a chile gwine to sleep!"

"An' men have scoffed at a hereafter fur de soul."

"I'ze drifting to it." he whispered as his face lighted up. "I kin see across de dark valley into de glorious valley of de sperit world!"

"An' dar am happiness an' rest for eben sich as us."

"Come closer, Chloe! Lay your face on mine. I'ze driftin'—driftin'! I'ze partin' wid this poo' ole body an' dis black skin. I'ze leabin' ole age—sorrow—hunger an' pain all behin'. De sunlight from across de valley falls upon your face, an' it am whiter dan snow. It am de sunlight from de hereafter—of heaven! Closer, Chloe! I'ze driftin'—driftin'——"

And as she held the hand of the dead and rocked to and fro her face wore a smile of happiuess.

"Jist a few days afore me!" she whispered—"jist long 'nough to tell 'em dat I'ze ole an' poo' an' lonely, an' want to come up dar so bad! An' de chill'en will be dar, an' we'll all be young again, an' Moses will meet me on de bank of de river, an' tell 'em dat my faith has neber wandered nor weakened from all de trials of a lifetime."
—*Detroit Free Press.*

OUT OF DOGS.

"Mariar," said an Allen county peasant to his other half, "have you enny idee how many young 'uns we have?"

"Nigh onto 'leven, I guess."

"And how many dogs are they 'round y'ere?"

"Most a dozen, I guess; there's Tige, an' Bruce, an' Growler, and her four pups, an' the hound, an' the terrier, an' them others o' Hank's that loaf 'round y'ere."

"Yay, 'leven children and only a dozen dogs—Mariar, don't ye think we have most too many children? Times is most tarnation hard, ye know. Say, can't we put out some o' our chunkiest gals to work? I 'low that they could make enough in a spell for us to buy another dog or two."

"Jist as ye say, Hekeziah."

"Wall, I 'low 'f we could swap two of our young 'uns fur four more dogs, we'd be fixed. I guess I'll try it."—*The Hoosier.*

IF IT WOULD ONLY GO.

An Irishman seeing the gas lighted shortly after his arrival in London, examined the fixture closely, went to a store and purchased one like it, threw up a good job and returned post haste to Ireland. "An' why is it yer home so soon?" inquired his mother. "Sure, whist it is, mother. It's a fortune I've brought behint me. Wait a bit, an I'll show ye." Pat accordingly proceeded to make a hole in the mudwall and to fix a gas-pipe therein. "In about the waste of a minute yer eyes'll be lit to hang my hat on," he remarked to the wondering family, as he struck a match and applied it to the end of the pipe. Match after match burned away without producing the brilliant flame which Pat had seen in London. He sat down and scratched his head in despair. "Shure," he said, "if it would only go as it went in London, I'd a made no end of a fortune sellin' it."

Mary, six, was on her way to Springfield with her papa. In going from one car to another her hat blew off. "Why didn't you hold on to it, Mary?" "Why, if I had you'd have lost me, papa."

A SERVING MAID'S REVENGE.

A woman of great wealth tells me that she is compelled to give up a dwelling which has newly cost about $200,000, on account of the successful vengeance of a serving maid. The mistress is old and as nervous and notional as only persons of fortune can afford to be. A small idea completely fills her weakened and useless mind, and what would hardly irritate a person of good mental poise becomes terrible to her. The servant is one of those young, pretty, velvety French creatures who are now so fashionable in New York luxurious households, especially as attendants upon rich women. She was discharged for some misdoing, but was to remain until the end of her month. It was in this interval that she invented a retaliation, which has proved the most ingenious and effective of any that ever I heard of, excepting those involving the perpetrator in danger of punishment. The house had a commanding over-look of Central park, and the girl knew that these fields were dotted over with places where suicides had been committed. No week passes without at least one voluntary departure from the park for eternity. The lakes are handy for drowning, the trees for hanging, and the secluded bowers for an uninterupted use of pistol or knife. It is a question with me whether the self murderers all go there for the purpose deliberately. Is it not likely that the leisure of the unfortunate, when spent aside from the hustle of city business, becomes so lonesome that death seems preferable? The French maid went into no such abstruse construction of the subject. She was aware that her mistress was abnormally affected by anything wierd or tragic. So she told her of the numerous suicides, pointed out from the window many spots where this poor devil had hanged himself, where that one had died by drowning, and where the other had blown his brains away. She added, with a shrug and shudder, that she fancied she could see, o'nights, the ghosts of the self-slain haunting the places of their crimes. The old woman was horrified. She could not look at the park, which had previously been a solace to her eyes, without descrying the points which the girl had invested with grewsome interest. She fondly hoped that the wretch had lied, but on sending a man to a newspaper office to make an examination of the files she found that the tragedies had in the main been correctly located. After months of mental torture, she has gone to Newport for the summer, and will never return to her home alongside Central park.—*New York Letter in Boston Herald.*

SWEARING AFTER PRAYER.

An elderly lady with delicate features and refined manners entered the custom house yesterday with timid steps. It was evident that she had never been there before, and she seemed bewildered by the whirl, bustle and clatter of the rotunda. The doorkeeper directed her to the desk where she could transact her business. This was of a nature that required—as nearly everything at the custom house does—an oath.

"You'll have to swear to this, madam," said the deputy collector to the old lady. Her pious countenance became thoughtful and trombled at this announcement. She said nothing, but anxiously watched the deputy collector make out her papers. This done he said:

"Do you swear to this, madam?"

The old lady had clearly made up her mind that it was necessary for her to pass the ordeal. So, with a sweet but hesitating voice, she replied:

"God have mercy on me—Damn it."

The deputy collector was dumbfounded by this reply, but a glance at the lady assured him of her sincerity. She had mistaken "swearing" for profanity, and had actually believed that it was necessary for her to utter a "swear word" in order to get her papers.—*New York World.*

TWO STROKES OF BUSINESS AT ONCE.

I heard a story of an undertaker the other day which illustrates how shrewdly business and grief may be worked in double harness. The undertaker, who is also a thrifty horse dealer, had been telling a gentleman the multiple virtues of a horse he had just brought from Kentucky, until he felt that nothing but a sight of the animal was required to make a sale. A few days later he was conducting a funeral. He is always very sympathetic on such occasions, and this time as he came out with the body, his handkerchief was displayed and he was murmuring words of consolation in the ear of one of the mourning family who was leaning on his arm. At the door stood the old gentleman to whom he expected to sell the horse; and there stood the horse in the hearse as slick and shiny as brushes could make him. It was a trying situation, but the morning jockey was equal to it.

"Don't give way, dear madam. (That's him, Mr. Rea.) Try to hear up. (The one ou the off side of the hearse.) Your father is with your sainted mother now. (And don't he make a daisy Jersey match with the old sorrel, except for his flea-bitten fore-leg?) He is much better off dear, (and they tell me 'he can trot in better than three minutes, Mr. Rea).'"—*Pittsburg Times.*

A week or two ago in Philadelphia, Mary A. Getz and William Sinner were joined in wedlock. Happy combination:

See, in this race for happiness
The husband is the winner;
For he, as usual, gets a saint,
While Mary Getz a Sinner.

—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS.

Is there anything in any of the numerous advertisements of the Royal Baking Powder to show that the Royal does not use Ammonia and Tartaric Acid as cheap substitutes for Cream of Tartar? Or is there any charge, or the slightest insinuation in those advertisements, that Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder contains anything but the purest Grape Cream of Tartar and Bicarbonate of Soda, with a small portion of flour as a preservative?

Ammonia and Tartaric Acid produce a cheap leavening gas, which is not to be compared, in the practical test of baking, with the more desirable Carbonic Acid gas generated by the exclusive use of the expensive Cream of Tartar.

Use Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder and judge for yourself of its superiority.

HOT WEATHER

Is now here, with all its depressing and debilitating effects. If your blood has not been purified and your system strengthened by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla, take this reliable medicine before it is too late. It will correct biliousness, cure dyspepsia, and drive scrofula from the blood.

"TIRED ALL THE TIME."

"I had no appetite or strength and felt tired all the time. I attributed my condition to scrofulous humor, but as soon as I had taken half a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla my appetite was restored and my stomach felt better. I have now taken nearly three bottles and I never was so well in my life. I would not be without Hood's Sarsaparilla for twice its cost."—Mrs. JESSIE F. HOLBEARE, Passeong, R. I.

"I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla in my family for some time with good results. I freely recommend it to my friends and patrons as the best blood purifier on earth."—WM. S. GAFF, Druggist, Hamilton, Ohio.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR.

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IS THE

Correct Time

TO USE

Vegetine.

WHEN

You are overworked in body or mind and feel "run down" or "tired out," then is the time to use Vegetine. It is just the thing to restore your strength.

HAS YOUR BLOOD

Become impure and the circulation bad? Are you predisposed to or have you inherited scrofulous humors? Use Vegetine faithfully and a cure is certain. There is not a remedy made that has performed so many wonderful cures of scrofula.

ARE YOU DYSPEPTIC

And in need of something to aid the organs of digestion? Vegetine taken in small doses is the very best remedy.

DO YOU WANT

A medicine for any disease caused by an impure condition of the blood, as Salt Rheum, Rheumatism, Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Nervousness and Debility? Always get one that is known to possess merit like Vegetine, and you are sure to be satisfied.

WE MAKE STRONG CLAIMS

For Vegetine, but yet are able to back them with the strongest kind of testimony from the patients themselves. 2m21 eow 2

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY,

FOR THE CURE of KIDNEY and LIVER COMPLAINTS, CONSTIPATION, and all disorders arising from an impure state of the BLOOD.

To women who suffer from any of the ills peculiar to their sex it is an unfailing friend. All druggists. One dollar a bottle, or address, Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

THE NARROW ESCAPE

Of a Massachusetts Engineer—Timely Warning of Mr. John Spencer, Baggage Master of B. & A. R. R.

Sleep after fatigue, and health after disease, are two of the sweetest experiences known to man. Fourteen years is a long time in which to suffer, yet Mr. Peter Lawler, of Dalton, Mass., had led a miserable life for that period through the presence of stone in the bladder. That he sought in all directions for a cure is an almost superfluous statement. He did obtain temporary relief, but nothing more. Last January he called on Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., who said, after examination: "Mr. Lawler, you have stone in the bladder. We will first try Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy before risking an operation." A few days later the following letter passed through the Rondout post office:

DALTON, Mass., Feb. 6

Dear Dr. Kennedy:—The day after I came home I passed two gravel stones, and am now doing nicely. PETER LAWLER.

Dr. Kennedy has now the stones at his office, and they are sufficiently formidable to justify the claim that Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is the leading specific for stone in the bladder. In his letter Mr. Lawler mentions that Favorite Remedy also cured him of rheumatism. The subjoined certificate tells its own story:

OLD BERKSHIRE MILLS,
Dalton, Mass., April 27th, 1882.

Mr. Peter Lawler has been a resident of this town for the past seventeen years, and in our employ for fifteen, and in all these years he has been a good and respected citizen of this town and community. He has had some chronic disease to our knowledge for most of the time, but now claims to to be, and is in apparent good health.

CHAS. O. BROWN, President.
DALTON, Mass., June 9th, 1884.

Dr. Kennedy—Dear Friend: Thinking you might like to hear again from an old patient, I am going to write you. It is now three and a half years since I first went to see you. As I told you then I was troubled with kidney disease for about fifteen years, and had seven of the best doctors to be found; but I received only temporary relief until I visited you and commenced taking your "Favorite Remedy." I continue taking the Remedy according to your directions, and now consider myself a well man. Very gratefully yours,

PETER LAWLER.

Our letter of April 27, 1882, holds good as far as Mr. Lawler's testimony is concerned regarding his health. CHAS. O. BROWN.
Dalton, June 9, 1884. 1m20urn

BUY THE BEST.

THE EASY RUNNING

Household Sewing Machine,

For Cash or Small Installments.

OLD MACHINES TAKEN IN EXCHANGE!

Oil, Attachments, and Needles for all Sewing Machines.

Machines repaired at short notice.

HOUSEHOLD S. M. CO.,
T. J. SULLIVAN, Agent.
Office at Clark's Shoe Store, Palmer. 6m49

EVERY FAMILY

Should keep the ANTALGICA in the house for ready use. It is one of the best known PAIN-KILLERS in the market for either internal or external use. Be sure and try it.

The Indian Cough Balsam

is one of the very best medicines for Lung troubles. It has been in use for over 30 years, and always gives satisfaction. Prepared by

O. P. ALLEN, Druggist,
Palmer, Mass.

SALESMEN WANTED!

To sell first-class Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, Clematis, Grape Vine, etc. PERMANENT EMPLOYMENT. Good salary. Address, giving age and references to business men,

J. M. EDWARDS,
4w18mrm Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y.

NEW LONDON NORTHERN R. R.

ON AND AFTER JULY 14, 1884,

Trains going South leave Palmer 7 and 8.30 a. m., 2.10 and 7.10 p. m., for New London, connecting with trains for Mystic, Stonington and Providence—New Haven and New York.

The 7.10 p. m. train connects at New London with steamer for New York, landing at pier 40, North River, making this a desirable route for passengers going South and West.

Going North—Leave Palmer 8.10 a. m., 2.08 and 8.50 p. m. The 8.10 a. m. train connects at Barrett's Junction with train on Athol branch for stations north to Athol; at South Vernon with train for Keene, and at Brattleboro for Montreal. 2.08 p. m. for Amherst, Millers' Falls, Brattleboro, Bellows Falls and White River Junction, and all points north.

C. F. SPAULDING, Supt.

C. H. HOBBY, PIANO TUNER.

Orders for tuning may be left at O. P. Allen's Drug Store, Palmer, or may be sent to me by mail to Stafford Springs, Conn.

THE SUBSCRIBER RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCES

TO HIS

OLD PATRONS AND THE PUBLIC IN GENERAL,

That he will continue the sale of

Paper Hangings,

Ina much as the party to whom he sold does not carry on the business in this place.

MY BUSINESS HEADQUARTERS

WILL BE AT MY

My Residence

FOR THE PRESENT,

And I shall sell the above goods at less prices than could be afforded if I had to pay rent and clerk hire. Shall be prepared to furnish paper for the nicest jobs as heretofore.

I still have on hand a supply of

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FOR SALE OR TO RENT.

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DEVOE'S Brilliant Oil!

1st. It is absolutely SAFE.

2d. Gives a powerful, brilliant white LIGHT.

3d. Does NOT SMOKE, nor SMELL, nor CRUST the wick.

4th. Is the most ECONOMICAL Oil, because it gives the most LIGHT in proportion to its price.

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Having taken the agency for Palmer and the surrounding towns of the

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Manufacturers of Bicycles and Tricycles, I would be pleased to show and explain machines to all who are interested in them.

If you are thinking of purchasing a machine for the coming season, write to or call upon me for terms and illustrated catalogue.

Bicycle & Tricycle Parts and Sundries.

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Plans and Specifications for all classes of work furnished at short notice, under supervision of G. E. POTTER, Architect.

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We are prepared to furnish bill of quantities and estimates for any and all classes of building work.

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GRANITE, BROWN STONE, LUMBER, BRICK, LIME, CEMENT,

We are prepared to name prices on the above articles, or any material used in the construction of buildings, delivered at railroad points.

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We are prepared to make estimates and contracts for the construction of Buildings, Railroads, Dams, Bridges, &c. 1y43

DINNERS IN SPRINGFIELD.—Ladies and families wishing a pleasant place to take dinner while in the city will find the Blackman Dining Rooms, 27 & 29 Vernon St., centrally located, on the first floor, and always free from any noisy or rough element. Polite and competent waiters in attendance. Charges moderate. 37

BLOCKS OF BLANK PAPER,

3 by 5 inches, and containing 200 sheets, very handy for figuring or making memorandums on,

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.

PRICE 5 CENTS EACH.

1884. 1884.

VOTERS, ATTENTION!

James Gillispie Blaine,
From the state of Maine,
For President next year,
Which now is drawing near:
Jim—he knows enough,
Is made of good stuff,
And if he wins the fight
We hope he will do right.
But to secure his election
We have some time for reflection.
Meantime we all want food—
We want that which is good:
At Palmer, Central Street,
Is what we need to eat.
Wehl & Longley keep the place.
Where we hope to see your face.
And give you the right price
On Groceries really nice.
You also get full weight,
And everything is straight;
Our tastes should be cultivated
To use food unadulterated,
And thereby maintain health,
Which is better than wealth.
We did not start in 1850,
But our plare is growing thrifty.
We strive to sell goods pure,
And thus your patronage secure.
So when you chance to draw near
Do not pass us with a sneer,
But step in and see our shelves,
And examine for yourselves.

Summer Specialties!

CHOICE BUTTER, ON ICE.
NEW BRAINTREE CHEESE.
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FRUITS—NATIVE & FOREIGN.

Flour, Sugars and Teas

VERY LOW.

ALL KINDS OF

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CANNED MEAT, FISH AND BEANS.

FULL LINE OF

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Late Commissioner of Patents."
BOSTON, October 19, 1870.

R. H. EDDY, Esq.—Dear Sir: You procured for me, in 1846, my first patent. Since then you have acted for me and advised me in hundreds of cases, and procured many patents, re-issues and extensions. I have occasionally employed the best agencies in New York, Philadelphia and Washington, but I still give you almost the whole of my business, in your line, and advise others to employ you. Yours truly, GEORGE DRAPER.
Boston, Jan. 1, 1884. 1y11

CATARRH.

Ely's Cream Balm CURES COLD IN HEAD, CATARRH, ROSE COLD, HAY FEVER, DEAFNESS, HEADACHE. EASY TO USE HAY FEVER.

HAY FEVER

Is a type of Catarrh having peculiar symptoms. It is attended by an inflamed condition of the lining membrane of the nostrils, bronchiæ and throat, affecting the lungs. An acrid mucus is secreted, the discharge is accompanied with a painful burning sensation. There are severe spasms of sneezing, frequent attacks of blinding headache, a watery and inflamed state of the eyes. ELY'S CREAM BALM is a remedy founded on a correct diagnosis of this disease and can be depended upon. 50 cents at druggists; 60 cents by mail. Sample bottle by mail 10 cents.

ELY BROTHERS, Druggists,
Owego, N. Y. 1y42

AGENTS WANTED—Send 50 cents for complete canvassing outfit for GEO. W. BELL'S COMPENDIUM OF FUN. Contains 540 pages and nearly 100 engravings. Two orders a day will pay you $14 a week. WILSON BROS.,
81 Kilby St., Boston, Mass. 4w19

WANTED—Energetic, reliable men to sell Fruit Trees, Grape Vines, Shrubs, Roses, etc. Salary and expenses paid. Full instructions given, so inexperienced men can soon learn the business. Address J. F. LECLARE, Brighton, N. Y. (1 mile east of Rochester, N. Y.) 4w19

PARKER'S TONIC.

A PURE FAMILY MEDICINE THAT NEVER INTOXICATES.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness, and require a stimulant, take Parker's Tonic at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose, but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

If you have Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney or Urinary Complaints, or if you are troubled with any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves, you can be cured by Parker's Tonic.

If you are a lawyer, minister, or business man, exhausted by a mental strain or anxious cares, do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Tonic.

CAUTION!—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM.

The best, cleanest, and most economical hair dressing. Never fails to restore the youthful color to gray hair. This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair.

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50c. and $1 sizes, at all dealers in medicines. Great saving in buying dollar size. 4w21

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J. T. STEVENS.
Monson, May 16, 1884. 7tf

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The Palmer Journal.

VOLUME XXXV. PALMER, MASS., FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 29, 1884. NUMBER 22.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY EVENING

—BY—

CHARLES B. FISK.

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[Entered at Post Office as second class matter.]

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ALLEN, O. P., wholesale and retail Druggist and Bookseller.

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BAKER, C. H., Mason and Contractor. Residence on Maple Street.

BARTON, F. D., dealer in Watches, Clocks and Jewelry, Main Street.

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CLARK, H. A., dealer in fine Boots and Shoes. Converse House Block.

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EAGER, F. M. Boot and Shoe Manufacturer to order, and dealer in Leather and Findings.

EDGERTON & DAVIS, Iron Foundry and Machine Shop.

FISK, CHAS. B., Publisher PALMER JOURNAL and WARE STANDARD. Steam Job Printer and Bookbinder.

GARDNER, CHAS. L., Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Church Street.

GRAY, H. L., Dining-room and Restaurant, New London Northern Railroad Depot.

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MILLIGAN, W. R., dealer in Boots, Shoes and Rubbers. Low prices guaranteed.

MOYNAHAN, J. H., Undertaker and dealer in Coffins and Burial Cassets, South Main Street.

MUNGER, H. W., Merchant Tailor and Manufacturer of Custom Clothing, South Main Street.

NASSOWANNO HOUSE, C. P. Stone, Proprietor. Newly furnished, centrally located.

PARK, A. E., dealer in Crockery, Groceries and Provisions, 31 Main Street.

RANDALL, GEO. W., Auctioneer.

ROBINSON & BROOKS, dealers in Hardware, Iron, Steel, Paints, Oils and Glass, Central St.

SAUNDERS, C. L., Harnesses, Whips, Brushes, Combs, and everything pertaining to horse wear.

SHAW, J. B., dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, etc., opposite the depot.

SHUMWAY, CHARLES E., Carriage and Sleigh Manufacturer, Bondsville.

TAFT & KENEFICK, Attorneys at Law. Office in Allen's Block, Church Street.

THOMPSON, JOSEPH, wholesale and retail dealer in Groceries, Crockery, Flour, Feed, etc.

WEEKS HOUSE, by J. W. Weeks, east of the railroad bridge.

WELD & LONGLEY, Central St., dealers in choice Groceries, Crockery, Glass, Stone & Wooden Ware.

WHITMAN, MRS. S., dealer in Fancy Goods, Dress Trimmings, Worsteds, Laces, Corsets etc.

WING, S. & L. H., Brick and Plastering Masons.

WOOD, E. J., Decorative Paper Hanger, dealer in Wall Paper, Crockery, etc., Church Street.

WOOLRICH & CO., manufacturers of Ridge's Food, Thorndike Street.

WARE.

AINSWORTH, D. W., Dentist, over P. H. Sagendorph's Jewelry Store.

BLOOD, C. E., Druggist. The best of goods at low prices.

BULLARD & RUGG, dealers in Meats and Vegetables, Hampshire House Block.

CUTLER, G. K., Bookseller and Stationer, and dealer in Paper Hangings, Musical Instruments and Sheet Music.

DEXTER, J. C., Photographer. Picture Frames to order. Opposite the Hampshire House.

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GLEASON, FRANK, Photographer. Frames of any size made to order. Opposite the Bank.

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MCMAHON, P., Marble and Granite Works, West Street. Good work at low prices.

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QUIRK, J. E., M. D., Office, Sagendorph's Block, opposite the Post Office.

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L. E. MOORE, Treasurer.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT.
OFFICE OF COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY.

WASHINGTON, August 8th, 1884.

Whereas, by satisfactory evidence presented to the undersigned, it has been made to appear that "The Monson National Bank, in the town of Monson, in the county of Hampden, and state of Massachusetts, has complied with all the provisions of the "Act of Congress to enable National Banking Associations to extend their corporate existence and for other purposes," approved July 12th, 1882.

Now, therefore, I, Henry W. Cannon, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that "The Monson National Bank," in the town of Monson, in the county of Hampden, and state of Massachusetts, is authorized to have succession for the period specified in its amended Articles of Association, namely, until close of business August 19th, 1904.

In testimony whereof witness my hand and seal of office this 8th day of August, 1884.

H. W. CANNON,

{L.S.} Comptroller of the Currency.

4w 20

It Is Well.

Yes, it is well! The evening shadows lengthen;
Home's golden gates shine on our ravished sight;
And though the tender ties we try to strengthen
Break one by one—at evening time 'tis light.

'Tis well! The way was often dull and weary,
The spirit fainted oft beneath its load;
No sunshine came from skies all gray and dreary,
And yet our feet were bound to tread that road.

'Tis well that not again our hearts shall shiver
Beneath old sorrow, once so hard to bear,
That not again beside death's darksome river
Shall we deplore the good, the loved, the fair.

No more with tears, wrought from deep, inner anguish,
Shall we bewail the dear hopes crushed and gone,
No more need we in doubt or fear to languish;
So far the day is past, the journey done!

As voyagers, by fierce winds beat and broken
Come into port beneath a calmer sky,
So we, still bearing on our brows the token
Of tempest past, draw to our haven nigh.

A sweeter air comes from the shore immortal,
Inviting homeward at the day's decline;
Almost we see where from the open portal
Fair forms stand beckoning with their smiles divine.

'Tis well! The earth with all her myriad voices
Has lost the power our senses to enthrall;
We hear above the tumult and the noises,
Soft tones of music, like an angel's call.

'Tis well, O friends! We would not turn—retracing
The long, vain years, nor call our lost youth back;
Gladly, with spirits braced, the future facing
We leave the dusty foot-worn track.

—*Chamber's Journal.*

THE OLD MEETING HOUSE.

We are indebted to Mr. David Knox for the following liberal extracts from the town records in regard to the early history of what is known as "the old meeting house" at Palmer Center, and the citizens of the town will, we are confident, find much of interest in them:

The first extract is from the record of a town meeting held Nov. 16, 1795, Capt. David Spear moderator, when it was voted "to chose a committee to report to the Town at the adjournment of this Meeting which will be the best for the Town to build a new Meetinghouse or to repair the Old, after sum Deliberation and conference on this latter vote it was then Recalled, and it was then put to vote to see if the Town will either Build a new Meetinghouse or repair the Old, and it Pass't in the affirmative—Voted by Dividing the house that they would build a new Meetinghouse 24 for—and 9 against it. Voted to adjourn to Thirsday Nov 26 inst at 12 o'clock on said day. "Thirsday Nov 26th 1795 Town Meeting opened by adjournment. Voted to recall their vote passed at a former meeting to build a new Meetinghouse. Then it was put to vote by deviding the house to know the minds of the Meeting whither they would build a New Meetinghouse or not, and it passed in the affirmative 32 for 21 against.

December 22d 1795 Capt David Spear Moderator Voted that when the Town Shall build a new Meetinghouse they will build it on the Land where the old Meetinghouse now stands or as near as the Ground will admit of Voted that when the Town shall build a Meetinghouse They will build it 30 Feet Long and 40 Feet wide with a Porch at Each End thereof Voted that Moses Shaw and he is accordingly appointed to make a plan of the Meetinghouse and Lay it afore the Town at the adjournment of this Meeting Adjourned to the third Tuesday of January next one o'clock P M, —Town Meeting being opened according to adjournment—Voted that this Meeting be adjourned two hours then to meet at the Schoolhous near the Meetinghouse. Voted to let out the building of the new Proposed Meetinghouse by the Jobe for the compleating of the same Voted to chuse a committe to agree with sum sutable Person or Persons that will Purform the Labour and compleat the building—accordingly Lieut James Smith Aaron Merrick and David King was appointed for said committe to bring in their report to the adjournment of this Meeting. Voted that this meeting be Adjourned to the second Tuesday in May next at Two O'clock afternoon then to meet at the Meetinghouse May 10 1796—Town Meeting being opened according to adjournment Voted Capt Alpheus Converse Moderator protempre After hearing the Report of the comitte for agreeing with workmen to compleat the building of a new Meetinghouse they then were further instructed to still Pursue the business and Effect the Matter of thier appointment according to their best skill and Judgment. Voted that the committe shall setup the building of the new Meetinghouse at Publick auction and agree with the lowest bidder.

January 19 1796 Capt David Spear Moderator Voted that they call in the Money which is outstanding and not allready appropriated and appropriate it towards Building a new Meetinghouse Voted that they will take the Money due to the town for the School Lot and appropriate it towards Building a new Meetinghouse and replace the same when this Town shall find it necessary. Voted that they would Prepair the Materials for and setup the frame of their new Preposed Meetinghouse in the Month of June in the year 1797.

May 10th 1796 Gordon Sedgwick Moderotor Voted to alter the form and bigness of the new Proposed Meetinghouse from what was voted at a Meeting holden Dec 22d 1795, and Voted and actcepted of the plan before this Meeting by Lieut Luke Hitchcock, which is to be 46 feet Long and 45 feet wide with a Porch at one end 15 feet squar. Voted to sell the Pews and rights in the new preposed Meetinghouse and the Money arising from such sails to be appropriated Towards building said house Voted to choose a committe of 3 to Efect the sail of said Pews—accordingly Capt Alpheus Converse, John A Smith and Liet David King was chosen for said purpose to compleat such sail at Vandue to the highest bidder.

May 26th Town Meeting being opened according to adjournment Voted to make payment for the pews and rights in the following maner viz—One third part by the 26th day of May in the year 1797, and the third payment in two years from the 26th day of May, wich will be in the year 1798. June 1st 1795 Voted that each Person that may buy a pew in the Galery shall Precure sufficient security for the payment of the same.

Report of committee appointed May 10th 1796 to make sale of the Pew in the new Meetinghouse:

We the subscribers a committee appointed at a Legal Townmeeting Holden in Palmer on the 10th day of May 1796 and Recieved Instruction by vote of said Meeting To sell and dispose of the Pews and rights in the new preposed Meetinghouse at Vandue to the Highest bider, which was then appointed and Publicly notified and posted up in two most Publick places in said Town seven days before the said vandue and according to appointment and notice the said vandue was opened at the Meetinghouse in said Town of Palmer on the 26th day of May 1796. Town Meeting at the same instant being opened it was put to vote to see if the Town would reserve the pew No one in the new preposed Meetinghouse for the use of the ministry, and it passed in the affirmative, then and there Vandue being Opened as aforesaid

Pew no. 2 was set up and sold to Capt. & Isaac Ferrel for one hundred dollars	John King $100.00
Pew no. 3 sold to Aaron Merrick	$91.00
" " 4 to Capt. Thomas McClanathan	$100.00
" " 5 Reuben McMaster & Luke Hitchcock	$96.50
" " 6 Rufus Thomson & David Spear June	$93.50
" " 7 Joshua Parsons	$71.00
" " 8 Robert Smith & John Hamilton 2d	$68.50
" " 9 Lieut Urigah Ward	$80.00
" " 10 deacon Samuel McClanathan	$78.00
" " 11 Col Ebenezer Webber & Timothy Brainard	$77.00
Pew no 12 Lieu John Hamilton & Calvin Scott	$75.50
" no 13 Joseph Smith & William King	$68.00
" no 14 John Rogers	$68.00
" no 15 Seth Brown Robert Brown & Soloman Brown	$57.00
" no 16 Capt Patrick Ratson	$55.50
" no 17 Asa Ward & Doct Nathan Cummings	$55.50
" no 18 Timothy Ferrel	$43.00
" no 19 Lieut James Smith	$48.00
" no 20 John A McElwain & dort Jonathan Sherer	$54.00
" no 21 John A Smith	$50.00
" no 22 John McMaster 2d	$43.00
" no 23 John Dunbar	$39.50
" no 24 Silvenus Walker	$38.00
" no 25 Erwin Shaw & William Merret	$50.00
" no 26 Isaac Warren	$53.50
" no 27 Hugh McMaster June & Josiah Ferrel	$41.00
" no 28 Moses Berret	$41.00
" no 29 John McMaster & Clark McMaster	$40.00
" no 30 Nathan Davis & William Parkhurst	$37.50
" no 31 Lieut David King & John Watson	$35.00
" no 32 David Sherer & James King	$25.00
" no 33 Ensn William Spear	$45.00
" no 34 Gorden Sedgwick	$41.50
" no 35 Thomas Quirtin	$42.00
" no 36 Samuel Fleming	$40.00
" no 37 Jonathan Cooley	$49.00
" no 38 Lieut Jesse King	$56.50
" no 39 William Warrener Isaac Cummings	$43.00
" no 40 Judah Ferrey	$42.00
" no 41 Soloman Shaw	$46.00
" no 42 Capt Alpheus Converse	$50.00
" no 43 William Mason & Gideon Abbot	$36.00
" no 44 Theophilus Knight & Jadock Cooley	$47.50
" no 45 Roger McElwain & William Mann	$49.00
" no 46 William McDowell Francis & Diah Brakenridge	$53.50

which completes the sale of all the Pews and Rights in Pews on the lower flower.

Vandue was then adjourned to Wednesday the first day of June next.

Palmer June 1st 1798

Vandue being Opned according to adgournment for the sale of the Pews and rights in Pews in the Galery of the new Preposed Meetinghouse.

Pew no 1 being setup & sold to Capt Patrick Watsou & John Watson	$34.50
Pew no 2 sold to Ensn William Spear	$33.50
" no 3 " to Joseph Moores & Danniel Durant	$38.00
Pew no 4 " to William Foster, Wilson Foster & Robert Memichel	$38.00
Pew no 5 " to Samuel Flemming	$31.00
Pew no 6 " to James Shaw & Samuel Shaw	$28.50
Pew no 7 " to Col Ebenezer Wehber & Timothy Brainard	$31.00
Pew no 8 " to Moses Barret	$27.00
Pew no 9 " to William Merret & Edwin Shaw	$28.00
Pew no 10 " to Deacan Thomas King	$24.00
Pew no 11 " to Benjamin King	$19.00
Pew no 12 " to John A Smith	$16.00
Pew no 13 " to Dea. Samuel McClanathan	$23.00
Pew no 14 " to Joseph Moores & Danniel Durant	$24.00
Pew no 15 " to Joshua Parsons	$18.00
Pew no 16 " to Luke Hitchcock, Reuben McMaster & Winchester Hitchcock	$17.00
Pew no 17 " to Joseph Smith	$17.00
Pew no 18 " to John McMaster & Clark McMaster	$18.00
Pew no 19 " to Urigah Ward Alpheus Converse & Jese King	$16.50
Pew no 20 " to Gideon King	$17.00
Pew no 21 " to Asa Ward, Nathan Cummins & Isaac Cummings, Junr	$15.00
Pew no 25 " to John A. McElwain & John Hamilton 2d	$15.50
Pew no 23 " to James Smith Junr & Samuel McClanathan	$16.00
Pew no 24 " to Gordon Sedgwick & Robert Smith Junr	$16.00
Pew no 25 " to Bille Baldwin	$29.00
Pew no 26 " to Wilson Foster Wm. Foster & Wm. Parkhurst	$30.50
Pew no 27 " to Capt Thomas McClanathan	$15.50
Pew no 28 " to Zadock Cooley & Aaron Mirrick	$17.00
Pew no 29 " to Phinehas Thomson	$55.00
Pew no 30 the Properly of the Town David King, Alpeus Converse, John A. Smith. }	Town Committe. $52.00

Sept 1st 1796—Voted and actcepted of the form of the bond as to the building and the form of finishing the new Preposed Meetinghouse laid before the Town by their committe Voted the new Meetinghouse shall be underpinned with good and handsome stone so that the sils shall lie 14 inches from the ground at the highest place of ground.

Town Meeting Sept 15th 1796 Gordon Sedgwick Moderator Voted and Instructed Treasurer Smith to call in the Money due to the Town which is to be appropriated Towards building a new Meetinghouse by the first of November nixt. Voted to choose a committe to grant and stake out the corners for the new preposed Meetinghouse, accordingly Col Ebenezer Webber, Lieut James Smith Mr Aaron Merrick Capt Alpheus Converse, Lieut Uriah Ward Mr Moses Shaw Capt David Spear Capt Thos McClanathan and Capt John King was choosen. Voted to adjourn for half an hour. Town Meeting opened according to adjournment Committe report not agreed Are requested to goout again—Vote to adjourn to Nov 7th, One O'clock P M. Town meeting being opened by adjournment Committe Report they are agreed and had staked the corners of the new Meetinghouse. It was then put to vote to see if they would accept of the Report of the Committe and it passed in the Nagative Not Excepted. Committe is requested to continue their business. Voted to adjourn to the 22d day of November at 2 o'clock afternoon. Town meeting being opened by adjournment Committe not present Voted to adjourn to Dec next first day at one o'clock. Town Meeting being opened, voted and accepted of the Committes Report as above to set the new Meetinghouse Est n Es't of the old house with the Porch at west end of s'd new house.

Town Meeting Nov 22d 1796 Capt Alpheus Converse Moderater. Voted to choose a committe and accordiugly Messrs Clark McMaster, Dea Joshua Shaw and Gordon Sedgwick was appointed to mark such trees as they would save for shade on the meetinghouse Lot—and voted to give the Remainder of Timber and wood standing on the Meetinghouse Lot to Moses Shaw.

Town Meeting April 3d 1797 Capt Alpheus Converse Moderater Voted that James Shaw take care of the Meetinghouse to shut the door and sweep it when needed.

Town Meeting April 17 1797 Aaron Merrick Moderater Voted that they would have the Pews in the new Preposed Meetinghouse Finished with benesters Voted that the selectmen be appointed as a committe to give Moses Shaw Instructions in Respect to makiug such alterations in the new proposed Meetinghouse they may think Proper.

Town Meeting August 24th 1797 Capt Alpheus Converse Moderater Voted that Messrs Aaron Merrick David King and Aaron Graves be a committe to raise the Lines of Meetinghouse Lot

Town Meeting November 13th 1797 Capt Alpheus Converse Moderater Voted to Moses Shaw for ading 2 feet to the Meetinghouse $18.

Town Meeting May 8th 1798 Aaron Merrick it was put to vote to see if they would Discontinue the two corner Pews in the new Meetinghouse and make four Pews in the body below in the rume of seats, and it passed in the negative.

Town Meeting May 29th 1798. Aaron Merrick Moderater Voted and Iustructed Joseph Smith Town Treasurer to eall in and collect the two first Payments of the Pew notes of the preprietors of Pews and the Money in the Collectors hand which is to be appropriated Towards building the new Meetinghouse Voted that if any Person make aplication to the Treasurer to give a new note for the first two Payments. of their Pews and have the same Iudorsed on their old notes may agree with the Treasurer Voted that the Treasurer call on those persons that hath not given their Pews that they bld off.

Town Meeting September 13th 1788 Aaron Merrick Moderater (This record following is in relation to the old meeting house, but will come in here as handy as anywhere, showing that at least two persons availed themselves of the privilege voted them, in finishing the meeting house, of putting in windows against their pews where none came when the house was finished.) Personally appeared the Major part of the Pew holders in the Old Meetinghouse and agreed with the Town that they would aquit and relinquish all right and Title to the Old Meetiughouse in respect to Privet property, excepting the windows in Scotts Pew and in Deacon Joshua Shaws Pew which they may take out and cary away, which is alowed by the Town to be privet property—also any person a Pewholder may take off and carry away the Hinges of his pew in said Old Meetinghouse Voted to sell and Dispose of the Old Meetinghouse at a Publick Vandue to the highest bider—Voted to choose a committe to Efect the sale and compleat the matter accordiugly Deacon Samuel McClanathan, Capt Alpheus Converse Lt James Smith if choosen for said Purpose and instructed to act Descriteenery in the sale in Respect to giving Pay day.

Town Meeting by adjournment Sept 27 1798 One o'clock P M Aaron Merrick Moderater Voted to choose a committe to inspect the work of the new Meetiughouse—accordingly voted that Capt Alpheus Converse Aaron Merrick Lt Uriah Ward Lt Luke Hitchcock Theophelas Knight, Gideon Graves, Lt James Smith are appointed to Inspect the Bisiness Respecting the Finishing said House and Report to the Town as soon as may be convenient Voted to adjourn to the 11th of October nixt 2 O'clock P M

Palmer Oct 11th 2 o'clock P M Town Meeting being opened, Voted and excepted of the new Meetinghouse as to the work and Finishing—Provided Moses Shaw the Uudertaker shall complete said House as to Pointing the Underpiuuing and other parts which are not yet finished acording to the Bargain. Voted to Dedicate the new Meetinghouse on the Sabath which will be on the 21st day of October Instant.

(I find no record of the dedication but presume such an event occurred at that time, judging from the past history of the house.)

Town Meeting Nov 1st 1798 Voted to choose a committe of 3 to take the notes given for Pews in the new Meetinghouse and together with the Records of grants of money to which are to be appropriated towards building the new Meetinghouse and see what deduction may be made on each Pew note, accordingly Capt Thomas McClanathan, Lieut James Smith and Gordon Sedgwick are appointed a committe.

Nov 19th 1798 Voted and accepted the report of the committe respecting Obligations given for Pews in the new Meetinghouse the substance of which was as follows, that there be a Deduction on each Pew note of one-third part—and in conciquence of the aforesaid Report Voted on and ordered Joseph Smith Town Treasurer to give up to the Pew Holders in the new Meetinghouse their obligations which they give for Pews as soon as they pay two-thirds thereof and also to Indorse on Each Obligation Remaiuing in the treasury which are given for Pews in said Meetinghouse viz one third on each note Adjourned to Nov 23 1798.

Opened by adjournment Nov 23d 1798 Voted and accepted of the Report of a committe forueerly appointed to make sale of the Pews given in the new Meetinghouse.

THE TIME TO BE PLEASANT.

"Mother's cross," said Maggie, coming out into the kitchen with a pout on her red lips.

Her aunt was busy ironing, but she looked up and answered Maggie: "Then it is just the time for you to be pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake a great deal in the night with the baby."

Maggie made no reply. She put on her hat and walked off into the garden. But a new idea went with her.

"The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when other people are cross. Sure enough," thought she, "that would be the time when it would do the most good. I remember when I was ill last year, I was so nervous that if any one spoke to me I could hardly help being cross; and mother never got angry or out of patience, but was just so gentle with me! I ought to pay it back now, and I will."

And she sprang from the grass where she had thrown herself, and turned a face full of cheerful resolutiou toward the room where her mother sat soothing and tending a fretful, teething young baby.

Maggie brought out the pretty ivory balls and began to jingle them for the little one.

He stopped fretting and a smile dimpled the corners of his lips.

"Couldn't I take him out to ride in his carriage, mother, it's such a nice morning?" she asked.

"I should be glad if you would," said her mother.

The little bonnet and cloak were brought and the baby was very soon ready for his ride.

"I'll keep him as long as he is good," said Maggie; "and you must lie on the sofa and get a nap while I am gone. You are looking very tired!"

The kind words and the kiss which accompanied them were almost too much for the mother. The tears rose to her eyes and her voice trembled as she answered:

"Thank you, dearie; it will do me a world of good if you can keep him out an hour; and the air will do him good, too. My head aches badly this morning."

How happy Maggie was as she trundled the little carriage up and down on the walk. She had done real good. She had given back a little of the help and patience that had so often been bestowed upon her. She had made her mother happier and given her time to rest.

Maggie resolved to remember and act on her aunt's good words: "The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when everybody is tired and cross.

MAKING THINGS OVER.

"Maria," said Mr. Robinson, upon one of his worrying days, "it seems to me you might be more economical; now, there's my old clothes, why can't you make them over for the children instead of giving them away?"

"Because they're worn out when you're done with them," answered Mrs. Robinson. "It's no use making over things for the children that won't hold together; you couldn't do it yourself, smart as you are."

"Well," he grumbled, "I wouldn't have closets full of things mildewing for want of wear, if I was a woman, that's all. A penny saved is a penny earned."

That was in April.

One warm day in May, Mr. Robinson went prancing through the closets looking for something he couldn't find and turning things generally inside out, "Maria," he screamed, "where is my gray alpaca duster?"

"Made it over for Johnny."

"Ahem! Well, there's the brown linen one I bought last summer!"

"Clothes-bag!" mumbled Mrs. Robinson who seemed to have a difficulty in her speech at that moment. "Just made it into a nice one."

"Where are my lavender pants?" yelled Robinson.

"Cut them up for Willie."

"Heavens!" groaned her husband; then in a voice of thunder, "where have my blue suspenders got to!"

"Hung the baby-jumper with them."

"Maria," asked the astonished man in a subdued voice, "would you mind telling me what you have done with my silk hat; you haven't made that over for the baby, have you?"

"Oh, no, dear," answered his wife cheerfully; "I've used that for a hanging basket. It is full of plants, and looking lovely."

Mr. Robinson never mentions the word economy, or suggests making over—he has had enough of it.

THE RAILROAD HOG.

Among the first of an impatient crowd who bustled one another through a gate at the Grand Central depot on their way to board an express train, says the New York *Sun*, was a corpulent man with an uncommonly obese gripsack in each hand. His long and well-used duster floated out behind him, and his white bombazine hat was stuck on the back of his head as he sailed along in the van of the crowd as though determined to let no one ahead of him. Handicapped by the pursy bags, which whacked his fat legs at every step, he was well back toward the rear of the procession when he reached the car. It was nearly filled with passengers. Only two entire seats together remained unoccupied. With an air of triumph and the assurance of a commercial traveler who proposes to hang on to a good thing when he has got hold of it, the victorious drummer slammed the back of the forward seat over, flung one big valise into the seat in front next to the window, the other upon the seat beside him and between himself and the window, removed his white hat and revealed a bald spot on the back of his head, settled himself comfortably in the seat next to the aisle, planked both feet in the front seat opposite, and looked persistently out of the car window. Instantly the aisles were filled with women whom he had distanced in the race. Half a dozen remained standing because there were no more seats.

"Is this seat unoccupied, sir?" a lady timidly asks.

Her voice was not very loud. It did not recall fatty from his reverie nor his gaze from something interesting in the brick walls of the depot. The lady passed on as though embarrassed at the sound of her request.

"Is one of these seats disengaged?"

The question was asked in a clear, firm voice by a young woman who looked steadily into the monopolist's eyes as though she understood him. His head turned slowly, and he coldly replied: "All engaged."

Then he resumed his study of the wall, and the train began to move slowly out of the depot.

"Oof!"

The exclamation resembled exactly the grunt of a pig. It was made by a young man with a dimple in his cheek and a twinkle in his eye, on a seat diagonally across the aisle and behind the fat man. He was absorbed in an interesting article in a newspaper. The exclamation was not noticed.

"Oof! Oof! Oof!"

A young lady in the seat behind the person intended to be described by the young man with the dimple, tittered aloud. The fat man with four sittings stole a wicked glance at the young man with the newspaper, and then settled back with a determined gesture of the head and neck, as if he wasn't going to mind it.

"Oo-oo-oof! kweek, kwe-e-eek! oof, oof!"

The passengers turned their attention to the passenger with the four seats. The bald spot on his head began to get red.

"Kwe-e-eek, kwe-e-eek, kwe-e-eek! Oof, oof, oof, oof!"

A tittering and giggling broke out spontaneously up and down the car. The bald spot on the fat man's head blazed. Then one foot was dragged slowly off from the front seat, then the other. A hand reached out carefully and set one valise on the floor. Then the other valise followed.

"Seat here, I guess, ladies," he growled.

Three women threw grateful glances at the grunter, and took the seats. The grunter, who had not lifted his eyes from the newspaper, turned it over to continue reading, but just at that instant the train glided into the tunnel.

PURE THUS FAR.

The White House has been a pure homestead. The first president who went there took the ablest woman who probably ever was mistress of that building into it—Abigail Adams, the mother of another president. Then came Jefferson's matronly daughter, and Madison's beaming wife, and Monroe's demure family, and the second Adams with his Maryland-bred wife, whose father had been a foreign consul when they were married. Andrew Jackson, freshly a widower, sat there with the family of his nephew and adopted son. Van Buren, wifeless, there brought up his boys with such confidence and gentleness that they were almost public men in their teens. Tyler wept over his dying wife and received his pure bride in that old building which is coeval with Washington himself. Mrs. Polk, without children but with those gracious instincts which are yet preserved in her happy age, ministered here. There Zachary Taylor took the domestic honor of a soldier with none of the habits of the camp. Mr. Fillmore demeaned himself there almost as happily as General Arthur later kept in honorable sentiment with the homes of the country by the universal knowledge that he had loved his wife and never replaced her. Buchanan, disappointed in early love, brought his niece to give at once maiden and womanly respect to his table. Lincoln saw his child die there and shed the tears which consecrate the spot to family delicacy and household honor. Through the laborious years of Grant, his wife never withdrew from him that protection which is better than friendship, and he married off his daughter while in the office. Mrs. Hayes made by her beauty and Christian nature a quiet fame there which those only sneer at who degrade themselves. When that house loses its sanctity as a representative of the American home, let the lightning select it for ravage and decay.

"Everybody," says the philosopher, "has twenty-four hours in each day." Yes, except the editor—he has about twenty-five, and then don't half finish what he is expected to do.—*Boston Post.*

PREPARE FOR THE FAIR.

The season of fairs is at hand, and if the farmer intends to put anything on exhibition he must begin its getting ready without delay. Every farmer should have something to show besides himself and his pretty daughters. Fairs are for the benefit of the farmer and he can reap that benefit only as he contributes to their success. It is all right enough for him to go and pay his way in; he should also take his family, his manservant and his wife's maid-servant, and the stranger within his gates; most assuredly he should take his mule and enter him in the proper ring. I like to see everybody and a few other people besides at the agricultural fairs; but it does make me mad to hear them say, with a look of disgust upon their faces, "Oh, the fair is not half as good as I expected; it isn't near so good as it was last year; I won't come again!" Why is it not so good as it might be? Why are there so few articles on exhibition? Why is there a lifeless air about everything in general? Simply because those very grumblers have not done their duty. They have articles that would make a creditable showing in the ring or upon the tables; but they have failed to bring them. The men who exhibit articles are not the ones that find the fair poor and devoid of interest. It is those who are to blame. They have not done their part. And this discourages others. It discourages exhibitors. It discourages the fair managers. As a result, less effort is made all around and the fair sinks lower year by year.

You are only an ordinary farmer. You have no herd of pure blooded, fancy cattle valued at thousands of dollars; you have no wonderful mechanism to catch the observation of the multitude. Because of this you think you have nothing to exhibit. You fancy you have nothing to help the fair along. Let me tell you that it is just such men as you whose help makes, above all else, a county fair a success, and whose indifference will make it a miserable failure. To prove this let me mention just one thing which I am sure you have all noticed: In every county there are some prominent breeders of live stock, horticulturists, and gardeners. These generally exhibit, and their exhibits make a large showing. I remember that at a county fair which I attended last fall, very nearly all the tree fruits exhibited were placed on the tables by two prominent horticulturists. Of course they took nearly all the ribbons for they had no opposition. Then every small fruit raiser said that the horticultural part of the show was run for the benefit of Messrs G. and W., and they didn't propose to patronize it; that these men worked up the fair solely in their own interests and put in their pockets the premiums the stockholders had offered. Yet these men could not help it if there were no other fruits up on exhibition. And I happen to know that not a few of those who grumbled about the matter could have taken the ribbons if they had taken the trouble of preparing their fruit for the fair. Their exhibit would not have been so large and varied, but would have been equal in quality, to Messrs. G's and W's. This is just as matters work at a good many fairs and in every department. The small stockmen and horticulturists do not place anything on exhibition and then complain that those who take the premiums are running the fair for their exclusive benefit; the accusation carrying a charge of dishonesty and fraud, which is not fair nor true.

No matter if your exhibit is small; take it anyhow. An apple grows no better in a forty acre orchard than in your yard; your horse, cow or hog, is as good, though you have only one, as if you had a hundred. And though you may not succeed in obtaining a premium, your labor is not lost. You have shown your stock. People have seen it. They know you are wide-awake and enterprising enough to have it; and very likely you will have, as a result, some tempting offers from would-be purchasers, to refuse or accept.

The man who exhibits good fruits, grain, vegetables or stock at his county fair, is well repaid though he fails to get a premium. The zest and enjoyment added to the fair is alone a good return. Then the fair has been aided and the pay from that will come by and by. Nothing has done or will do more for the farmer than a good county fair. It has done more than anything else to introduce improved implements, machines, stocks and methods. And a good fair is the one where there are plenty of small exhibitors. Then the flesh put upon the animal for the show ring need not be lost; the bushel of big potatoes is just as big after as before the fair and they have paid for raising them; the ears of corn weigh as much as ever and they were profitable ones to produce. Last, but not least, you have gained reputation for yourself as well as for your exhibit; you are known as a wide-awake, public spirited man who has something good and has assisted the county fair by showing that something.

Rub up the mare and colt; get ready a peck of the best potatoes you have; give the pig an extra ear of corn, yes, scrub him, pick a few of the best apples and grapes; and then take Mollie and Dan, and Lucy and Sam, and go to the fair with a hurrah. *Indiana Farmer.*

The Journal.

FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 29, 1884.

THE provincial committee of Butler's new party met at Boston yesterday and decided to hold their state convention at Worcester, Sept. 24th.

THE cholera is gradually disappearing in the French ports where it has been prevailing, but has broken out with considerable violence in the Italian port of Spazia.

REV. DR. BALL of Buffalo, one of the principal vouchers for the Cleveland scandal, has sued the New York *Post* and the *Nation* for $25,000 damage for libel, in publishing malicious attacks upon his character.

THE threatened Franco-Chinese war was begun last Saturday, the French fleet opening fire upon the arsenal at Foo Chow, which, with several forts on the Min river, and a number of Chinese gunboats has been been destroyed.

GOV. ROBINSON is booked for a place in Mr. Blaine's cabinet, if the latter is elected, it is said, even if Mr. Robinson is reëlected governor. That is all right, though many would not be over pleased with the resulting succession of Lieut. Gov. Ames to the governor's chair.

SENATOR EDMUNDS does not love Blaine with an undying love. He presided at a Republican rally in Burlington this week and spoke briefly for the party, but had nothing to say for the candidates. He probably will not be called on to any great extent in this campaign under the circumstances.

THE Hampden county commissioners have bought a site for the new jail—about four acres of land on York street, Springfield, costing $7500. The lot is somewhat further from the court house than the present jail, and is close to the river, assuring plenty of fresh river air and malaria.

SOMEBODY on the Tallapoosa was undoubtedly responsible for the careless navigation which allowed that steamer to be run down by a sailing vessel on the Sound the other night. Government vessels should not be allowed abroad at night if this is a fair sample of their seamanship.

THE Massachusetts woman suffrage association concludes that it is "worse than useless to 'stand by' the Republican or any other party while we are deprived of the means of enforcing political opinion," and advises suffragists to let presidential elections alone and concentrate their efforts upon securing the ballot for women.

THE Bartholdi pedestal committee has issued an appeal to the country to contribute the $125,000 or more, necessary to finish the work on Bedloe's Island. The statue is now ready, and the American people will make a poor showing of themselves if they do not promptly furnish the means necessary for a proper reception of this gift of the French people.

A. S. WARNER, president of the First National Bank of Albion, N. Y., appears to be about the worst scamp who has yet run off with other people's money. He has not only ruined the bank, but also cleared out a large estate of which he was the managing executor, and numerous other persons who had confided their funds to him. He had been speculating, of course, as they all do.

BROTHER COOK of the Milford *Journal* is mentioned as a possible candidate for congress in the 9th district. For a man who has organized such a successful institution as the Suburban Press Association, and has been its first and only president, this can hardly be considered an added honor, of course; but Cook would honor the district if elected. He is one of the wide-awake, up-and-doing sort of men who make their mark wherever you put them, and would be a real acquisition to the Massachusetts delegation.

HENRY H. FAXON was ruled out of the Republican caucus at Quincy Tuesday evening, and now he says: "I have been all along in favor of the renomination of Gov. Robinson. Now, however, that I have been cut adrift from the Republican party, I have resolved, if the prohibitionists of the state wish me to run for governor on their ticket, to accept the nomination. If I do, I can promise you that politics will be in a more mixed up condition in this state this fall than they now are, and there is considerable of a tangle about this time, too."

THE members of the Suburban Press Association have a delightful trip in prospect for their annual excursion this year. They will leave Boston next Saturday for the Crawford House, White Mountains, remaining there until Monday afternoon, when they will proceed to the Kearsarge House, North Conway, and spend another day, with a carriage ride to Boston Tuesday afternoon. The trip is "short and sweet" and inexpensive, and every country editor should make it a point to be one of the party if possible. The expense is merely nominal, $9.50, and the benefits of meeting and mingling with the brethren of the craft will more than balance the cost. We much regret that we shall be unable to be there.

Rockville, Ct., is somewhat excited over a case of neglect which occurred there a few days ago. A policeman arrested a man for drunkenness and put him in the lockup, where he remained for three days without any attention whatever, and when found was in a very weak condition. The policeman says he did not lock the man in, but left the door unlocked so that when he had sobered off he could go home.

The sixteenth annual meeting of the Hampden Park Associaton will be held at Springfield next Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. The premiums amount to $15,000, and some of the most noted steppers of the country are already entered. It will no doubt be as good a showing of horses as has been seen in the city for some time.

The Abdallah park stables at Cyuthia, Ky., were destroyed by fire last Suuday. One man perished in the flames, and nine horses, valued at $51,000, were burned to death.

LOCAL NOTICES.

Misses' and children's school shoes in great variety at Milligan's 43 Main street shoe store.

PALMER AND VICINITY.

The schools commence next Monday.

Almost eight months of the year gone.

F. W. Harrison has returned from his vacation.

Some of the farmers have commenced their fall plowing.

Cattle show two weeks from next Tuesday and Wednesday.

Mrs. Caroline Brainard has commenced her house on Park street.

The billiard hall in Strong's block has been reopened this week.

Communion in the Baptist and Congregational churches next Sunday.

A number of people from this village spent last Sunday at Lake Pleasant.

J. A. Palmer has been spending a few days with his family at Block Island.

Lawyer Gardner has returned from his carriage drive among the Berkshire hills.

Mrs. R. A. Moffatt and daughter have been spending the week at Lake Pleasant.

The Baptist Sunday school picknicked at State Line yesterday, going in carriages.

Will some one please request Old Prob. to shut off the supply of rain for a few days?

The Hartford races have attracted quite a number of people from this place this week.

The weather of this week has been a very agreeable change from that of last week.

J. W. Shanks has the cellar in for his house on the corner of Pleasant and School streets.

It is reported that the Boston & Albany road will put its new dining cars on about October 1.

Mrs. L. E. Moore and Mrs. L. A. Howard start to-morrow for a few weeks at Illion, N. Y.

Services will be resumed at St. Paul's church next Sunday. The pastor will occupy the pulpit.

The Flynt Building & Construction Co. is to build the houses of Station Agent Bostock and J. W. Shanks.

We print on the first page this week an interesting sketch from the history of the old meeting house of Palmer.

The skating rink will not be open to-morrow night, but will be next Wednesday, when music will be in attendance.

Mrs. G. H. Justin is just back from a two-weeks' vacation trip, this being her first absence from town in four years.

There is to be a game of ball on the park to-morrow afternoon between the Shamrocks of Indian Orchard and the Palmers.

A traveling corn doctor held forth on the hay scales last Tuesday evening, but his patients did not appear to be very numerous.

Charles Upham has the contract for building the remainder of the fence on Agricultural Park, and is at work upon the same.

Thirteen carloads of Boston excursionists passed through here about 10 o'clock last Saturday night on their way back to Springfield.

Interesting letters from Rev. E. A. Perry, concerning Block Island, and about Saratoga from "Occasional" are given this week.

A very fair sized company attended the skating rink Wednesday evening. The music by the Palmer Cornet Band was appreciated by all.

The law is off on partridges September 1, and you can shoot them after next Sunday if you are fortunate enough to find any and aim straight enough.

The baptism at the Baptist church which was postponed last Sabbath evening, will take place immediately after the morning services next Sunday.

A man by the name of Hull was struck by lightning last Saturday evening while walking on the New London Northern track near the car house.

Rev. Mr. Hunter leaves next Monday for his vacation, which will continue through the month of September. The pulpit will be supplied during his absence.

At the meeting of the directors of the Agricultural society last Friday, the programme was arranged and the plans perfected for the annual meeting next month.

Tyler Bartlett, a brakeman on the Ware River road, lost the end of his thumb while coupling cars yesterday. This is his first accident in nearly fifteen years of railroading.

A Republican caucus is called for next Tuesday evening, to meet at the town house at seven o'clock, to choose delegates to the state, congressional and councilor conventions.

The Boston & Albany railroad advertises another cheap excursion from this place to Boston and Nantasket Beach for to-morrow. The train leaves here at eight minutes past seven.

Whitney & Adams of Springfield have the contract for furnishing the text books for the schools, which the town are this year obliged to furnish to scholars attending the public schools.

The heavy rain of last Friday caused several bad washouts of the New London Northern track between Northfield and Miller's Falls, and the boat train was late several nights in consequence.

A little set-to, *a la* John L. Sullivan, between two Dublin street boys last Monday night, resulted in a couple of black eyes for one and other results which prevented him from being at work the next day.

A shooting gallery was located next the depot fence in front of the Nassowauno House on Wednesday. Business was rushing—right past—and the proprietor vacated after a trial of one afternoon and evening.

Rev. O. R. Hunt leaves Monday for a few weeks' rest at the Second Conn. Lake, N. H., taking as companions Rev. C. H. Gleason and Groceryman Arnold of Somers, Conn., Everett Sedgwick and J. H. Smith of this place.

The floral services at the Congregational church last Sunday evening were very interesting, and the display of flowers was excellent. Miss Gertrude Taylor of Boston sang a very pleasing solo, and Rev. Mr. Hunter closed the exercises with a few remarks to the children.

The last excursion of the season to Lake Pleasant is announced for to-morrow, and trains will leave this station at 9 a. m. and 2.08 p. m., and the fare for the round trip is only 75 cents. Returning, trains will leave the Lake at 4.30 and 10 p. m. From Monson the fare is 85 cents, and from Three Rivers 75 cents.

As heavy a rain as has been known in Palmer for years occurred last Friday afternoon and early evening. Any one who was out in it for even a moment, got soaked through, and umbrellas and waterproofs were of little account. The roads in the vicinity were somewhat washed, but no great damage was done.

The thirty-second annual exhibition of the Eastern Hampden Agricultural Society is to be held September 16th and 17th. Unfortunately the meeting comes on the same dates as the tournament of the Springfield bicycle club, which will doubtless decrease the attendance slightly, but the indications all point to a good and full exhibit.

Wednesday was not a very hot day, but the large Black Spanish watermelon which was sent over by M. Fox was fully appreciated by the JOURNAL employes, and if it is really more blessed to give than to receive, Mr. Fox enjoyed a great deal of pleasure on that afternoon. He is to receive another consignment of the melons for Saturday.

C. E. Dewey is to try the effect of ensilage as a winter feed for stock the coming winter, and has built at his barn on South Main street a silo 8 by 13 feet and 20 feet deep. This he is now filling with fodder corn of as good growth as is often seen, many of the stalks being 14 feet high. The silo is estimated to hold about 60 tons of feed.

Last Wednesday morning, while the ensilage machine at C. E. Dewey's silo was in full operation, a boy who was at work around the machine got his clothing caught in a gear, and in less time than it takes to tell it was left with nothing but his boots and hat on. Beyond a few slight scratches however, he was uninjured, but it was a narrow escape.

For any of our citizens who are contemplating a visit to Block Island, the Spring House offers advantages second to none on the island. It is located on a high point of ground commanding a splendid view of the harbor and surroundings, and the owners are exclusive proprietors of fine mineral springs, whose waters are brought into the house. The hotel is well managed, the *cuisine* is excellent, and above all the price is reasonable.

A conductor on the New London Northern road who was going away a few mornings ago, forgot to give his wife the key of the house as he parted with her just before the train started, and handed it to one of the engineers with a request that it be given to his wife. The engineer put it in his pocket without looking at it, and did as he was requested. The lady also neglected to look at the key, but when she came to unlock the door of the house with it, she concluded that a corkscrew was not made for that purpose. The engineer found it out, and gave the whole thing away, and now the railroad boys want to know what use Horace had for such a key as that.

The picket fence around the depot grounds has fared badly this week. Scarcely a night has passed in which pickets have not been kicked off and carried away. In justice to our citizens, we will say that we do not believe the guilty parties belong in this village. That the railroad corporation has an undoubted right to fence in its property our people fully understand, and the damage is probably done by persons who come from other places, who, arriving here after dark, attempt to cross as formerly, and finding the fence in the way kick off a couple of pickets instead of going around. We hope the guilty parties will be caught and made an example of.

C. W. Eddy of Ware is this week delivering his "Palmer Illustrated" which he has had in preparation for some little time. It commences with a bird's-eye view of the village, the best one ever produced, which is followed by views of the new passenger station, both sides of Main street, showing the principal business blocks, the Weeks House and Second Baptist church, the bank block and the Congregational church, Wales Hall block, the Universalist church. Ridges' food factory, the carpet mill, the buildings of the Palmer Wire Co., the Washington elm and the buildings of the State Primary School. These, with bird's-eye views of Three Rivers, Thorndike and Bondsville, make a book which is attractive and interesting, as a description accompanies each illustration. It is an ornament to any drawing room table, and is received with entire satisfaction by the subscribers.

A BOLD MAIL ROBBERY.

The mail sack which should reach here from New York on the "owl" train in the morning, did not make its appearance last Wednesday, and the fact was reported by Postmaster Knox. On Wednesday afternoon as Clarence Seers of Silver Street was making a short cut over the hills from that place to this village he saw some papers lying on the ground among the trees at the top of the high hill just across the river. He looked more closely, and discovered that it was evidently a lot of mail. He brought some of it down to Postmaster Knox, and the balance was soon secured. Every letter in the lot, and there were about two bushels of them, was opened, and then thrown one side, and Mr. Knox has a job that will no doubt last him some time, in returning the letters to their proper envelopes and forwarding them to their destinations. The leather pouch has not yet been found.

The mail on the "owl" has been thrown off upon the platform at the depot, and allowed to remain there until morning, and it was during the interval between the train and the arrival of the mail-carrier that it was stolen on Wednesday morning.

There were hundreds of checks in the mail, which was a valuable one in this respect, but as they were of no use to the thieves, were left with the letters, and it is thought that but little of value was obtained.

There is no clue to the guilty parties, but the indications shows that it was done by novices, or some one not very well acquainted with his business, even official letters to postmasters being opened.

DISTRICT COURT HAPPENINGS.

23.—Dennis Leary, Monson; drunk; paid fine and costs of $4.98.

25.—Billings Pease; Monson; assault on John Pease; discharged.

Billings Pease, Monson; cider selling; fined $50 and costs of $9.60; appealed.

William Robinson, Palmer; drunk; paid fine and costs of $5.44.

Thomas Herbert, Springfield; for being a hawker and peddler without a license; decision reserved until September 23d.

Emory McGregory, Wilbraham; drunk; paid fine and costs of $5.23.

26.—Patrick Carmody, Bondsville; assault on Thomas Shea; paid fine and costs of $9.95.

Thomas Shea, Bondsville; disturbing the peace; paid fine and costs of $10.43.

BONDSVILLE.

While out hunting last Saturday David Lamb shot a blue heron which measured six feet from tip to tip of wings.

The game of ball at this place last Saturday between the Athols and the local club, was won by the former club by a score of 9 to 3. It is said that considerable money changed hands on the result of the game.

BELCHERTOWN.

An exciting town meeting was held last Wednesday afternoon to consider the question of where the soldiers' monument should be located. A. R. Owen was chosen moderator by a vote of 83, against 80 for Samuel Allen. Speeches were made by several, and a red-hot time was had, but it was finally voted to place the monument at the south end of the park.

WILBRAHAM.

An interesting will case goes from here to the September term of the supreme court in Springfield. The will of Mrs. Martia Warner left only $1 to her daughter, Eunice Jones, the rest of the property being left to other heirs. Mrs. Jones now contests the will on the ground that Mrs. Warner was of unsound mind when the will was made, and that the witnesses did not subscribe their names in the presence of Mrs. Warner.

LUDLOW.

Miss Jennie Keyes expects to enter Moody Seminary this fall.

The father and mother of Rev. M. P. Dickey are spending a few days with him.

The contract for rebuilding the Eaton bridge has been awarded to the Keefe Bros. for $295.

Mr. and Mrs. James M. White are taking a sniff of salt water breeze at New London, Ct. They expect to be gone from home one week.

Dea. H. S. Jones and sons are filling their silo this week. They have about ten acres of ensilage corn and that very heavy. The cutter is run by steam power.

THORNDIKE.

Chas. Paige and family are camping out at Newell's Pond.

Saturday's game of ball resulted in a victory for the Weavers.

Misses Maggie and Nellie Coffey are visiting friends at Southbridge.

Miss Lizzie Leland of Worcester, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Houston.

A delegation from this place attended the races at Hartford the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Truesdell, and Mr. and Mrs. Staples returned this week from Old Orchard Beach.

The game of base ball arranged for to-morrow between the weavers in No. 1 and No. 2 mills, promises to be the game of the season, and will be played on the up-street grounds at 4.30.

PALMER CENTER.

A pleasant social dance took place at Mrs. George King's last evening.

There is a splendid view of the surrounding country from the summit of King's mountain, and it is not so very much of a climb, after all. One young lady said she thought the scenery would suit her as well as any she had ever seen.

A very pleasant *musicale* was given at Mrs. King's on Tuesday evening, at which a number of people from the depot village were present by invitation. Each selection was so well rendered that it is impossible to particularize. We give the programme:

PART I.

PIANO SOLO.....Miss. Weld
DUET.....Misses. Coombs and Sedgwick
SOLO.....Mrs. Taylor
TRIO.....Ladies' Voices
PIANO SOLO.....Mrs. Cornwell
SOLO.....Miss Morris
PIANO SOLO.....Miss Gertie Taylor

PART II.

PIANO SOLO.....Miss Coombs
RECITATION.....Miss Gertie Taylor
DUET.....Misses. Allie and Fannie Morris
SOLO.....Miss Gertie Taylor
PIANO SOLO.....Miss Weld
PIANO SOLO,.....Miss Gertie Taylor

WALES.

Mr. Perry and wife from Shaw University N. C., are spending a few days in town.

Rev. C. H. Ricketts has gone to Maine to spend the remainder of his vacation with his father.

Rev. H. P. Smith of Wallingford, Ct., formerly pastor of the Baptist church in this place, supplied the pulpit last Sunday.

The Baptist Sunday School held a floral concert last Sunday evening, and a most excellent display of flowers was made. Rev. H. M. Tupper of North Carolina was present and made an address to the children, and Rev. H. P. Smith treated the audience to some of his fine tenor singing. The evening passed off very pleasantly, and we trust profitably.

Rev. H. P. Smith and family of Hartford, former pastor of the Baptist church of Wales, has been spending two weeks in town, making his home at the hotel. Last evening about 75 of his friends gathered at his rooms and enjoyed the evening in social chats and singing. A bountiful supply of refreshments was served, at the close of which several speeches were made appropriate for the occasion, and all united in saying it was indeed good to be there. Mr. Smith left to-day for Hartford.

WARREN.

It is probable that a Blaine and Logan club will be formed in town at no distant date.

Miss Annie E. Hill of Boston has accepted the situation as principal of the grammar school in the village.

The Democratic caucus is to be holden Saturday evening and the Prohibition on Monday evening. Persons intending to vote for the respective candidates are of course invited to take part in the proceedings.

A dwelling house near West Warren was totally destroyed by fire last Saturday night about 11 o'clock. B. C. Tripp is reported to have lost a number of cases of boots by the fire. The house was owned by Frank Tagan and occupied by a French family who saved scarcely anything. The fire is supposed to have been incendiary.

A Republican caucus was held at Brigham's Hall on Tuesday evening, and these delegates chosen to the several conventions: State, J. W. Chadsey, E. F. Strickland and George Bliss; county, A. L. Converse, S. N. Cutler and C. B. Elwell; senatorial, L. A. Powers, J. T. Combs and Charles O. Walker; congressional, J. W. Tyler, H. M. Converse and George P. Kelley; councilor, W. H. Kelley, J. H. Goodhue and Charles S. Russell. J. W. Chadsey, E. F. Strickland, George P. Kelley, George Bliss and C. O. Walker were chosen a town committee for the ensuing year. A finance committee, consisting of L. A. Powers, W. H. Kelley and George Bliss were also chosen.

WEST WARREN.

Horace Coles is off to Old Orchard beach on a short vacation.

Joseph Blair is the first in this neighborhood to gather in his second hay crop.

A valuable mare, the property of Isaac Stearns, while at work on Friday last, suddenly dropped down in a fit and died.

Master Herbert Burroughs left home on Wednesday morning for Wilbraham academy, where he is to pursue higher branches of study.

Charles Lombard shot the largest woodchuck Wednesday, seen in this neighborhood for a great while. It weighed 28¾ pounds.

Monday evening was made lively by the appearance of a generous troup in front of the post office giving a free, open air concert, afterward offering minature engravings of various kinds for sale.

Michael Shea, arrested last week on the charge of illicit liquor trafficing, was brought before justice Tyler yesterday and fined $100 and costs. As usual the case was appealed to the higher court. It is a pity that some more rigid course cannot be adopted whereby this village could be made free from rum and gamblers.

On Saturday evening last, between the hours of 9 and 10 o'clock, fire broke out in the dwelling house on Frank Tagan's farm and although assistance arrived promptly, the only service which could be rendered was in the removal of a part of the furniture, the flames spreading with fierce rapidity. The entire building was destroyed, there being no water supply at hand. The property was fully insured.

BRIMFIELD.

Mrs. Carrie Brady and family, who have been guests at the hotel for some weeks, left on Thursday for New York city.

Mr. & Mrs. F. F. Welsh of Southington, Conn., with their family, have been spending a week or two with relatives on Tower Hill.

The examination of applicants for admission to the Hitchcock Free High School will be on Tuesday, September 2, at 9 a. m. The school will begin on the day following, September 3.

Republican caucus on Friday evening for choice of delegates to the state convention at Boston, September 3; also for delegates to the tenth congressional district convention at Worcester September 10, and for choice of town committee.

Frank D. Lincoln had quite an experience at Worcester last Saturday. While at the depot in the afternoon a pickpocket attempted to rob him, but he gave chase, and after a sharp run succeeded in capturing his man and turning him over to the police.

Most of the town schools commenced on Monday August 25, with teachers: In No. 1, Martha E. Stone; No. 2, Emma J. Blashfield; No. 3, Anna Tarbell; No. 5, Lizzie Kennedy; No. 7, Lucy Upham; No. 10, Lizzie J. Traverse. School No. 6, Sarah E. Kenney, teacher, and No. 4, Jennie E Livermore, teacher, commence on Monday, September 1.

It is reported that Harry Lombard and Miss Anna W. Gardner of this place, visited the Nutmeg state last week for matrimonial purposes. At the social reception at the house of the groom after their return, one of the recipients, owing to the extreme heat or other causes, on his way home stopped by the road side to rest his weary limbs, where he was found by some good Samaritan and taken to his home.

MONSON.

R. M. Reynolds and wife returned from their Saratoga trip on Wednesday.

The academy began with favorable auspices on Wednesday, with a large majority of high school scholars.

Mrs. E. F. Willis begins her kindergarten school on Wednesday next in the south room in Barton's block.

The Democrats choose E. A. Thrall, John S. O'Brien and Joseph Fagan as delegates to the state convention.

The Marcus Keep Post G. A. R., have voted to go to Belchertown to the dedication of the soldiers' monument, and have engaged the Bondsville band to accompany them.

Marcus Keep Post G. A. R., has a regular meeting next Monday evening, when a delegation from Wilcox Post is expected to present the beautiful testimonials they have prepared for Marcus Keep Post for courtesies shown them July 4th.

There is quite a little feeling in school district No. 6, about the hiring of a teacher by far the larger majority of the families wishing the former teacher, and have so expressed themselves, but some arbitrary power seems to decide otherwise.

The school committee have engaged Mr. Chapin, the druggist, to procure and issue the school books and supplies to the schools, under the new law whereby the town is to furnish new books to all pupils when their old books are unfit for use.

This village has an additional mail service which is greatly appreciated by our business men and the public in general. Under the new arrangement a mail closes at 7 a. m. for all points north, east and west, and a mail from points north, south, east and west also opens at an early hour of the day.

The town was very fortunate in the recent rain, and the roads were not damaged to the extent it was feared. The rumor that the new tile pipe in front of the library building was totally useless, and that the man hole was of no account, proved to be groundless, as it proved itself of practical utility so that one dollar and a half cleared out the trap and left it in good order for another deluge.

NORTH WILBRAHAM.

Abner E. Bell is spending part of his vacation in Boston.

There was a white frost in this village Sunday morning.

Ellis' mill has started up full force after a shut-down of two months.

The paper mill will be shut down two weeks to connect the new engine.

C. E. Stacy and wife started Wednesday night for the West on a three-weeks' trip.

The public schools commence Sept. 1st, with all the old teachers except in school No. 3.

Miss A. F. Gates of Washington made a short visit with her aunt Mrs. E. B. Gates, this week.

D. B. West has severed his connection with Cutler & Co., and taken a position with Mann & Bausch of Holyoke.

The river is very easily affected by the rains, and affords plenty of water. The run by steam was but for a few days.

At the Republican caucus Wednesday evening, after a long discussion the Independents were barred out, but took part in the local questions. The following delegates were finally chosen to the various conventions: State, Dr. S. Fosket, C. E. Peck; councilor and congressional, W. H. Day and J. M. Perry; senatorial, F. E. Clark, Prof. Benj. Gill; representative, Dr. G. M. Steele, H. Clark, E. B. Gates and Henry Cutler; county, Ira G. Potter, Benjamin Butler; town committee of three in place of two heretofore, Dr. S. Foskit, Wm. Mowry and S. E. Baker. The representative delegates were instructed to vote for the man who would use his influence for a prohibitory law.

MONDAY EVENING'S FLAG RAISING.

The Republican rally Monday night called out a large and enthusiastic assembly. The town was brilliantly lighted, and a fine display of bunting, Chinese lanterns, etc., greeted the crowds that gathered from far and near.

At five minutes past eight S. E. Baker, chairman of the North Wilbraham Republican committee, stepped upon the platform and in a short, vigorous, ringing speech, in which he reviewed the records of the Republican and Democratic parties, and set forth the issues of the present campaign, said "We will now give to the breeze the American flag on which has been placed the portraits and names of the next President and Vice President of the United States, James G. Blaine and John A. Logan." A magnificent flag, 25 feet long, was at once unfurled amidst a brilliant display of fire works, the band playing, and the crowds cheering. As soon as Mr. Baker could make himself heard, he introduced as the first speaker of the evening, Senator W. R. Sessions of Hampden, who contrasted the attitude of the Democratic with the Republican party in regard to the American industries, showing what free trade meant to the workingmen of the United States, compared the wages paid to workingmen in Great Britain and America, and concluded with an eloquent tribute to Mr. Blaine, as a man and a statesman.

After reading telegrams from Congressman Whiting and Gov. Robinson, H. S. Hyde of Springfield was next introduced, who said: "I was with the Massachusetts delegates at Chicago, and we did all we could to secure the nomination of Senator Edmunds, but we found that the majority of the delegates wanted Blaine, that no nomination was ever more fairly made and that all the omens point to victory."

Col. S. C. Warriner, in a terse, but witty speech, showed up the so-called Independents in their true light, and made plain the fallacy of claiming that the way to enforce Republican principles is to vote the Democratic ticket.

Hon. Chas. R. Ladd was the last speaker, and in a very able and interesting manner he set forth the growth of the country in population and wealth under Republican rule, and showed by statistics that no people had ever been so successful and so uniformly prosperous as the people of the United States, in the last 25 years. He then contrasted the bankrupt status of our country under Democratic rule just before the war, and the present financial status, showed how Thomas A. Hendricks had continually and persistently from first to last opposed every measure that was for the public good. Spoke of Mr. Blaine's public life; that after a careful examination he believed no public man had ever been more grossly abused and misrepresented.

For more than two hours the crowds stood, many of them with overcoats and gloves on, and paid the strictest attention to what was being said, and many who have always voted the Democratic ticket declared their determination to vote this year for Mr. Blaine.

There is a growing feeling here that it would be dangerous not only to the welfare of our country, but to the purity and honor of our homes to put a man of Cleveland's experience and character in the Presidential chair. * *

WARE AND VICINITY.

The Cornet Band dance last week was a success socially and financially.

The farmers' annual picnic will be held at Hoyt's grove, Hardwick pond, on Wednesday, Sept. 3d.

J. C. Dexter, the photographer, is off this week. His destination is Jaffery, N. H., going by carriage.

Cross, the tailor, is back from his vacation, bringing photographic souvenirs of his own making of the trip.

It is reported that E. T. Thurman, who a short time ago went from Ware to England, has returned to this country.

Judd & Sawtelle have sold their dry goods and millinery store to H. A. Smith of Boston, to take possession Oct. 1.

The Farmers' Association of Greenwich and vicinity will hold their annual picnic at Bailey's grove on Wednesday, Sept. 3d.

William H. Weeks took a party of young people of the high school to Hardwick pond Thursday afternoon, and a fine time is reported.

C. A. Tuttle, late principal of our high school, sailed this week from New York for Germany, where he will spend two years in study.

The registrars of voters held their first meeting at the town office, over the lockup, on Thursday for the purpose of obtaining a complete register of voters.

A number of the Methodist people, accompanied by their pastor, Rev. Henry Matthews, have been to the campmeeting at Sterling part of this week.

Dwight F. Allen, who was a resident of this town some fifteen years ago, called on us a few days ago. He is now an instructor in the Technical Institute at Worcester.

The Cadet Band went on Wednesday, in Weeks' 'bus, to the temperance picnic at Bailey's grove, Greenwich, where they furnished music. A few Ware people attended.

The contract for building additions to the Gilbert Mfg. Co.'s works at Gilbertville has been given to H. P. Cummings. Work is not to be commenced there until the new mill here is completed.

J. H. Grenville Gilbert let out three deer from his park this week. Sportsmen should remember that although running wild they are still private property. If unmolested, in a few years deer might be plenty in the woods in this vicinity.

H. W. Paige, a graduate of Colby University of Maine, has been appointed as principal of the Ware high school. He has had three years' experience as principal of a high school in New Hampshire, and comes to us highly recommended.

Miss Belle Hyde has just returned from a four-weeks' vacation at Lake George. While at Saratoga the Saratoga *Eagle* had the following item: "Miss Belle Hyde, one of the belles of Ware, Mass., is a blonde, and conducts herself with graceful dignity. The United States Hotel is honored by her presence."

There was lots of fun at the game of old-fashioned "round ball" on Thursday afternoon on the Clippers' grounds. There were men who played probably more than fifty years old, who seemed like boys again as the ball was sent home to some tender spot. There is to be another game next Thursday afternoon.

Quite a serious accident occurred on North street Wednesday morning. D. G. Utley was driving down the street, and, when about by the blacksmith shop, one of the forward wheels came off, starting the horse so that Mr. Utley was thrown violently out on the ground, dislocating his left knee and breaking the bone just below the knee.

At the Republican caucus Wednesday evening the following delegates were chosen to attend the state convention: Lewis N. Gilbert, F. D. Gilmore, E. H. Gilbert, H. C. Davis, Otis Lane and Calvin Hitchcock were chosen delegates to the 11th district congressional convention. C. C. Hitchcock was chosen chairman of the Republican town committee for next year.

The *Medical Record* acquits Lieut. Greely of all knowledge of cannibalism as practiced by any members of his party, and considers it very doubtful whether the men were responsible for their conduct, in view of their dazed and almost demented condition. It says:

Is cannibalism ever justifiable? Was it justifiable at Cape Sabine? Every right-minded person will, we think, say "Yes!" If the question of *responsibility* is settled in the affirmative, then all discussion of the moral aspect of cannibalism is foreclosed; there can be no immorality in the case. If any or all of this band of devoted heroes, who so barely escaped being *martyrs* to science, were saved by eating the dead bodies of their comrades, with deliberate suppression of an irrational sentimentality—and not without due reverence for the dead, we say that we regard the act under the circumstances as justifiable. We believe that no pretense has ever been made that these men murdered any of their companions for such a purpose. That we have not misrepresented the terrible state of mental dilapidation of the party at the time they were found is apparent from all testimony.

The visitors to the ships Thetis and Bear of the Greely relief fleet at the Brooklyn navy yard, have grossly abused the privileges given them, and appropriated many valuable relics brought back from Arctic regions.

Large numbers of Italian laborers are returning to the old country on account of their inability to find work here.

The Grand Canon of Colorado is a remarkable transmitter of sound. A train of cars crossing the bridge at Needles is heard on a quiet day at Cottonwood Island, eighty-four miles away. And the sunrise gun at Fort Mojave is said to awaken sleepers at El Dorado Canon, ninety-six miles away.

Charles Crocker, one of the Central Pacific "big four" millionaires, testified the other day that he began his business life at the age of nine in Troy, N. Y., selling newspapers and oranges in the street.

There are at present twelve of the judges of the Queen's Bench Division engaged at the assizes in England, and each judge is allowed $37.50 per day expenses while on the circuit.

Tom Green county, Tex., which is about the size of Massachusetts, though it has no towns, has an assessed valuation of $6,000,000 and a population of 650,000 sheep and cattle.

Four able-bodied Arabs, who were arrested at Corpus Christi, Texas, for importunate begging, were found to have $700 in gold concealed on their persons.

The taxes levied in Cuba the persent year amount to $30,000,000, while the value of the sugar crop of the island for the same time is only $24,000,000.

Bayard Taylor's father and mother are still living, up in the nineties, in the beautiful country home which Bayard built at Kenneth Square, Pa.

Edison, the inventor, is the largest buyer of steam engines in the country, having purchased of one firm 235 engines in the last two years.

A tramp was arrested in Nashville lying in an alley way. Concealed in his ragged clothes was over $1000 in large notes and gold pieces.

A faithful widow in Iowa sees that the graves of eleven defunct husbands are kept green, and has lots of time to talk gossip besides.

NOTES FROM BLOCK ISLAND.

Correspondence of the JOURNAL.

Dear Journal:—Although I have written two letters and am now many miles away from Block Island, yet as certain interesting matters have not been noted I will write yet again.

Block Island has at least in the summer season abundant communication with the outside world. A telegraph line is in active operation and sends to the main land news of the passing of certain vessels and receives daily the weather bulletins. Three steamboat lines connect as many cities on the adjacent coast with the island. The "Block Island" runs daily from New London, leaving that city at 9.45, and reaching the island at about one o'clock; returning boat leaves at 2.15 and lands its passengers at 5.30. The "Canonicus" brings excursion parties several times a week from Providence; the "Danielson" makes daily trips between Newport and the island, reaching there at 3 p. m., remaining over night, and sailing for Newport at 8 o'clock in the morning. In addition to these a small pleasure yacht has recently been brought to the island. She is a graceful and neat little craft, and will doubtless be well patronized. A trip around the island occupies about two hours' time, and costs the individual seventy-five cents.

I have already spoken of some of the natural features of the island. Others remain to be mentioned. Block Island is a treeless land. It was not always so; within the memory of living men there was a natural growth of trees, but as these have fallen beneath the axe others have not been permitted to take their places. A few trees of the poplar varieties grow around an occasional house. Trees do not take kindly to the sea air, and can only be made to grow by an outlay of care that hardly pays. There is no waste land on the island except the sand plains. All is either cultivated or used for pasturage, if it is capable of being so used.

During our stay a number of prominent men have visited the island. P. T. Barnum, the famous showman, occupies a cottage connected with one of the large hotels. Many suppose him to be a man of little ability or character, while in fact he is one of the most remarkable men of our time. He is one of the most respected and popular citizens of Bridgeport, Conn. He has been mayor of that city, and while in office enforced the laws with great energy and success. He is wise and generous in the distribution of his large income. Sometimes the city of his home receives a princely gift; at another some well-administered charity is endowed; at another some educational institution receives a needed gift. Always there is no display about the matter. Hon. Mr. Butler, nominated as Republican presidential elector from Indiana, spent a number of weeks on the island. Hon. Carter Harrison, late Democratic mayor of Chicago and possible governor of the state, was also there. Also Senator Hendricks, not Thomas A., Democratic nominee for vice president, but another and less known man, often confounded with him by the ignorant or designing.

An iron sand is found on the island in great quantity. This is especially abundant at the bathing beach. This sand is nearly black in color; most of the particles are of iron and the remainder, for the most part, are either fragments of garnets or rose quartz. The writer has observed similar sand at other beaches, notably at Cape Cod. It is also found on Long Island, and seen upon inland bodies of fresh water, like Lake George. Its history is unknown, or at least obscure. By some it is believed to be of glacial origin. An attempt was made some years ago at Block Island to utilize the iron in this sand. Buildings were erected and by the use of maguets the iron was separated from the other particles. The buildings are now unoccupied, so evidently the undertaking did not pay.

Ox teams are in more common use on the island than elsewhere. One day our attention was attracted by the perambulations of a band of musicians in an ox-cart. They were advertising the skating rink and went from hotel to hotel in the cart, and seated in it discoursed what I suppose was enticing music.

Uno and Junior broke camp on Friday, August 15th, having occupied their tent fifteen days. Unusual had been the amount of stormy and cold weather. Some will smile when they remember that there followed more than a week of hot, dry weather, just fitted for camping at the seashore. These circumstances being incurable were endured with equanimity as all incurables should be, and all the good and comfort possible gotten out of them. It is the curable that should not be regarded with equanimity, but with the possibility of cure should go the determination to remedy. But a truce to sermonizing in vacation time. In spite of all drawbacks the two-weeks' camping out at Block Island will be long remembered by the two participants, and enjoyed for many a year in retrospect, as they were in the present tense.

E. A. P.

The United States steamer "Tallapoosa," with 140 men and officers on board, bound from Boston to Newport, to take part in the naval exhibition at that place, was wrecked about five miles off Cottage City, Martha's Vineyard, at about 11 o'clock on the night of August 22d, by a collision with a coal schooner. Two lives were lost, those of Surgeon Black and a negro cabin boy. From all reports it would seem that the blame lay with the executive officer of the Tallapoosa. The steamer was going in exactly the opposite direction from the schooner, which had the right of way according to law, but the steamer kept her course until too late for the schooner to avoid her. The schooner crashed through the side almost to midships, and the steamer sank in five minutes.

The following is said to be founded on cold fact. A Boston campaign club had appointed a committee to procure some torches, when a sapient member arose, and, folding his classical toga around him, moved that "the committee be instructed to purchase only Brown's Bronchial Torches."

One of the most severe thunder storms ever known in the Connecticut Valley occurred last Friday afternoon, and an immense amount of damage was done to houses and crops.

LETTER FROM SARATOGA.

Correspondence of the JOURNAL.

SARATOGA, Aug. 26th, 1884.

Since my last letter one of Saratoga's attractions has gone, probably not to return another season, namely: "Maud S." But with two Indian parks, two skating rinks, all the springs, the numerous pleasant drives, the races, the lake, etc., there is still enough to occupy one's time and thoughts. Last Sunday was a field day for Saratoga pulpits. The Bishop of New Jersey, and the Bishop of Michigan preaching at the Bethesda Episcopal church, the venerable Dr. Park of Andover, Mass., assisting in the services at the Congregational, the eminent English divine, Dr. Newman Hall occupying the pulpit of the M. E. church in the morning, and the Second Presbyterian in the evening, while all the other pulpits were occupied by eminent D. D.s from various parts of the land. Rev. Dr. Newman Hall led the daily morning prayer meeting Monday, and about 1000 people were present. These meetings are to be led this week by Rev. Dr. Parmlee of Jersey City, Rev. Dr. Cuyler of N. Y., John Wannamaker of Philadelphia, and other noted men.

Politics is beginning to attract considerable attention here, and both of the leading parties are sanguine. The Democrats were the first to get out a banner, but alas, it had done too much service before, and after several minor mishaps it finally came down utterly ruined in a storm several weeks ago, but a new one has been procured and will soon be flung to the breeze. The Republicans put out a fine banner which cost about $225, but it proved to be poorly painted, and is now superseded by a very fine one. The Prohibitionists, not to be left out, have also purchased a banner and expect to put it up Saturday next, with speaking by some of their best men, including St. John. The Republicans have a grand mass meeting to-morrow night with a speech by Hon. Emory A. Storrs of Chicago. Another notable event to-morrow evening is a garden party at the Grand Union, which probably will not equal the first one this season, but will be a very grand affair.

Mme. Carlotta, the aeronaut, is in Ohio this week, and the usual Tuesday ascension is ommitted; but another, the seventh of the year, will be made next Tuesday, and that probably will be the last of the season.

Some idea of the number of visitors here may be learned from the mail distributed daily. On Sunday, Aug. 9th, there were received 3685 letters and delivered 4420, and on the following Tuesday 8,261 letters were received and 7025 delivered. The season is now waning, and will soon be brought to a close, and on the whole will not be rated as a successful one, though last week's warm wave was a decided help to the place.

It is thought by some that the rivalry and contention between the proprietors of the Congress and Hawthorn springs will not only be a detriment to them, but a damage to the village as well, as the fight waxes warmer every day.

OCCASIONAL.

NEWS MORSELS.

Maryland farmers are making watermelon vinegar.

In Macedonia Christians have been flayed alive by Turks.

The Garfield Memorial Hospital has now twenty patients.

Mrs. Tom Thumb is being wooed by an admirer five feet tall.

From the Black Forest of Germany come most of the fine agates.

The Ohio Valley needs rain. It is welcome to a part of our supply.

A meeting of brewers at Berlin was termed a "Beerological Congress."

Seven Chicago policemen have been sent to lunatic asylums during the past year.

A Michigan female physician has found the cause of many divorces to be tobacco.

There is more snow on the Sierras than has been known at this season for 20 years.

Orange peel is now dried and used for kindling wood. Being oily, it burns rapidly.

A popular cane in Maine is composed of whisky, except for a thin inclosing cylinder.

The National Prison Association will hold its annual meeting at Saratoga, Sept. 6 to 10.

There are to be fifty-seven expositions in the United States during the remainder of the year.

A terrible plague of locusts has visited Central Spain and the crops are damaged $10,000,000.

A very common tavern sign in British India is, "Animals of all kinds stuffed at shortest notice."

Six inches of hail fell in ten minutes recently at Lone Tree Valley, Col. Crops of all kinds were ruined.

The appropriations being exhausted, the publication of the consular commercial reports has been stopped.

Trees in the lowlands have already turned a brilliant crimson, showing that summer has turned towards autumn.

About 200 fruit cars are necessary for the transportation of California products of orchard and vineyard to Eastern cities.

The new cheap cabs in New York are so much of a success that old lines have combined to starve them out by cutting prices.

The apple crop of Europe will fall considerably below that of last year, and American apples are likely to be in good demand.

DINING ROOM FURNITURE.—Shall we have a new table, chair or sideboard for our dining room? We recommend a number of new styles at Paine's, 48 Canal St., near the Maine depot, Boston. No one can fail to be suited with just what they want at this place.

AN IDEA THAT WILL PLEASE THE LADIES.

Everybody remembers the famous 1981 GLOBE, which made such a sensation three years ago. It was a big thing but next Sunday, August 31, the BOSTON GLOBE will launch another idea, which will be more popular still. It will be the WOMAN'S DAILY GLOBE of 2002, and will show that women are running the government, the stores, the mills, etc., etc., while men are doing the work women now do. It will be bright, witty and amusing. Everybody will want the SUNDAY GLOBE, August 31, to read it. Order to-day.

Forbes & Wallace, Springfield, are making arrangements for fall to add double the space they already occupy. They will have one of the largest and best cloak, shawl and suit rooms in New England. They have contracted with European manufacturers to fill it with choice goods.

O. P. Allen and O. J. Winslow guarrantee positive relief for any cough, cold, croup, or lung complaint by using Acker's English Remedy, or will refund the money. cow 1y 52

FREE TO ALL; STANDING OFFER. All who buy Rice & Co's Eclectic Liniment for Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Headache, and all pain, and are not cured when directions are followed, are entitled to fifty cents. Motto—No cure, no pay. For sale by G. L. KEENEY. Druggist and Stationer, Monson. 8

HAY FEVER.

From Col. C. H. Mackey, 33d Iowa Infantry: "To persons afflicted with Catarrh, I would state that I have derived more benefit from Ely's Cream Balm than anything else I have ever tried. I have now been using it for three months and am experiencing no trouble from catarrh whatever. I have been a sufferer for twenty years.—C. H. Mackey, Sigourney, Feb. 22, 1884. 2w22

O. P. Allen and O. J. Winslow wish it known that they guarantee Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets to be the best remedy for indigestion ever made, they always relieve headache. cow 1y 52

RECIPE FOR THE TROUBLED MIND.—The thought often arises, and the question asked, "What shall I do?" I have tried all of the doctoos, and patent medicines, and my money is gone and still no better. Recipe—Go to your druggist, and get a bottle of Rice & Co's Eclectric Liniment and a box of Eclectic Pills—for our motto is, no cure, no pay. For sale by GEO. L. HITCHCOCK, Palmer. 8

Ask O. P. Allen and O. J. Winslow about Acker's Blood Elixer, the only preparation guaranteed to cleanse the blood and remove all chronic diseases cow 1y 52

FORMULE FOR RICE & CO'S ECLECTIC PILLS.—May apple, ext. dandelion, rhubarb, ext. aloes and colocynth comp., and oil anise. Price 25 cents. Gelatine coated. Liver and malarial diseases can not exist where these pills are taken. (No griping.) Price 25 cents. For sale at C. E. BLOOD'S Drug Store, Ware. 8

The microscope demonstrates that consumption, asthma and bronchitis are produced by disease germs. Fontaine's Cure is the only remedy. Sold by O. P. Allen. 1y13cow

Unto the third and fourth generation! yea, scrofula and salt rheum is cured by Fontaine's Great Discovery. Sold by O. P. Allen. 1y13cow

Oh, how beautiful it makes the complexion! For eruptions, Lady Camelia's Secret of Beauty is superior to soap or liniments. Price 50 cents. At Allen's Pharmacy. 3 4w37

Thousands are daily having freckles removed by a trial of Lady Camelia's Secret of Beauty. Price 50 cents, at Allen's Pharmacy. 1 4w y29

"ROUGH ON RATS"
Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers; 15c; druggists.

HEART PAINS.
Palpitation, Dropsical Swellings, Dizziness, Indigestion, Headache, Sleeplessness, cured by Wells' Health Renewer."

"ROUGH ON CORNS."
Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns;" 15c; quick, complete cure; hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

"ROUGH ON COUGHS."
Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for coughs, colds, sore throat, hoarseness. Troches, 15c; Liquid, 50c.

"ROUGH ON DENTIST" TOOTH POWDER.
Smooth, refreshing, harmless, elegant, cleansing, preservative and fragrant; druggists; 15c.

THIN PEOPLE.
"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Headache, Nervousness, Debility; $1.

BED-BUGS, FLIES.
Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

MOTHERS.
If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use Wells' Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.

LIFE PRESERVER.
If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to the spot.

"ROUGH ON TOOTHACHE."
Instant relief for neuralgia, toothache, faceache. Ask for "Rough on Toothache;" 15 and 25 cents.

PRETTY WOMEN.
Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

"ROUGH ON ITCH."
"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

NIGHT SWEATS.
Headache, fever, chills, malaria, dyspepsia, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.

THE HOPE OF THE NATION.
Children, slow in development, puny, scrawny, and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."

"ROUGH ON PAIN."
Cures colic, cramps, diarrhœa; externally for aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. For man or beast. 25 and 50 cents.

"ROUGH ON PAIN" PLASTER.
Porous and strengthening, improved, the best for backache, pains in chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia; 25c; druggists or mail. 1y12

MURE, the new remedy, is acknowledged by leading physicians to cure *Headache, Neuralgia* and *Malaria* when everything else fails. For sale at Palmer by O. P. Allen, and at Monson by G. L. Keeney, druggists. 3m12*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she was a Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.
1y11

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The greatest medical wonder of the world. Warranted to speedily cure Burns, Bruises, Cuts, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Cancers, Piles, Chilblains, Corns, Tetter, Chapped Hands, and all skin eruptions, guaranteed to cure in every instance or money refunded. 25 cents per box. For sale by G. L. Hitchcock. 1y32

VOX POPULI, VOX DEI.—The HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICINES best adapted for family use are those sold at O. P. Allen's, Palmer, and G. L. Keeney's, Monson. The guide-slip attached to each bottle enables one to treat most of the ordinary ailments common to a family. 3m12*

A Great Discovery.

That daily brings joy to the homes of thousands by saving many of their dear ones from an early grave. Truly is Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, Loss of Voice, Tickling in the Throat, Pain in the Side and Chest, or any disease of the Throat and Lungs, a positive cure guaranteed. Trial bottles free at Geo. L. Hitchcock's drug store. Large size $1.00. 6

MARRIED.

At Ware, 28th, by A. E. P. Perkins, D. D., at the residence of Geo. S. Marsh, EDWIN T. RITTENHOUSE and DELIA M. WILLIS, both of Denver, Col.

At Monson, 18th, by Rev. Alex. Digle, EDDIE MALLORY and ANNA CORFF, both of Palmer.

At Monson, 5th ult, by Rev. Alex. Digle, HENRY G. TRUMBLE and MARY L. KING, all of Monson.

DIED.

At Palmer, 24th, suddenly, Mrs. WINNIFRED WILBER, 56.

At Passaic, N. J., 23d, AMELIA ANGELL, 48, wife of George W. Calkins, formerly of Palmer.

☞ Burial at Providence, R. I., on Tuesday.

At Holyoke, 23d, DANIEL MOORE, 25, formerly of Warren.

At Wilbraham, 22d, MARY H. KELLEY, 23 years and 10 months.

At Winnetka, Ill., 18th, HENRIETTA B. KING, 57, daughter of the late Daniel King, formerly of Palmer.

FOR SALE—The Buckskin Stud, $200. A good work mare, $125. 12 sheep at a reasonable price, and one cheap buggy, or will exchange for a good cow.
22-3w D. F. HOLDEN, Palmer.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.—HAMPDEN, ss. Probate Court.—To the devisees, and others interested in the estate of John Clough, late of Palmer, in said county, ty, deceased, Greeting:

Whereas, Timothy D. Potter, executor of the will of said deceased, has presented to said court his petition for license to sell the whole of the real estate of said deceased for the payment of debts, legacies and charges of administration, and for other reasons set forth in said petition:

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court, to be holden at Palmer, in said county, on the second Wednesday of September next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And said executor is ordered to serve this citation by publishing the same once a week, three weeks successively, in the Palmer Journal, a newspaper published at Palmer, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court, and by mailing a copy hereof to each said devisee who may reside out of this State, fourteen days at least before said Court.

Witness, William S. Shurtleff, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this twentieth day of August, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four.
3w21 SAMUEL B SPOONER, Register.

FOR SALE.

Three second-hand Buggies, one of them a Concord, all in good repair; also, 1 light Express Wagon. Cheap for cash, or would exchange.
MONSON HOUSE STABLES.
Monson, Mass. 4w19

A PRIZE. Send six cents for postage, and receive free a costly box of goods which will help all, of either sex, to more money right away than anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. 1y52

FOR SALE.—My Cottage on Fox Avenue, containing 10 rooms. Good barn on the place.
C. E. FISH.
Palmer, Nov. 16, 1883. 33tf

GRAND GALA NIGHT.

ONE NIGHT ONLY!

Ware Roller Skating Rink!

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 3D.

GRAND RECEPTION to ENGLAND, GERMANY AND AMERICA'S CHAMPIONS.

GIRARD & VOKES'

Great London Bycicle and Roller

Skating Celebrities!

Under the management of Mr. A. S. ANTHONY.

Rinks inadequate to accommodate the multitudes. The only entertainment of the kind on earth.

Positive appearance of

PROF. D. J. CANARY,
CHAMPION FANCY BICYCLE RIDER OF AMERICA AND THE WORLD.
M. ETHEL VOKES, OF GERMANY,
Champion Lady Bicycle Rider of Europe.
PROF. W. E. LIVSEY, OF LONDON,
Fancy Trick Roller Skater of England, and Champion of the World.
POWER BROS.,
Champion Double Pedestal Skaters of the World!
MISS FANNIE NEWHALL,
LATE OF THE BOSTON IDEAL OPERA CO.,
Champion Fancy Lady Skater of the United States, Receiving Rounds of Applause at Every Exhibition.
PROF. GEO. BURNELL,
THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY SKATE CONTORTIONIST IN THE WORLD.

ADMISSION:
ADULTS 35 Cents. CHILDREN 25 Cents. 15 Cents Extra for Reserved Seats.
SKATE CHECKS, - - 10 cents.
Skating Surface open at 7.30. Entertainment at 8.30. Skating before and after the Exhibition.
☞ Reserved Seats go on sale at H. M. Clark's Boot and Shoe Store Monday, Sept. 1st.
F. D. STRAFFIN, Gen'l Agent.

The Housekeeper's Blessing!

HITCHCOCK'S

Insect Powder!

SURE AND SPEEDY DEATH TO INSECTS.

SAFE TO USE AND HARMLESS TO HUMAN LIFE.

The neatest, surest and most deadly Insect Destroyer ever known. A purely vegetable powder. It is offered for sale in 25-cent tin sifting top cans, and also by the pound.

IT WILL KILL ANYTHING

In the line of FLIES, ANTS, BUGS, ROACHES, LICE OR WORMS.

Has been used for years and never fails.

MAKE NO MISTAKE.

This is warranted the best and surest. Come and examine, and try

HITCHCOCK'S PILE REMEDY.

GEO. L. HITCHCOCK, Pharmacist,

PALMER, MASS.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed given by Charles Hastings, late of Palmer deceased, to me, dated March 15th, 1883, and recorded in the Registry of Deeds for the County of Hampden, Bbro 394, folio 216, will be sold at public auction, on the premises, on Saturday, the twentieth day of September, 1884, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, all and singular the premises conveyed by said mortgage deed, namely: A certain tract of land situated in said Palmer, and bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a stake and stones on the easterly side of the road leading past the homestead of said Hastings; thence easterly on land of Mary A. Whipple, about 12 rods to a stake and stones; thence turning nearly at right angles on line of an old fence southerly 40 rods more or less to a stake and stone; thence westerly nearly at right angles again about 20 rods to a stake and stones on line of land formerly of Elias Paul; thence northerly on line of said Paul's land about 15 rods to a stake and stones at corner of said Paul's land; thence westerly on said Paul's land about one rod to said road; thence northerly on said road to place of beginning, containing about 13 acres more or less. $50 will be required to be paid in cash by the purchaser at the time and place of sale.

JOSEPH THOMPSON, Mortgagee.

Palmer, August 22, 1884.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.—HAMPDEN, SS. PROBATE COURT.—To the heirs-at-law, next of kin, and all other persons interested in the estate of Daniel G. Green, late of Monson, in said county, deceased, Greeting:

Whereas, a certain instrument, purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, has been presented to said Court, for probate, by George E. Fuller of said Monson, who prays that letters testamentary may be issued to him the executor therein named,

You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be held at Springfield, in said county of Hampden, on the first Wednesday of September next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, against the same.

And said petitioner is hereby directed to give public notice thereof, by publishing this citation once a week, for three successive weeks, in the newspaper called the Palmer Journal, published at Palmer, the last publication to be two days, at least, before said court.

Witness, William S. Shurtleff, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this fourteenth day of August, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four.
3w20 SAMUEL B. SPOONER, Register.

SHEPARD'S CELEBRATED

$60 SCREW CUTTING FOOT LATHE.

Foot and Power Lathes, Drill Presses, Scroll Saw Attachments, Chucks, Mandrels, Twist Drills, Dogs, Calipers. Send for catalogue of outfits, for amateurs or artesans. Address
H. L. SHEPARD & CO.,
341 and 343 West Front Street,
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

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A GOOD DOUBLE-BARREL BREECH-LOADING

REMINGTON SHOT GUN.

JAMES COWLES, Palmer.

NICHOLS ACADEMY,
DUDLEY, MASS. INCORPORATED 1819.
Open to both sexes. New Buildings. Large Library. Reading Room and Observatory. Observatory is a U. S. Signal Station. Students fitted for any college or technical school. Tuition free to deserving students. Fall term commences Tuesday, Sept. 2d. Send for catalogue to
5w18 MOSES BARNES, Treasurer.

HITCHCOCK FREE HIGH SCHOOL,
BRIMFIELD, MASS.
ARTHUR A. UPHAM, Principal.
Thorough English and Classical Departments. *Tuition Free.* Fall term begins Sept. 3d. Entrance examination Sept. 2d. For catalogue or information address HENRY F. BROWN,
3w20 Secretary.

FOR SALE—Best corner lot in Palmer, on corner Park and Thorndike streets.
4w20* Inquire of DR. DOWNING.

DR. A. B. COWAN, DENTAL ROOMS, over JOURNAL Office, every Thursday,
33tf PALMER, MASS.

WE

Are Closing Out

THE BALANCE OF OUR

Summer Goods

REGARDLESS of COST.

GREAT DISCOUNT ON

CLOTHING

WITH WHICH WE ARE

Very Much Overstocked.

REMNANTS

—IN—

PRINTS & GINGHAMS

ARE GOING VERY RAPIDLY!

CALL EARLY AND SECURE THE BEST PATTERNS.

OUR PRICES ON

BLACK SILKS

RATHER DISCOUNT SPRINGFIELD,

AND THEY ARE WARRANTED IN EVERY PARTICULAR.

YOURS RESPECTFULLY,

S. H. HELLYAR & CO.,

CROSS'S BLOCK, PALMER.

BROOKS BROS.,

Successors to ROBINSON & BROOKS,

—DEALERS IN—

HARDWARE,

Iron and Steel,

PAINTS, OIL AND GLASS,

SPRINGS AND AXLES,

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IMPLEMENTS,

SEEDS AND FERTILIZERS,

JOHN W. MASURY'S COLORS and RAILROAD PAINTS

A SPECIALTY.

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Give us a call; we will try and please you.

Yours, respectfully,

BROOKS BROS.

JUST OUT!

The Star Chorus Book

FOR

Conventions, Choirs and Musical Societies.

By W. O. PERKINS.

Price $1; Per doz. $9

The Star Chorus Book is one that a choir or society in want of good Sacred and Secular Choruses will eagerly adopt, as the selections are of *the very best!* 168 pages, large Octavo size, 35 Choruses, about half Secular, half Sacred. Organ or piano accompaniments. For mixed voices.

Among the Sacred pieces will be found Hayden's "Glorious is the King," Mendelssohn's "I waited for the Lord," Handel's "Hallelujah," and Rossini's "When Thou Comest."

Among the Secular Choruses are: Benedict's "Home," Stewart's "Bells of St. Michaels," Verdi's "Storm King," and Hatton's "Stars of the Summer Night."

THREE NEW MUSIC BOOKS.

CHORAL WORSHIP. ($1, or $9 per dozen.) By L. O. Emerson. For Choirs, Singing Classes and Conventions.

SONG WORSHIP. (35 cts., or $3.60 per dozen,) By L. O. Emerson and W. F. Sherwin. For Sunday Schools.

THE MODEL SINGER. (60 cts., or $6 per dozen.) By W. O. Perkins and D. B. Towner. For Singing Classes and Conventions.

Any book mailed for retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., BOSTON.

NOT ONLY TO THE SUFFERER WASTED BY DISEASE DOES

RIDGE'S FOOD

Supplement the proper medicine and bring back strength and comfort, but the delicate mother will find its daily use

JUST WHAT IS NEEDED

To check and supplement the drain made upon nature's forces. Try it, mothers, and be convinced. Recipes to suit different tastes accompany each can. It does not tax the digestive organs, but is strengthening to both invalids and children. Sold by Druggists. 35c. up. WOOLRICH & CO., on label.
4w20

DR. F. W. ANDREWS' Dental Rooms
357 Main Street, Springfield. Artificial teeth $10

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At the JOURNAL OFFICE.

FOSTER & GAMWELL,

CLOTHIERS,

Palmer, - Mass.

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Accident Insurance.

If you are going on a trip to the Mountain Shore, get an ACCIDENT TICKET for $3000 in case of death by accident, or $15 per week in case of injury. It costs you only 25 CENTS A DAY, or $4.50 for 30 days, at

THE PALMER
FIRE, LIFE & ACCIDENT INSURANCE AGENCY.
GEO. W. ELY, Agent.
Office with C. L. GARDNER.

A NICE LINE OF

STATIONERY,

— ALBUMS, —

LADIES' HAND BAGS, POCKET BOOKS, TOILET AND FANCY GOODS, JEWELRY, BIRTHDAY CARDS, Etc., Etc., Etc.

Orders taken from catalogue for

SILVER WARE AND MUSICAL MERCHANDISE,

AT

G. L. KEENEY'S

DRUG AND STATIONERY STORE,

MONSON, MASS. 3

HINMAN'S BUSINESS COLLEGE,
WORCESTER, MASS.
This institution is the most RICHLY APPOINTED, PAINSTAKING, ECONOMICAL and STRICTLY BUSINESS School in New England. It is superior to others in its training of students practically, through
AN ACTUAL BUSINESS EXPERIENCE
In completely appointed business offices. Its teachers are the finest penmen in the east, thorough masters of commercial branches, strict, yet kind and true. Young men and ladies seeking the best aid to PRACTICALLY TESTED business ability should send for circulars, mailed free, by
4w20 A. H. HINMAN, Worcester, Mass.

NEW LUMBER YARD!

F. F. MARCY, PALMER, MASS.,

DEALER IN

All kinds of LUMBER and SHINGLES, at retail and wholesale by the car-load. Windows, Doors Blinds and Mouldings. Carpenters' and Joiners Work done to order.

Yard and shop junction of the B. & A. and N. L. N. railroads, west of depot.

Seasonable Goods

IN GREAT VARIETY

—AND—

LOW PRICES

JUST OPENED!

PARASOLS

FROM 25 CENTS TO FIVE DOLLARS!

SUMMER UNDERWEAR

MOSQUITO NETS.

CHAMBRAYS, NEW GINGHAMS,

CAMBRICS AND PRINTS,

Which with an unusual stock of

STAPLE GOODS,

MAKES OUR STOCK FULL AND COMPLETE IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

J. B. SHAW.

Palmer, May 29, 1884.

WE ARE AGENTS

FOR THE

OLD STATEN ISLAND

Dyeing Establishment!

THE LARGEST WORKS OF THE KIND IN THE UNITED STATES.

ALL KINDS OF GARMENTS DYED OR CLEANSED IN BEST POSSIBLE MANNER. GOODS SHIPPED EVERY THURSDAY.

TROY

Steam Laundry.

WORK RECEIVED UNTIL 8 O'CLOCK EVERY TUESDAY MORNING, RETURNING SATURDAY OF THE SAME WEEK.

Eighmie Dress Shirt,

Finest and cheapest Shirt in the world.

E. & W. AND COON & CO'S. COLLARS AND CUFFS.

J. L. Shaw & Co.,

CLOTHIERS, HATTERS,

and FURNISHERS,

MOORE'S BLOCK.....MONSON, MASS.

A Stolen Kiss.

HIS EXCUSE.

As I bade her good-night
Could I help just one stealing?
The moon's mellow light,
As I bade her good-night,
On her face shone so bright,
Those red lips revealing—
As I bade her good-night
Could I help just one stealing?

HER IDEA.

To take only one
And then say "Good-night!"
(How quickly 'twas done!)
To take only one!
Next time he'll get none;
For I don't like it quite,
To take—only one—
And then say "Good-night!"

SMALL ECONOMIES.

Now this same saving is a trial; there is no denying it. We do not honestly think women, as a rule, are extravagant in large things, and they will cheerfully make large sacrifices; but in small things they do not usually find economy pleasant. This proceeds chiefly from ignorance, false shame, and, in extreme cases, from idleness.

Mistresses far too often do not know how to make the most of things, though, as far as their lights go, they will use them themselves, and oblige those connected with them to do likewise. Then, again, these petty economies are so small that one dreads to encounter the cook's face of horror at such unheard of meanness. The things are so petty! What difference can they make? The whole thing would not save sixpence in the 24 hours, etc. Granted; but look through your accounts and see how your money goes. Is it not mostly carried off by odd sixpences that at the time seem almost too unimportant to consider? None, until they try, realize how tiny sums will mount up in a short space of time, and how far scraps will go in making dainty dishes, tempting to eat, and saving the butcher's book.

It is just in these small economies that French women are such splendid managers. They know exactly how far everything will go, and have no false shame at any management that will save even a penny. Yet in spite of this, (perhaps because of this,) French cookery is always quoted as the best. The fact is, French cookery is a cookery of scraps; and it is owing to this that the French menagere can produce so tempting and varied a menu on the microscopic sum that does duty as housekeeping allowance. Of course the great cordons bleus do not practice this rigid economy; but that is not the style of cookery we are referring to. It is French domestic cookery to which we allude, and how every scrap has its value, and is carefully considered. This is the secret of it all, for to make rechauffes wholesome and palatable the cookery must be most careful, and the scraps, however small, good of the kind. A French menu reads most grandly, but write it out in plain English, and see how homely the fare is in nine cases out of ten. In this country there is a wide-spread idea that it is bad economy to buy any but the best joints of meat, unless actually obliged to do so by the shallowness of one's purse; and for this reason parts are left as inferior which, if properly dressed, would afford fare as wholesome and palatable as, and far less expensive, than the more thought of "prime" joints. It is curious how fashion has tabooed some dishes as too vulgar for any but the innermost privacy of the family circle, though many of these very dishes will be cheerfully accepted when presented abroad with a foreign name. Take tripe, for instance. Men, as a rule, know and like it, though they do not often introduce it to their family fare; but very few ladies have seen it, and fewer still have tasted it. Be that as it may, few things can be served in so varied and dainty fashions, while, for the invalid, it is a marvelous addition to the sick-room fare. Onions are homely vegetables, and are apt to flavor everything connected with them more strongly than suits a delicate palate; still, there are few dishes but owe their flavor in a great measure to this despised vegetable, or its even coarser brother, garlic. Nothing but bad management is answerable if onions flavor a dish too strongly, or if every one is informed by their noses of the fact that there is cabbage for dinner. Curiously enough, directly economy becomes a necessity, the housekeeper inaugurates, under the name of plain fare, about the most wasteful style of cookery attainable. Fish, vegetables, entrees, are all ruthlessly cut off, and the family fare subsides into roast or boiled, with potatoes, and perhaps a pudding. Now in the first place, roasting is not an economical way of cooking meat, it shrinks so much in the process. In the second, trusting entirely to butcher's meat, as you do in the case we are supposing, certainly does not decrease your expenditure. With proper care, little dishes can be contrived easily out of scraps that five out of seven soi-disant "good plain cooks" would throw aside as worthless. Take fish for instance. What becomes of the head of a cod and the huge back bone? Behind the fire or in the dust-heap by this time. Well, take this head and bone, with some of the water it was boiled in, some parsley, a small onion stuck with two or three cloves, a carrot and seasoning to taste. Let these all simmer till it almost jellies, add a little milk, thicken with a little butter rolled in flour, strain it, and serve with fried bread cut into dice. If you have any scraps of fish, or any oysters left from sauce, take the fish free from skin and bone, and with the oysters lay it into the soup to heat, not boil, just before serving: or a little curry powder may be mixed with the butter and flour thickening, and half a tin of preserved lobster carefully warmed in the soup. This may not be a "company" soup, but it certainly is appetizing on a cold day. Luckily, we are beginning to realize that soup does not require the enormous amount of fresh meat formerly considered indispensible for family fare, and that in some cases soups can be made, and very good soups too, with no stock at all. Aspic jelly, again, is admitted as a delicious garnish, and the average housekeeper would never dream of using it for daily fare. But it is easy to make, and as economical as it is dainty. The fish stock mentioned above, cleared, and with a little isinglass or gelatine added to it, and a suspicion of tarragan vinegar, will turn scraps of fish into a jelly that, garnished with some freshly washed lettuce, will go far to atone for the cold mutton at the other end, and will be tempting when the heat makes the very idea of solid food repulsive. Vegetables, again, can be used in a variety of ways. There is always some left in the dishes, and a careful housekeeper will be haunted for days by those scraps or be aggravated by seeing the vegetables left over thrown into the waste tub. Now any cooked vegetables with the addition of a little salad sauce, an anchovy or two, a few morsels of caviare, or even the best part of a bloater, will make a very fair imitation of Russian salad, or, again, chopped fine, seasoned rather highly and mixed with a little butter, or good dripping and steamed or baked in a mold, they produce an appetizing macedoine. To dwellers in the country extra vegetables are not such a loss, but in towns a conscientious housewife does get worried by waste. In the most admirably arranged kitchens, scraps there must and always will be; waste and unusable scraps there never will. A very little thought and study of a cookery book will enable you to use up everything. There is not a cookery book that does not give recipes for rechauffes, all more or less tempting. —*Harper's Bazar.*

A CHILD'S HEART.

The other day a curious old woman, having a bundle in her hand and walking with a painful effort, sat down on a curb stone on Woodard avenue to rest. She was curious because her garments were neat and clean, though threadbare, and curious because a smile crossed her wrinkled face as children passed by her. It might have been this smile that attracted a group of three little ones, the eldest about nine. They all stood in a row in front of the old woman, saying never a word, but watching her face. The smile brightened, lingered, and then suddenly died away, and a corner of the old calico apron went up to wipe away a tear. Then the eldest stepped forward and said:

"Are you sorry because you haven't got any children?"

"I—I had children once, but they are all dead!" whispered the woman, a sob rising in her throat.

"I am awful sorry," said the little girl, as her own chin quivered. "I'd give you one of my little brothers here, but I ain't got but two, and I don't believe I'd like to spare one."

"God bless you, child—bless you forever!" sobbed the old woman, and for a full moment her face was buried in her apron.

"But I'll tell you what I'll do," seriously continued the child, "you may kiss us all once, and if little Ben isn't afraid you may kiss him four times, for he is just as sweet as candy!"

Pedestrians who saw the three well dressed children put their arms around a strange old woman's neck and kiss her were greatly puzzled. They don't know the hearts of children, and they did not hear the woman's words as she rose to go:

"Oh, children, I'm only a poor old woman, believing I'd nothing to live for, but you have given me a lighter heart than I've had for ten long years."—*Detroit Free Press.*

COURTSHIP CARAMELS.

When a man is lost in love he can generally be found by sending a belle after him.

A man asks a girl for her hand before marriage and often gets her fist after it.

A Philadelphia youth who got acquainted with a girl who is dreadfully fond of lemonade, calls her his sour mash.

The young man who has experienced a cool reception when visiting his best girl, can sympathize with the sufferings of Arctic explorers.

There are so many failures nowadays that young men cannot be too cautious. Better get an insight into a girl's appetite before resolving to propose to her.

"Soled-again!" exclaimed the young man as he went flying down the front steps for the third time inside of a week, propelled by the vigorous foot of his charmer's papa.

"Darling, I love you!" he exclaimed. "I don't believe it," was the scornful response. "You haven't treated me to ice-cream but twice since our acquaintance began."

It is a foolish girl who will ask her lover which he likes best, beauty or brains. No matter which way he answers she is sure to get mad. It would be a mighty dull lover who didn't have sense enough to say that he liked both best.

Young Snifkins is so madly in love with Amelia Popinjay that when she confided to him the other evening that she adored black eyes, he stole away and hired a stalwart Irishman to decorate his countenance with those ornaments at fifty cents an eye.

We see that a Connecticut man has been lodged in jail for writing a proposal of marriage to a young girl. The women who want to get married this year should hasten to let the young men understand that a similar misfortune will not follow in case they do likewise.

THE MODEL HUSBAND AT WORK.

The Doodlebugs are going out of town. They are hastening for the train. Mr. Doodlebug is getting them off. He is full of business, as becomes the head of the family.

"Here, Emeline, take this little valise and the baby and go on. I'll catch up with you before you get to the station. Hold on, I'll just hook this hatbox on your fingers. There now, that'll carry nicely; got the baby all right? Tommy, you and Billy and little sister run along with mother—great heavens, Emeline, don't let that child run across the street alone; take hold of his hand, can't you? Tommy come back and get this umbrella and bag of lemons. Emeline! Emeline! You've forgotten the lunch basket. Billy, run here quick and take this lunch basket to your mother! Now, Emeline, do hurry, or you'll miss the train. Never mind the rest of the things; I'll carry them."

Four minutes after Mrs. Emeline reaches the station, having wrestled all the way with a baby, three children and four packages. Mr. Doodlebug arrives, carrying a rattan cane weighing four ounces. He is so tired he has got to go into the smoking car and sleep.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

If you desire to enjoy life, avoid unpunctual persons. They impede business and poison pleasure. Make it your own rule not only to be punctual, but a little beforehand. Such a habit secures a composure which is essential to happiness.

A TOAST TO GENTLEMEN.

Mrs. Duniway of the *New Northeast* at a literary reunion at Salem, Oregon, toasted the gentlemen as follows:

"Bless 'em! They halve our joys, they double our sorrows, they treble our expenses, they quadruple our cares, they excite our magnanimity, they increase our self-respect, awaken our enthusiasm, arouse our affections, control our property, and out-maneuvre us in everything. It would be a sad world without them. In fact, I may say, without prospect of successful contradiction, that without them it wouldn't be much of a world, anyhow. We love them and the dear beings can't help it; we control them and the precious fellows don't know it. As husbands they are convenient, though not always on hand; as beaux they are by no means 'matchless.' They are most agreeable as visitors; handy at state fairs, and indispensable at oyster saloons. They are splendid as escorts for some other fellow's wife or sister, and as friends they are better than women. As our fathers they are inexpressibly grand. A man may be a failure in business, a wreck in constitution, not enough to boast of as a beauty, nothing as a wit, less than nothing as a legislator for women's rights, and not very brilliant as a member of the press; but if he is our own father we overlook his shortcomings, and cover his peccadilloes with the divine mantle of charity. Then, as our husbands, how we love to parade them as paragons! In the sublime language of the poet:

We'll lie for 'em,
We'll cry for 'em,
And if we could, we'd fly for 'em;
We'd do anything but die for 'em."

FASHION NOTES.

Dotted veils are out of style.

Bangles are as popular as ever.

Snake bracelets have come into style again.

Light colored silk mitts are fashionable for little girls.

The Vandyke bang is fashionable for little boys under six.

White was never as much worn on the streets as this summer.

Wedding rings are much narrower than they have been for years, that is, those worn by fashionable brides.

Square tidies made of lace and satin are now seldom seen. The scarf-shaped ones have almost entirely taken their place.

Many evening gowns are trimmed with garlands of natural flowers. Thistles are also fashionable for those who can get them.

The sunflower, daisy, marigold, dandelion, and hedge roses with leaves, are the flowers most in favor for colored outline embroidery on pongees, gray, and mushroom colored cashmeres and woolen stuffs.

Black stockings are not nearly as popular as they used to be. They look particularly well with low cut shoes, but the dye comes off of even the most expensive of them, and for this reason they are exceedingly objectionable.—*American Queen.*

LYING TO THE COURT.

Jason was summoned to appear before court to give testimony in a case in which it was his interest to be identified. When the time for trial came, Jason sent the following note to the judge:

"Can't come, sah; I'se in bed with er broken hip."

The next day a deputy sheriff saw Jason on the street, arrested him and took him into court.

"You trifling rascal!" said the judge, "I ought to send you to the penitentiary."

"What fer, Jedge?"

"For lying to this court."

"I didn't lie to the cou't."

"You did. Said that you were lying in bed with a broken hip."

"I wuz, Jedge."

"How did you get well so soon?"

"Oh, dar w'an't nothing the matter with me."

"Then you have lied to the court."

"No, sah, I hain't. My son broke his hip t'other day an' I was lyin' in bed wid him."

"Take the fool away."

"Thank yer, Jedge. De white folks doan un'erstan' er the thing till airter its 'splained, but den dey see it wid er mighty bright eye."

Stephen Whitlock, aged 18 years, of Lyons, N. Y., after eating a quart of peanuts, two quarts of cherries, (pits and all) and drinking several glasses of ice water, died in great agony. The cause of his death is unknown, but heart disease is suspected.

THE GOVERNMENT CHEMIST ANALYZES TWO OF THE LEADING BAKING POWDERS, AND WHAT HE FINDS THEM MADE OF.

The best baking powder is made from pure Cream of Tartar, Bicarbonate of soda, and a small quantity of flour or starch. Frequently other ingredients are used, and serve a purpose in reducing the cost and increasing the profits of the manufacturer.

We give the Government Chemist's analysis of two of the leading baking powders:

I have examined samples of "Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder," manufactured at Albany, N. Y., and "Royal Baking Powder," both purchased by myself in this city, and I find they contain:

"CLEVELAND'S SUPERIOR BAKING POWDER."
Cream of Tartar.
Bicarbonate of Soda.
Flour.

Available carbonic acid gas 12.61 per cent, equivalent to 116.2 cubic inches of gas per oz. of Powder.

"ROYAL BAKING POWDER."
Cream of Tartar.
Bicarbonate of Soda.
Carbonate of Ammonia.
Tartaric Acid.
Starch.

Available carbonic acid gas 12.40 per cent, equivalent to 116.2 cubic inches of gas per oz. of Powder.

Ammonia has 0.43 per cent, equivalent to 10.4 cubic inches per oz. of Powder.

Note.—The Tartaric Acid was doubtless introduced as free acid, but subsequently combined with ammonia, and exists in the Powder as a Tartrate of Ammonia.

E. G. LOVE, Ph. D.

NEW YORK, Jan. 17th, 1881.

The above analyses indicate a preference for "Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder," and our opinion is that it is the better preparation."—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Combines, in a manner peculiar to itself, the best blood purifying and strengthening remedies of the vegetable kingdom. You will find this wonderful remedy effective where other medicines have failed. Try it this season. It will purify your blood, regulate the digestion, and give new life and vigor to the entire body.

PURIFIES THE BLOOD.

"I suffered three years from blood poison. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and think I am cured."—Mrs. M. J. DAVIS, Brockport, N. Y.

"Appetite poor, bowels all out of order, scrofulous sores on my face and back. I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and with three bottles my sores healed, and I am at business again."—J. AMBERG, Chicago, Ill.

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 DOSES ONE DOLLAR.

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M. A. Packard & Co's.

$2.99 Shoe

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MADE IN THE LATEST STYLES!

BUTTON, BALS. and CONGRESS, LOW CUT TON OXFORD and STRAP.

These goods are made only from the

BEST CALF UPPER AND GLOVE KID TOPS.

THEY ARE ALL SOLID AND WARRANTED

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NOTE HEADS,

STATEMENTS,

Or anything of that kind printed at the

JOURNAL OFFICE,

And have them put up in

NEAT BLOCKS OF 100 EACH,

Thus preventing them becoming scattered and wasted.

DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S

FAVORITE REMEDY,

FOR THE CURE of KIDNEY and LIVER COMPLAINTS, CONSTIPATION, and all disorders arising from an impure state of the BLOOD.

To women who suffer from any of the ills peculiar to their sex it is an unfailing friend. All druggists. One dollar a bottle, or address, Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

THE NARROW ESCAPE

Of a Massachusetts Engineer—Timely Warning of Mr. John Spencer, Baggage Master of B. & A. R. R.

Sleep after fatigue, and health after disease, are two of the sweetest experiences known to man. Fourteen years is a long time in which to suffer, yet Mr. Peter Lawler, of Dalton, Mass., had led a miserable life for that period through the presence of stone in the bladder. That he sought in all directions for a cure is an almost superfluous statement. He did obtain temporary relief, but nothing more. Last January he called on Dr. David Kennedy, of Rondout, N. Y., who said, after examination: "Mr. Lawler, you have a stone in the bladder. We will first try Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy before risking an operation." A few days later the following letter passed through the Rondout post office:

DALTON, Mass., Feb. 5.

Dear Dr. Kennedy:—The day after I came home I passed two gravel stones, and am now doing nicely. PETER LAWLER.

Dr. Kennedy has now the stones at his office, and they are sufficiently formidable to justify the claim that Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is the leading specific for stone in the bladder. In his letter Mr. Lawler mentions that Favorite Remedy also cured him of rheumatism. The subjoined certificate tells its own story:

OLD BERKSHIRE MILLS.
Dalton, Mass., April 27th, 1882.

Mr. Peter Lawler has been a resident of this town for the past seventeen years, and in our employ for fifteen, and in all these years he has lived a good and respected citizen of this town and community. He has had some chronic disease to our knowledge for most of the time, but now claims to be, and is in apparent good health.

CHAS. O. BROWN, President.

DALTON, Mass., June 9th, 1884.

Dr. Kennedy—Dear Friend: Thinking you might like to hear again from an old patient, I am going to write you. It is now three and a half years since I first went to see you. As I told you then I was troubled with kidney disease for about fifteen years, and had seven of the best doctors to be found; but I received only temporary relief until I visited you and commenced taking your "Favorite Remedy." I continue taking the Remedy according to your directions, and now consider myself a well man. Very gratefully yours,

PETER LAWLER.

Our letter of April 27, 1882, holds good as far as Mr. Lawler's testimony is concerned regarding his health. CHAS. O. BROWN.

Dalton, June 9, 1884. 1m20mrm

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Household Sewing Machine,

For Cash or Small Installments.

OLD MACHINES TAKEN IN EXCHANGE!

Oil, Attachments, and Needles for all Sewing Machines.

Machines repaired at short notice.

HOUSEHOLD S. M. CO.,
T. J. SULLIVAN, Agent.

Office at Clark's Shoe Store, Palmer. 6m49

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Should keep the ANTALGICA in the house for ready use. It is one of the best known PAIN-KILLERS in the market for either internal or external use. Be sure and try it.

The Indian Cough Balsam

is one of the very best medicines for Lung troubles. It has been in use for over 30 years, and always gives satisfaction. Prepared by

O. P. ALLEN, Druggist,
Palmer, Mass.

C. H. HOBBY, PIANO TUNER.

Orders for tuning may be left at O. P. Allen's Drug Store, Palmer, or may be sent to me by mail to Stafford Springs, Conn.

THE SUBSCRIBER RESPECTFULLY ANNOUNCES

TO HIS

OLD PATRONS AND THE PUBLIC IN GENERAL,

That he will continue the sale of

Paper Hangings,

Inasmuch as the party to whom he sold does not carry on the business in this place.

MY BUSINESS HEADQUARTERS

WILL BE AT MY

My Residence

FOR THE PRESENT,

And I shall sell the above goods at less prices than could be afforded if I had to pay rent and clerk hire. Shall be prepared to furnish paper for the nicest jobs as heretofore.

I still have on hand a supply of

—OIL STOVES—

FOR SALE OR TO RENT.

E. J. WOOD.

Central St., Palmer.

DEVOE'S Brilliant Oil!

1st. It is absolutely SAFE.

2d. Gives a powerful, brilliant white LIGHT.

3d. Does NOT SMOKE, nor SMELL, nor CRUST the wick.

4th. Is the most ECONOMICAL Oil, because it gives the most LIGHT in proportion to its price.

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J. B. BROWN	North Amherst
G. E. CODGSWELL	" "
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DINNERS IN SPRINGFIELD.—Ladies and families wishing a pleasant place to take dinner while in the city will find the Blackmun Dining Rooms, 27 & 29 Vernon St., centrally located, on the first floor, and always free from any noisy or rough element. Polite and competent waiters in attendance. Charges moderate. 37

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3 by 5 inches, and containing 200 sheets, very handy for figuring or making memorandums on,

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PRICE 5 CENTS EACH.

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James Gillispie Blaine,
From the state of Maine,
For President next year,
Which now is drawing near;
Jim—he knows enough,
Is made of good stuff,
And if he wins the fight
We hope he will do right.
But to secure his election
We have some time for reflection.
Meantime we all want food—
We want that which is good:
At Palmer, Central Street,
Is what we need to eat.
Wehl & Longley keep the place,
Where we hope to see your face.
And give you the right price
On Groceries really nice.
You also get full weight,
And everything is straight:
Our tastes should be cultivated
To use food unadulterated,
And thereby maintain health,
Which is better than wealth.
We did not start in 1850,
But our place is growing thrifty.
We strive to sell goods pure,
And thus your patronage secure.
So when you chance to draw near
Do not pass us with a sneer,
But step in and see our shelves,
And examine for yourselves.

Summer Specialties!

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NEW BRAINTREE CHEESE.

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BOSTON, October 19, 1870.

R. H. EDDY, Esq.—Dear Sir: You procured for me, in 1849, my first patent. Since then you have acted for me and advised me in hundreds of cases, and procured many patents, re-issues and extensions. I have occasionally employed the best agencies in New York, Philadelphia and Washington, but I still give you almost the whole of my business, in your line, and advise others to employ you. Yours truly, GEORGE DRAPER.

Boston, Jan. 1, 1884. 1y11

CATARRH.

Elv's Cream Balm CURES COLD IN HEAD, CATARRH, ROSE COLD, HAY FEVER, DEAFNESS, HEADACHE. EASY TO USE

HAY FEVER.

HAY FEVER

Is a type of Catarrh having peculiar symptoms. It is attended by an inflamed condition of the lining membrane of the nostrils, tear-ducts and throat, affecting the lungs. An acrid mucus is secreted, the discharge is accompanied with a painful burning sensation. There are severe spasms of sneezing, frequent attacks of blinding headache, a watery and inflamed state of the eyes. ELY'S CREAM BALM is a remedy founded on a correct diagnosis of this disease and can be depended upon. 50 cents at druggists; 60 cents by mail. Sample bottle by mail 10 cents.

ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

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AGENTS WANTED—Send 50 cents for complete canvassing outfit for GEO. W. BELL'S COMPENDIUM OF FUN. Contains 540 pages and nearly 100 engravings. Two orders a day will pay you $14 a week. WILSON BROS., 81 Kilby St., Boston, Mass. 4w19

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CAUTION!—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular.

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The best, cleanest, and most economical hair dressing. Never fails to restore the youthful color to gray hair. This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair.

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NEW LONDON NORTHERN R. R.

ON AND AFTER JULY 14, 1884,

Trains going South leave Palmer 7 and 8.30 a. m., 2.10 and 7.10 p. m., for New London, connecting with trains for Mystic, Stonington and Providence—New Haven and New York.

The 7.10 p. m. train connects at New London with steamer for New York, landing at pier 40, North River, making this a desirable route for passengers going South and West.

Going North—Leave Palmer 8.10 a. m., 2.08 and 8.50 p. m. The 8.10 a. m. train connects at Barrett's Junction with train on Athol branch for stations north to Athol; at South Vernon with train for Keene, and at Brattleboro for Montreal. 2.08 p. m. for Amherst, Millers' Falls, Brattleboro, Bellows Falls and White River Junction, and all points north.

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